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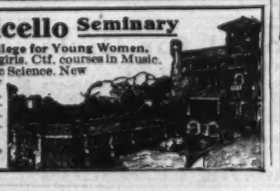

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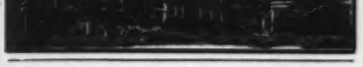

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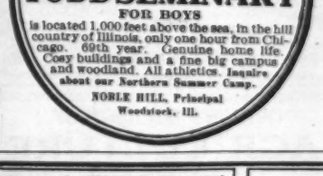
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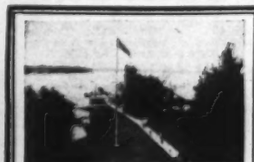

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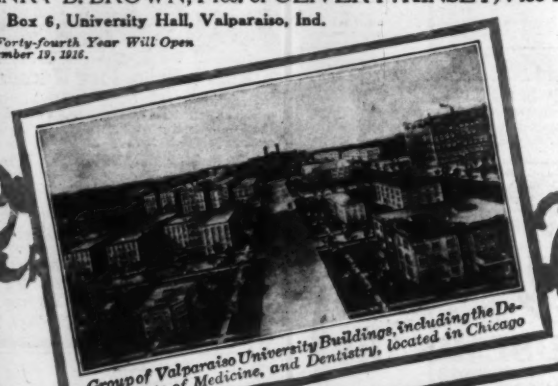

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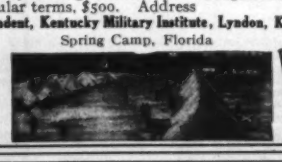

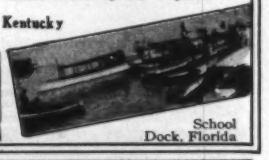

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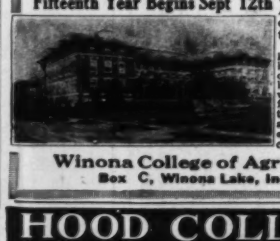

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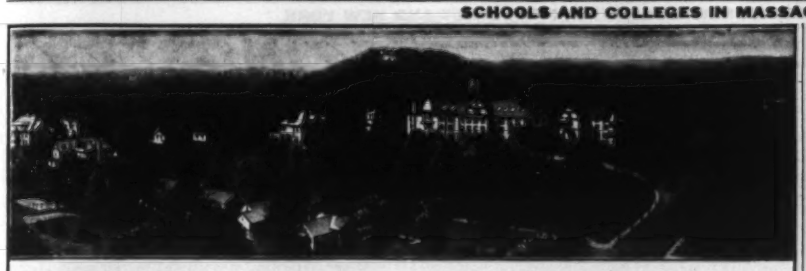

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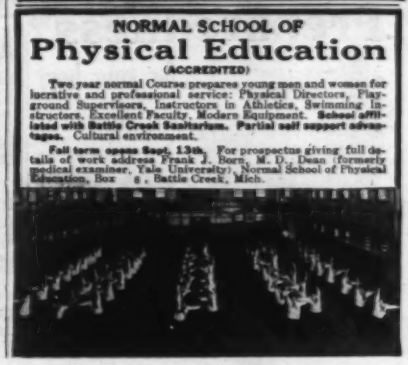

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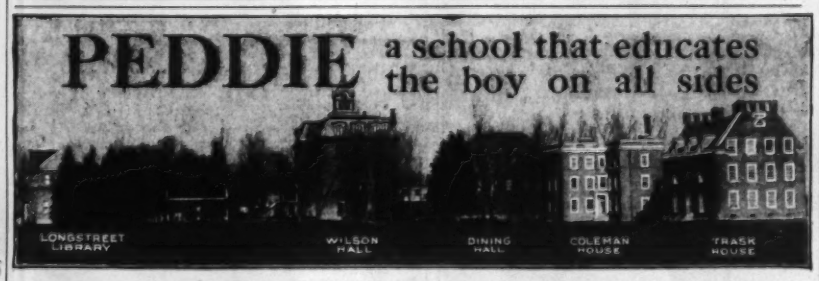

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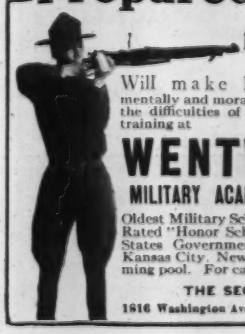

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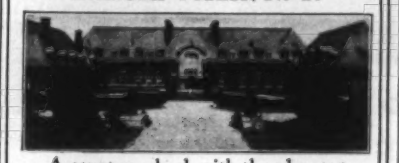

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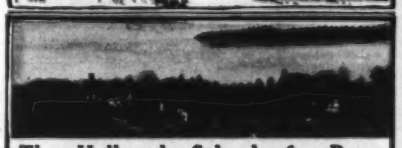

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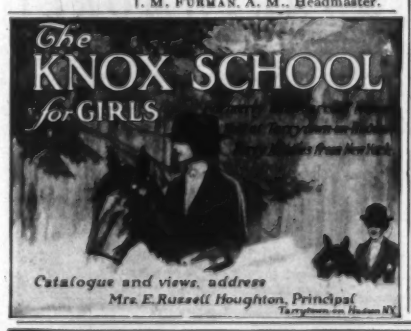

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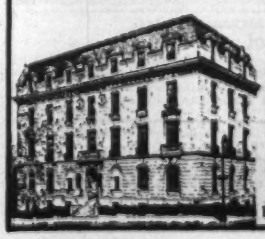

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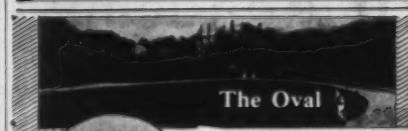

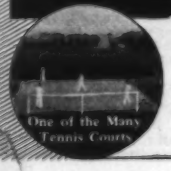

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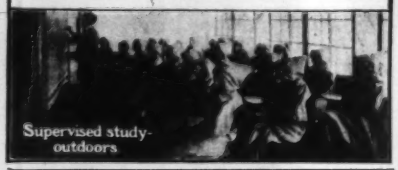

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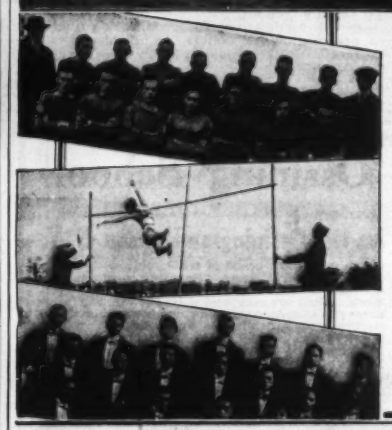

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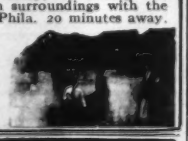

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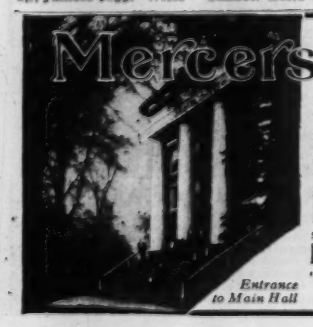

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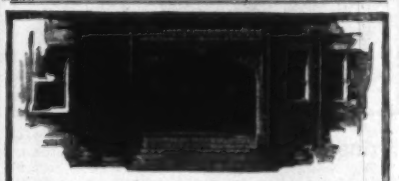

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"After completing the High School, then the Citadel." B. S. and C. E. Degrees.

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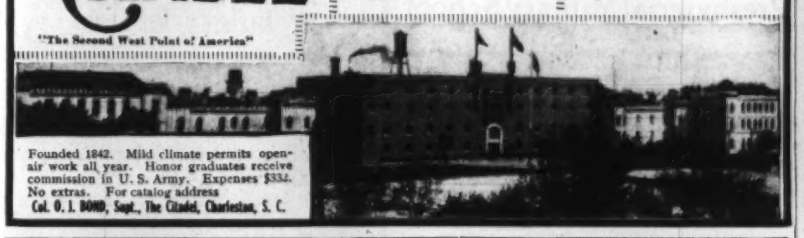

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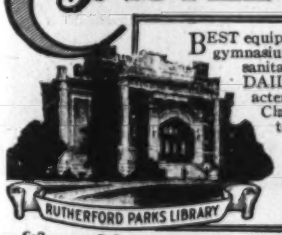

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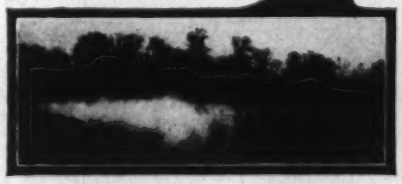

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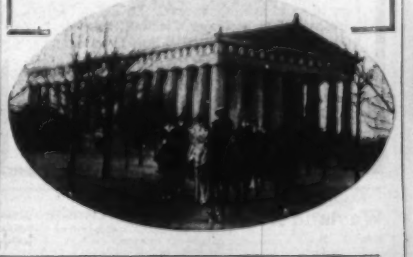

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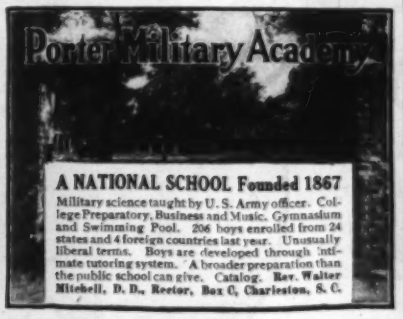

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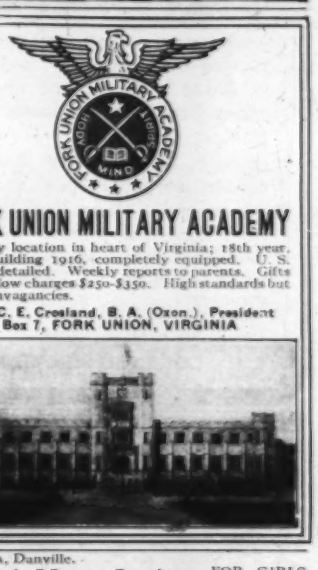

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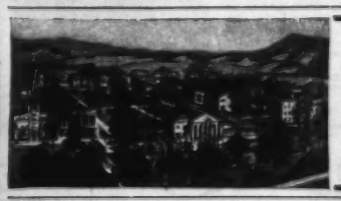

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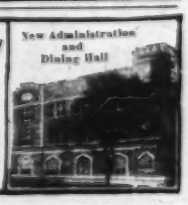

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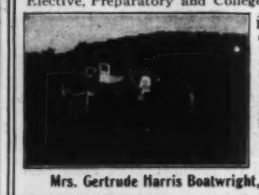

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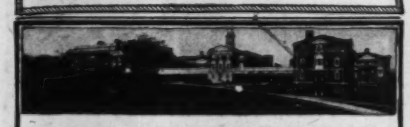

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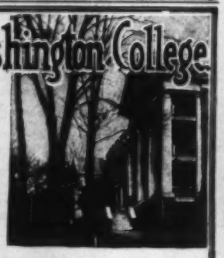
FOR YOUNG WOMEN



A college noted for culture and refinement. Develops Christian character, and efficient young womanhood. Located in healthful, picturesque Southwest Virginia. Pleasant home life; five brick buildings, equipped completely with all modern appliances; ten-acre campus. 2 years Preparatory work—4 years College work with A.B. degree. Music, Art, Expression and Domestic Science with diplomas. Outdoor sports. Gymnasium.

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Co-ordinate with Richmond College, founded 1832. Faculty of 17 men and 7 women. Fifteen units for entrance. No preparatory department. New fire-proof buildings in beautiful suburban park of 130 acres overlooking the historic James River. Safety, comfort and health safeguarded. Athletics, field sports. Well endowed. Necessary expenses $350.00. College opens September 14th. For book of views and catalogue address **PRESIDENT F. W. BOATWRIGHT, Richmond, Va.**

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The School Service Department of McClure's Magazine

is constantly helping McClure readers solve school problems. Here is a letter dated June second from Long Island City. It's an easy one to answer.

School Service Department,
McClure's Magazine,
McClure Bldg., N. Y.

Dear Sirs:

Kindly give me some information regarding the following:

I would like to send my brother, aged eight, to a boarding school located in New Jersey, if possible.

I have set aside.....dollars but could go as high as.....dollars. He has always been in the country and has never attended school.

Hoping you may be able to furnish the above information and thanking you for your trouble, I am,

Very truly yours,

.....

Long Island City,
New York.

Another letter from Macedonia, Iowa, dated June fifth:

School Service Department,
McClure's Magazine,
New York City.

Gentlemen:

While reading my June number of McClure's I noticed your offer to help any one in the selection of a school. I am in doubt as to what school to attend. Am not particular as to the location, but would not be able to go as far as Boston. I wish one which specializes in dramatic art.

I have attended Nebraska State University for one year, studying under Miss Howell, instructor in that institution. Last summer I took a course in "Extempore Speaking" and one in "Rhetoric of Oratory" under Dr. Shurter, head of the Extension Department, University of Texas. Besides, I have done a great deal of work along this line while teaching.

I will be much obliged to you if you will forward the information desired.

Yours truly,

.....

Macedonia,
Iowa.

No matter what your problem is we believe that McClure's School Service Department can be of assistance to you. In writing the department please mention the location of the school preferred, age of the student, educational equipment up to the present time, approximate amount of money for tuition and expenses, and the character of school desired.

Address all communications to McClure School Service Department, McClure Building, New York.

It costs nothing to try!

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Get this 8-cup ALUMINUM PERCOLATOR on approval

ASK the woman who has used one; she will tell you that she never knew good coffee until she used a percolator.

Coffee made in a percolator is the very best because it has all the richness and flavor and aroma there is in the bean. The liquid is clearer because the water is not boiled with the grounds; it is economical because less coffee is required to give the desired strength.

And, it is just as easy to use as a coffee pot. The percolating device comes out in your hand to be cleaned. No crusts of old coffee-grounds, no discoloration from coffee being constantly boiled into the metal. The percolator is made of solid aluminum. It shines like silver and wears better.

Though aluminum prices are soaring, this percolator comes to you at the bargain price shown below. Six months ago, before the scarcity of aluminum due to the war, we made our contracts. That is the sole reason for the low price to you now.

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A "Save-Money" Price

WE will send you this percolator on approval, without obligation, so that you may pass judgment on it before committing yourself. You recognize, of course, that we would not dare make such an offer unless we were absolutely sure of the merit of the percolator and its bargain price.

If you want the percolator after your examination, then you merely pay our bill for $1.98 plus 18 cents to cover the shipping expense. We cannot afford to pay even this small shipping expense at the low price charged for the percolator, but anyone buying at our office can save this small item.

THIS COUPON BRINGS THE PERCOLATOR
CUT OUT—MAIL TO-DAY

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Gentlemen: Please send me, on approval, carrying charges paid by you—THE SOLID ALUMINUM PERCOLATOR as described in your offer. If I keep the Percolator I will send you $1.98, plus 18 cents to cover transportation expense. Otherwise I will return the Percolator within 10 days at your expense. It is understood that I incur no obligation in mailing this coupon, and that unless I keep the percolator I incur no expense whatever.

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McClure's August Bulletin

of Pure Foods and Toilet Preparations

THE following food products, beverages and toilet preparations, advertised in McClure's, have been investigated and approved by Professor Lewis B. Allyn, Food editor of The McClure Publications. In recommending these goods to McClure readers through this Bulletin each month we believe that we can help you safeguard your buying. All have been advertised in McClure's Magazine within the past year. Others will be added to the list each month. Watch this list and use it as a buying guide.

Baby Foods
Borden's Condensed Milk Co.
Eskay's Food
Mellin's Food (Page 13)

Baking Powders
Royal Baking Powder (Page 2)

Beverages
Walter Baker & Co.
Blooker's Cocoa
Horlick's Malted Milk
Postum

Candies and Confections
Luden's Cough Drops
Lowney's Chocolates
Sterling Gum
Whitman's Chocolates

Cereals
Cream of Wheat
Grape Nuts (Page 49)
Post Toasties
Quaker Oats Co. (Page 48)
Shredded Wheat (Page 46)

Crackers and Biscuits
National Biscuit Company

Fish Products
Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes
Frank E. Davis Fish Co.

Fruits
Atwood Grapefruit Company

Miscellaneous Food Products
Beech-nut Packing Company
Heinz 57 Varieties (Page 44)
Swift & Co.

Soups
Campbell Varieties (Page 43)

Sugar
Crystal Domino Sugar

Tonics
Malt-Nutrine
Peter Moller's Cod Liver Oil
Vinol
Sanatogen

Toilet Preparations
Baldpate Hair Tonic
Chas. Baez Azurea Face Powder
California Citrus Cream
Carmen Powder
Colgate's Products
Cuticura Soap (Page 56)
Depree Chemical Co.
Fairy Soap
Florence Mfg. Co. (Page 57)
Hinds, A. S. (Page 56)
Ivory Soap (Page 14)
F. F. Ingram's Milkweed Cream
B. J. Johnson Soap Co.
Lambert Pharmacal Co., Listerine
I. W. Lyon & Son
Mentholatum
Mülhens & Kropff Products
"Mum" Mfg. Co. (Page 63)
Newskin Company (Page 67)
"Nujol"
Oakland Chemical Co.
Packer's Tar Soap
Palmolive Products
Pears' Soap
Pebeco Tooth Paste
Pompeian Night Cream
Resinol Soap
Rexall Hair Tonic
Paul Rieger's Perfumes
J. B. Williams' Products
Woodbury's Facial Soap

Miscellaneous
Pompeian Olive Oil

All food products and beverages advertised in McClure's Magazine must conform to the Westfield standard as follows:

The McClure-Westfield Standard of Pure Foods

Foods shall not contain added ALUM, COPPER, FORMALDEHYDE, SULPHUROUS ACID or its Salts, BORIC ACID or its Salts, BENZOIC ACID or its Salts, FORMIC ACID or its Salts, HYDROFLUORIC ACID or its Salts, SALICYLIC ACID or its Salts, nor any other non-condimental preservative.

Food shall not be colored with COAL TAR DYES, nor with poisonous VEGETABLE COLORS, nor be contaminated with inert fillers, nor shall any substance be taken therefrom or added thereto so as to injuriously affect their quality, strength or purity.

Foods shall be packed and sold under sanitary conditions and package goods shall bear no DISHONEST LABEL nor labels bearing any EXTRAVAGANT or OBSCURE STATEMENTS.

Prof. Lewis B. Allyn (Food Editor of the McClure Publications) has made Westfield, Mass., nationally known as "The Pure Food Town," and his exacting food standards can likewise make your home "A Pure Food Home."

The Westfield Pure Food Book, compiled by Prof. Allyn as chemist for the Westfield Board of Health, will give you a complete list of products that have been analyzed and certified as safe, pure and wholesome—over fifteen hundred of them. By special arrangement with the Westfield Authorities we offer you this book at its cost to us.

It contains 72 pages and is bound in stiff covers—size 9¼ x 5¼. It gives you advice on the food values of various foods as well.

Fill out attached coupon and mail to-day with 25c in stamps or silver. The use of this book will keep impure foods out of your home. Your grocer can furnish you many of the certified brands under any classification. *Send for it to-day.*

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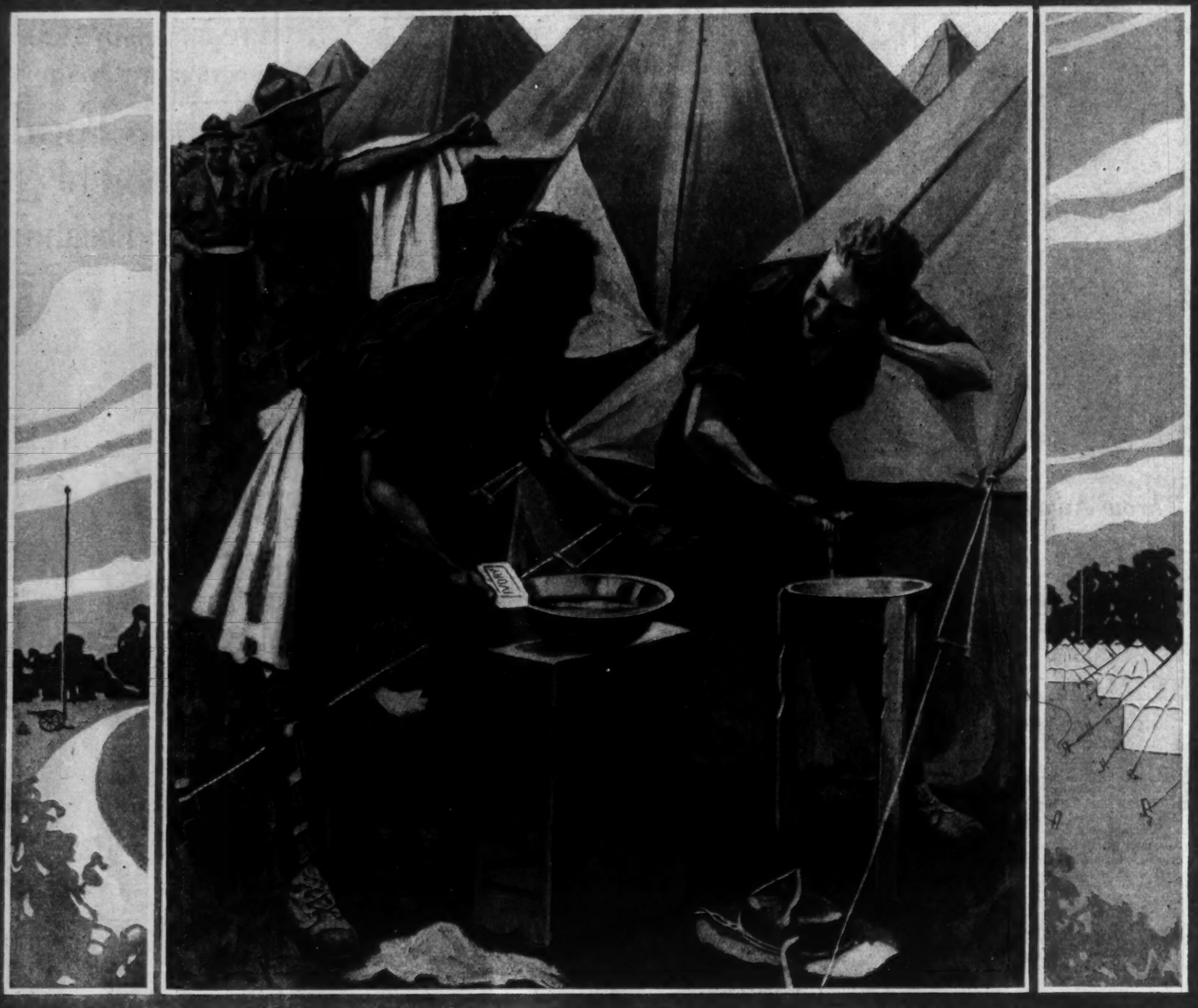

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McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

FREDERICK L. COLLINS, *Editor* CHARLES HANSON TOWNE, *Managing Editor*

AUGUST
1916

The mysterious veiled lady in the new serial which begins this month

Illustrations by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

The Lifted Veil — *by* Basil King

The Big, New Novel by

The Author of "The Inner Shrine"

AT the time it began Bainbridge was still a stranger in New York. He was so much a stranger as to be often lonely, sometimes bewildered, and homesick by fits and starts. When he was homesick it was not so much for any particular domestic group as it was for the well-ordered, stratified life he had known in Boston. New York perplexed him. If it had what he called an organized society, its composition transcended his range. He could find neither beginning nor end to it, and no cohesion in its parts. Among the people whom he met he could see little more than a confusion of separate entities, each "on his own." They seemed to him to come from nowhere and to be on the way to nowhere. They gave no account of themselves, and asked nothing of the kind from others. He appraised them as the sort of people among whom strange things happened, and for whom there were no rules. They might be daring or eccentric or inconsequent, or worse—very much worse—and no one would be surprised.

He himself was, therefore, not surprised when, in the early twilight of a November afternoon, a heavily veiled woman came to his house, asking to see him, but declining to give her name. Though no such incident had occurred to him as yet, he was mentally prepared for it, just as he was mentally prepared for any extravagance of thought or caprice of conduct. When Mrs. Wheelock, his housekeeper, a stout, motherly person, with a fresh complexion, a perceptible moustache, and an English husband, appeared at the study door to say: "There's a lady in the hall, sorr, and she won't pass in her ticket nor yet tell her na-ame," he replied, as a matter of course: "Show her in."

He was living at the time in one of the narrow-fronted, high-stooped, brownstone houses in West Forty-eighth Street, which had not as yet been modernized or made over to business. As a man of means he had taken the whole house, Mr. and Mrs. Wheelock giving him all the service he required. In the drawing-room which looked on the street he installed the white-and-gold tapestried French furniture that had been his mother's, and closed the door upon it. Of the large back room with the southern exposure — a library or secondary drawing-room it must have been when a family occupied the house — he made a convenient study, from which a door led into the dining-room, forming a kind of ell. In these two rooms, with a bedroom overhead, he lived in a comfortless bachelor comfort, which had at least the advantages of space.

It was one of his homesick days, one of the days when he felt himself dwarfed and stunned by the city's overpowering soullessness. It was not that he was unaccustomed to great capitals. He knew London and Paris and Berlin and Petrograd, to say nothing of Munich, Vienna, and Rome. But in each of these centers he had found some phase of the human, the amenable, the urbane. They were for man, rather than man for them. They could be subdued and util-

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ized and made to serve a purpose. One could be as much greater than any of them as the ship, with its adjusted machinery, is greater than the formless, weltering sea.

Here, on the other hand, the city was the thing — gigantic, tumultuous, terrifying, monstrous. It had aspects like those of a vast mechanism seen in nightmares, pounding and stamping and pushing and shrieking and suffering, without pity as without rest. Of man it made nothing. He was mere grist for its mill, and was ground up in it. With no soul of its own it mocked at the soul in him, and laughed down a belief in it. Bainbridge was coming to the conclusion that it was harder to have faith in a spiritual life in New York than in any other spot in the world. He was wondering miserably whether he should stand by the work he had undertaken or run away from it, when Mrs. Wheelock came to his door to announce the visitor.

Being seated at the flat-topped desk which held the center of the room, with his back to the fading light, he rose as the tall figure, veiled and shrouded like a Mahometan woman, appeared on the dim threshold. He had been expecting a book-agent or a solicitor of subscriptions, but he could see at a glance that this was neither the one nor the other. In her carriage there was something that betokened refinement, and probably position in the world. More than this it was impossible to guess, because of the thick black veil and long black cloak.

"You don't know me," she said, in a voice so low that he could barely distinguish the words, "but that doesn't matter. I should like to talk to you, if you'll let me, and have the time. Have you?" she asked.

"I've plenty of time. Please come in."

As he went forward to place a seat for her she slipped into an upright chair that happened to be standing near the door. He himself sat down again at his desk, waiting for her to state her errand.

"I heard your sermon last Sunday afternoon," she began, in the same low voice, in which he recognized the educated tone, "and it seemed to apply to me."

"Indeed?"

"That is," she corrected, "it applied to me in the sense that it has made me think of things; and I've thought that perhaps you could help me. I dare say you can't," she went on, rather hurriedly, "and that it may be foolish on my part to have come."

"Nothing is ever foolish that we do from a good motive," he encouraged. "In all action the motive is the main thing — even when we make mistakes."

"Unless I tell you the truth," she pursued, "you can't help me."

"Probably not; but I shall have to leave that with you. Tell me whatever you think is right to tell — and don't be afraid."

"I *am* afraid — but neither does that matter very much. I'm a woman who would be called —" she hesitated, but urged herself onward — "who would be called — a sinner. You know what that means, don't you?"

"I know what *you* mean — or I think I do. If I'm wrong, you must correct me."

She seemed to reflect. "Why do you speak of what I mean?" she asked, at last. "Shouldn't you mean it, too?"

Bainbridge was glad that he couldn't see her face, since he felt the more free to speak frankly. "If there's a difference between us it probably comes from the fact that we've different conceptions of sin. You call yourself a sinner because you've done one kind of wrong thing, whereas to me you would have been a sinner whether you had done it or not."

"Yes, but only in the way in which everyone else is a sinner ——"

"The way in which everyone else is a sinner is the way that counts. It isn't what we do that's so very important; it's our whole attitude of mind."

"That's something like what you said on Sunday; but I don't understand it. If what I do isn't important ——"

"It *is* important — but less for itself than because it shows what lies behind it. It isn't the disease; it's the symptom."

"And you think that if there hadn't been one kind of symptom there would have been another?" she questioned.

"There are symptoms wherever there's disease. It's no use to consider the effect while we leave the cause undisturbed."

"In my case the cause was that I fell in love with a man I had no right to fall in love with, just as he had no right to fall in love with me. But then, neither of us could help it."

Bainbridge smiled, faintly. "You'll have to forgive me if I say that that, too, was an effect. The cause lay further back."

From the way in which the veiled head was bent he gathered that she was trying to think this out. When she looked up it was to say: "Then I don't know what the cause is. I was all right before that."

"Were you? What do you mean by all right?"

"I hadn't done — I hadn't done anything wrong. I was what is called a good woman."

"And yet the difference between a good woman and what is called a good woman is considerable. We must get away from what things are called and reach realities."

Again she took a long minute for reflection, asking at last: "Do you mean that I *wasn't* a good woman?"

He leaned on the desk, toying with a paper-knife. "That's hardly for me to say; but if you want to know my opinion ——"

"Yes, I do."

"Then," he said, gently, "I shouldn't think it probable."

"Oh, but I *was*." He knew he had shocked her, from the uneasiness with which she stirred in her seat. She went on breathlessly: "I was a widow — quite young. I was very careful."

He rested his forehead on one hand, while the other continued to finger the paper-knife. "You say that you fell in love with a man you had no right to fall in love with, and that you couldn't help it. But a good woman would have helped it. The difference is there."

She threw up her head in indignation. "She would have helped it? How?"

"By her mental attitude. She would have been where the sort of thing that happened to you couldn't have reached her."

"Ah, that's easy to say!"

"It's easy to say because it's true. A good woman is shielded against this form of attack as she is against the unhappiness that springs from it."

Though she kept her voice low, there was a tragic emphasis in the declaration: "*That's* not true. I've known good women who were unhappy just in the way I've been."

"That is, you thought they were good; but there was a flaw in the goodness somewhere. Don't you see, it all lies in what we mean by right — and by wrong?"

"Well, what do we mean?"

"What do you mean yourself — let us say by wrong?"

"By wrong I suppose I mean a transgression of the moral law."

"Yes; and what makes one transgress it?"

She considered this at length. "I suppose some phase of desire."

"That's a very good answer. So that back of the actual transgression is thought. If wrong wasn't first in the mind it wouldn't be in the body — or on the lips — or in the hand — or anywhere. Good and evil express themselves in act; but in fact they are mental sympathies."

"So that what you mean by a good woman ——?"

"Then unless you change your mental basis, I think it very likely that you won't marry her — and that if you do, you will both come to grief"

"Is one whose thoughts are kept as strictly as possible with good."

"Oh, but what kind of woman would that be?"

Raising his head he looked at her a moment through the gathering darkness. "The fact that you can ask that ——"

"Shows that when I thought I was a good woman I was really a bad one. Is that what you were going to say?"

"No; shows rather that you've never understood what a good woman really is. The whole thing is mental. It's a matter of understanding. If your mind had been right your heart wouldn't have gone wrong. It couldn't have happened."

"If you were a woman —" she began to protest.

"It doesn't matter whether I'm a woman or a man. In good there is neither Jew nor Greek, neither male nor female. It's not a question either of sex or of psychology."

"To me it seems both."

"Possibly; and yet so long as it does you'll be confused about yourself, and perhaps go further astray."

He fancied she resented his language, since she again stirred uneasily and spoke in a tone slightly of offense. "I hadn't thought of myself precisely as having gone astray ——"

"One doesn't unless one has the true norm of conduct before one. And yet whatever isn't normal is abnormal, just as whatever isn't straight is crooked."

"Oh, would you call it abnormal — doing as I did?"

"Abnormal in the sense that the only normal is the right."

"To me it *seemed* right."

"Right to do wrong? You admitted that it was wrong, didn't you?"

"Not all wrong."

"If it was wrong in any way ——"

"We — we cared for each other. That in itself was a reason ——"

"For betraying someone else?"

Once more the shrouded figure moved brusquely. "You're very severe."

"Is there any use in being gentle? If there is, tell me."

"You'd know that better if you knew what I've been through. It's what I hoped you'd let me speak to you about."

"Then I beg your pardon. May I ask you to go on?"

It was only after a silence that seemed long that she said, abruptly: "I never was happy — not till then."

As she was again silent he said: "Then? You mean when ——?"

"When — when it all came about. It took me — it took us — by surprise. We didn't mean anything — we didn't expect anything. It — it flared up."

"Does anything ever flare up unless there's something of which to make a fire?"

"You must let me tell you." She added, irrelevantly: "I was born right here in New York, and I'm now exactly twenty-eight years old."

"You're young, then. I didn't know that, because I can't see you."

"I don't want you to see me. Not that you'd know me. I've never met you before, except for seeing you last Sunday in church. I don't generally go to church. I don't know what made me do it then, apart from having heard some friends of mine speak of your preaching; and it seemed to me that I must get out of myself or go mad."

"Then you're *not* happy."

"Not now; but I was — for a while. But you don't let me tell you." She began her explanations again. "We lived a good deal abroad, my mother and I. My father died when I was young. I had no brothers or sisters. It was in Europe we met a man who wanted to marry me. He was older than I — a good deal. I would rather not have married him because ——"

As she hesitated he helped her out. "Because you didn't care for him?"

"Partly that, and partly that I had already seen a man who — who impressed me more — only that I wasn't exactly in love with him, either. He asked me, and I refused him, but I thought about him. And then this second man came — a rich man — a New Yorker, too — and my mother seemed to want it — and so ——"

"And so you accepted him."

"He didn't live very long after we were married — only four years. That made me twenty-four when he died. He left me a good deal of money."

"And the other man came back? Was that it?"

She shook her head. "No; he's in — in another country. I've never seen him since. I was not in love with him — never. He was only striking — and perhaps if he'd — But he never came back. I read about him sometimes — in the papers. You'd probably know his name. He's been married since then — and is now a widower. But he has nothing to do with what I'm going to tell you — except that at one time if he'd only — only insisted a little more. . . . But all that's nothing. What really happened was with someone else."

To relieve her agitation he asked in a commonplace voice: "Shall I turn on the light?"

She replied quickly. "No; please! There's light enough, and I can tell you better as we are."

A few seconds passed before she could resume her tale.

"When my husband died I brought him back from Europe, where we had been living, to be buried in his own country. I forgot to say that my mother had died two years before. I realized then that it was the reason why she wanted me to marry my husband. She knew she couldn't be with me much longer, and so she wanted me to be taken care of. But that left me without friends — I mean anyone very near to me."

"And you were only twenty-four," he said, sympathetically.

"There was just one person," she continued, "a woman, a distant cousin, two or three years older than myself. She'd been married about the same time I had been. I'd known her all my life, without ever knowing her very well. She asked me to stay with her when I came back for the funeral — and then I met — I met her — her husband."

"I see."

"Nothing happened at first — not for a long while. They persuaded me to stay in this country, and I took a house. We became very intimate. We're very intimate still."

"In spite of ——?"

"Yes; we have to be. I can't let her suspect that . . . But what happened was this." Again some seconds went by before she could continue. "But I needn't tell you that. You must see. I only want to say that I wasn't expecting anything. I was hardly *thinking* of anything ——"

"You say hardly. That means that you *were* thinking ——"

"We couldn't be meeting nearly every day without ——"

"Oh, yes, you could. The mental door had been left open, and so ——"

"One is human," she protested, with a hint of tears.

"No; one is divine. That's what you don't seem to understand. By telling yourself that you're human you make yourself weak."

"But I *am* weak."

"No, you're strong. One is weak or strong according as one believes oneself. As a man thinketh — you know the rest of the proverb."

"It took me wholly by surprise," she pursued, "as it took him. I know he had never anticipated anything of the kind; or if he had, he thought he'd be able to withstand it. It was one afternoon in the winter — late. His wife had sent him to my house with a message, and we'd been having tea together. There was a fire burning, and we'd been sitting in the half light. It wasn't till he got up to go away that — that something came over us both. . . . It was sudden and electric. . . . I'd never known anything of the sort before. I'd never been in love with anyone — not really. It didn't matter to me then that the man was someone I had no right to love — that he was another woman's husband. Nothing would have mattered to me, not if it was to be death the next moment. He kissed me; we kissed each other. It was — it was like a marriage — a marriage far more real than my real marriage. . . . It was two years ago."

"And since then ——?"

"That's what I want to talk to you about. You see, it was this way. For the first year we lived in a kind of heaven. The secrecy and the deceit didn't matter to either of us. We often talked about that side of it, and said how strange it was that there should be people in the world who'd condemn us. It didn't seem wrong to us; it seemed right — and natural."

"That kind of lie is often told by sin, but it can't keep it up."

She drew a sharp, audible breath, but controlled herself sufficiently to say: "It didn't keep it up with us — whatever it was. I think it was he who felt it first."

"The man often does."

"I remember that it was toward the end of the first year that I began to see — or rather to feel — that he hadn't his own inner support, as at first. When he came to see me he was often grave and depressed. He began to be worried, too, for fear his wife should find out."

"Didn't he want her to find out — and set him free?"

"No; neither of us wanted that. I don't know why, exactly, but we preferred the situation as it was. If I couldn't hold him in that way I would rather have let him go."

"And couldn't you hold him?"

"The question never rose. Before the year was past began to have the same misgivings. It wasn't that

I regretted anything. I'm not sure that I regret anything now. But — but I began again to see things as other people see them, and — and to be worried. From being worried I became unhappy, and from being unhappy ——"

"You've become repentant. Is that it?"

"I don't know what repentance is. It's what I want you to tell me."

"Repentance is being sufficiently sorry for what one has done to give it up."

"If that's all it is, then — then I suppose I'm repentant. I've — we've — given it up."

"Since when?"

"More than six months ago. We meet — we have to — but ——"

"Does that mean that you don't care about each other any more?"

Again he heard the hard-drawn breath.

"I don't know what he feels for me," she finally answered. "What I feel for him is chiefly — is chiefly pity. He's not happy; and yet he has to act as if he was."

"That is, he has to keep up the comedy of loving his wife, when he doesn't."

"And never did. If you knew them you'd see how that could happen, and neither of them be to blame — or not much."

"Possibly; and yet we're less concerned with them than with you. Now that you've told me so much, may I ask you still another question? What is it exactly that you want me to explain?"

She considered this. The room was now so dim that he could barely distinguish her figure as something dark against the faint color of the bindings in a bookcase behind her. "I want to know this," she said, at last. "Admitting that I'm repentant, in the sense you've given to the word, what will repentance do for me?"

"What do you want it to do for you?" Bainbridge asked.

Again there was a pause for consideration. "I want it to put me back where I was before."

"Back where you were before — in whose estimation?"

"In my own. Can it do that?"

"It can't, of course, blot out the facts."

"Then what can it do?"

"It can give them another significance."

"What kind of significance?"

"It can make them the occasion of your turning to Good — God."

"But I'm not sure that I am."

"Then it can't do any more for you than it has done already. It can make you give up sin — and be unhappy."

He allowed her time to turn this over in her mind. "What *is* turning to God?" she asked, at last. "Is it going to church?"

"No; going to church has very little to do with it. Many people go to church who've never turned to God; and some people have turned to God who never go to church. I can't put anything so vast into a few words, any more than I can gather the sky into my hand, but I can give you a clue to what it means. Turning to God is perhaps first of all the training of one's mind to live with Good rather than with Evil. When you begin to do that ——"

He could feel a certain eagerness in the tone with which she interrupted him. "Yes?— what?"

"You find that life resolves itself of its own accord into the normal — the natural — the peaceful. You put on what St. Paul calls the new man. In proportion as you do that the old man, the sinning self, grows less insistent, till finally it disappears."

"From the memory?"

"You may not want it to disappear from the memory when you see it as the starting point of so much blessedness."

"Yes, if one does!"

"That would, of course, depend on yourself. There are plenty of people who would like the end but who won't take the trouble to pursue the means. If you're going to do anything at all you must understand beforehand that it can be only through hard work."

"Hard work in what way?"

"In a good many ways. You'll have to take yourself in hand thoroughly."

"What should I have to do first?"

"Begin at the beginning. You speak of yourself as possibly repentant; but you can't repent of one sin, leaving the rest untouched."

"There's only one that has troubled me."

"But when you begin at the beginning you'll probably find a good many. There's something in the New Testament on the subject of bringing every *thought* into captivity to the obedience of Christ. You'd have to try to do that — make it a kind of goal."

On this she made no direct comment, again sitting for a time in silence. The obscurity deepened so fast that when she spoke her voice seemed to come to him out of darkness. "If I did, should I become good enough, let us say, to — to marry again?"

He took time over his reply. "There's also something in the New Testament which says: 'If any man be in Christ he is a new creature. Old things have passed away; all things have become new.' Does that tell you what you want to know?"

"Not exactly. I'm asking ——"

"You mustn't ask too much at once. In the life we're considering we take but one step at a time. Having taken that to the best of our ability we see the next one."

"Then suppose I put it in this way: If a man were to ask me to marry him should I be free to accept him — without telling him what I had done?"

He spoke with some fervor. "If you're repenting — or trying to repent — in order to be good enough to marry again, let me tell you now that you won't do it. You must be honest with yourself. You can't make a catspaw of God. The only motive for repentance is to put oneself into harmony with Good. In proportion as you do that you receive good. Questions are answered and difficulties are smoothed away."

She put her inquiry into still another form. "And suppose that were to happen, should I be justified in letting a good man make me his wife?"

"You'd know that when the situation arose." He asked, on a sudden impulse: "The situation hasn't arisen, has it?"

"No. I'm only wondering. I merely want to get back — and be what I was before."

There was a sudden tenderness in his voice as he said: "When you want to be better than you were before, you'll accomplish something. I don't think you will till then."

As she rose he followed her example, though he remained standing at his desk.

"Thank you," she said, simply. "I'll go now. I think I understand what you mean. Perhaps some day I may find a way to let you know that I've profited by what you've told me. Good-by — and thank you again."

"Shall I show you to the door?"

"No; please don't. I know the way. Good-by; good-by."

Peering into the darkness he could barely see that she passed swiftly and almost silently into the hall, though he remained standing and listening till he heard the street door close behind her.

"EDNA FERBER'S 'The Eldest,' in McClure's [for June], is the best story she ever wrote, and, to our bigoted way of thinking, the best fiction story any magazine has printed in a long time."

F. P. A., in *The New York Tribune.*

Chapter II

TO this incident there was no sequel in Bainbridge's life for nearly a year and a half.

What the occurrence did for him first of all was to show him that even in New York there were people yearning and searching for some sort of spiritual rescue. It gave him, therefore, a zest in his work which was lacking before, and a sense of being useful. When his heart was heavy it renewed his courage to think that he might be helping those for whom there was no one else to point the way; when his preaching tended to be lifeless it added fire to his words to remember that the unknown woman might be listening. Where there was work to be done he easily found himself at home, and so ceased to pine, except at long separated intervals, for Boston.

That he should think of his veiled visitor was natural. During the weeks immediately following their conversation he often fancied he saw her — in the street, in shops, in hotels, in church. He associated with her any face that caught his attention, any tall gliding form. Of her voice he had hardly a recollection. Her speech had been, perhaps purposely, kept so low that his ear retained no more than the audible utterance of words.

And yet as time went on his imagination dwelt on her less and less. The impossibility of recognition was an element in this detachment, while new experiences of interest thrust into the background the memory of minutes of which the haunting power was chiefly in their mystery.

He began to make friends. Among the people of St. Mary Magdalen's he discovered, more or less below the surface, a degree of quiet, well-organized social cohesion of which even Massachusetts would not have been ashamed. In and through and under the city's turmoil he found that family life which neither the nation nor the world could do without, and with which he was glad to connect himself. It was not so obvious as it often was elsewhere, and yet could be extracted from the formless mass, like radium from pitchblende. With some slight surprise he learned that there were people in New York who cared for the same things as himself, and that in the crowded spaces of Manhattan neither civilization nor Christianity was quite submerged by the human tidal wave. With that perception his interest, first in this little circle and then in that, began to expand. He dined out a good deal; he joined one or two clubs. With an individual or a family here and there he formed sympathetic affiliations or ties of friendship. There were two or three houses, without marriageable daughters, to which he could turn when, for emotional reasons or because of fatigue, he specially needed a refuge.

He had thus all but forgotten the one striking incident of his first year in New York when it was recalled to him. As it was a Saturday morning he was again in his study, preparing his sermon for the following day, when Mrs. Wheelock entered the room with a card. With her apron to protect it from contact with her thumb and forefinger she held it at arm's length. "The gintleman's in the droring-room, sorr. He's the wan with the chin-whiskers that's been here twice already, only you was out."

Taking the card, Bainbridge read the vaguely familiar name: *Sir Malcolm Grant.* In the lower left-hand corner there was the further inscription: *Montreal,* with a number to indicate a house in Sherbrooke Street.

The name and address drove all thought of Bainbridge's sermon from his mind. "He must want to be married," was the only explanation of the visit he could think of, while he directed Mrs. Wheelock to conduct the stranger from the adjoining room.

The newcomer proved to be a handsome man, very correctly dressed, perhaps in the early forties, and therefore some ten years the senior of Bainbridge himself. Over six feet in height, with proportionate breadth of shoulder, he brought with him suggestions of the club, the race-course, and, as Bainbridge was to learn, the bank. With a fair moustache which did not conceal a good-humored mouth, with a fair imperial on a dimpled chin, with small blue eyes that twinkled and glinted when he spoke or when anyone spoke to him, his expression was less of inexperience than of long-persisting boyishness. In contrast to Bainbridge, who was of no more than the middle height, slender, clean-shaven, and ascetic, he was as the flesh face to face with the soul. It was, however, the flesh with no stamp of evil on its comeliness, and much to commend its good looks. Toil had left no mark on it, nor suffering, nor reflection, nor excess. Its sensuousness was of the Anglo-Saxon brand, clean and sympathetic. A critic bound to find fault might have compared the man to a magnificent building, full of empty, swept, and garnished rooms which had never as yet sheltered anything.

Between two men so obviously of the same traditions the greeting was without awkwardness. They did not immediately sit down, for the Canadian handed to Bainbridge an envelope sealed, but without address. "I'm asked," he explained, "to beg you to look at this." The voice was English, with that indefinable quality that betokens the man of the world.

Bainbridge broke the seal, and read, standing:

> I am the woman who came to you eighteen months ago. Do you remember? If so, will you be good enough to tell the bearer what I told you then? I have tried to do so, but I find I cannot. Either the right words will not come out, or he does not understand. I have told him, therefore, to listen to you — and go away or come back as he judges best. As you will probably know his name it will be easy for you, if you choose, to learn mine; but I trust you. I said that some day I might find a way to let you know that I had profited by your words, and I think I can do it now.

Bainbridge read these lines a second time and a third. It was necessary for him to collect his thoughts and make sure of his connection with the incident to which the writing referred. Many women had come to him, on one errand or another, within the past year and a half, so that his recollection of the veiled stranger, while remaining apart from all others, had lost its vividness. Between each reading [*Continued on page 59*]

"It was one afternoon in the winter — late. His wife sent him to my house with a message, and we'd been having tea together. There was a fire burning, and we'd been sitting in the half light. It wasn't till he got up to go away that — that something came over us both. . . . It was sudden and electric. . . . I'd never known anything of the sort before"

ANDY threw her a quick, keen glance. Was she really sleeping?

Husband Stuff

by the author of "Woman Stuff"

IT was a gay Saturday afternoon of late April. Corinna, in a new spring suit lovely as the day itself, stood drawing on her gloves, walking restlessly about the apartment. Her movements charged the atmosphere with that peculiar tensity which comes from "catching a train." A stranger entering could have divined, at once, that the taxi-cab was late, that the new suit, arriving at the last second, was too tight in the sleeves, that the new gloves . . .

Zip! with a quick, shearing sound that slashed into the very core of Corinna's nerves, the right glove half-disassociated itself from its thumb. Corinna muttered an unladylike word. She called to the maid who, perspiring, had just snapped the last suitcase shut and who — of course! — had forgotten into which bag she had packed all the gloves. In the midst of the resultant mad, topsy-turvy hunt, the hall telephone rang to announce the taxi, and Corinna's assurance that she would "be right down," was cut by the summons of her own telephone in her bedroom.

This was Andy's physician, whose ponderously uttered message of instructions for her husband was blasphemously discomposed by the nervous excitation which thrilled over the wire. Corinna flung up the receiver, missing the hook, and turned to hear the maid apologetically asking for money to pay the laundryman, just arrived. Corinna muttered again.

On her final plunge for the door, she caught her skirt — that adorable, expensive, brand-new skirt — on the projecting tack which inevitably contrives to intrude at such junctures. A long feverish minute while a shy safety-pin was being found, a stubborn safety-pin which bit at the maid's trembling fingers like a naughty child; and then, at last, she was out the door.

It was one of those iridescent days which seem to sing with life and color. And Corinna, as she sat in the taxi-cab bouncing zestfully to the Pennsylvania Station, was to outward view a harmonious bit of the day itself. Her eyes were bright — too bright — and her cheeks were flushed deeply like a rose. She looked as lovely as any rose. There was nothing to reveal, save her tense attitude, the presence of inwardly pricking thorns.

But the thorns were there, and they stung none the less because Corinna herself could not have explained them coherently. She only knew that she was tired — dead tired; that she had a headache; that everything she had touched for a week had, as though she were crossed by some malevolent imp, gone persistently wrong; that the flood of petty trials had all but overwhelmed her; that she wanted to cry — but *wouldn't;* that, if the chauffeur didn't hurry, she'd miss her train, and *then* . . .

He did hurry, in a nerve-jolting way, but even at that she missed her train. The chauffeur's expostulations of innocence, his reiterations of the length of time he had waited at her door, did not aid her to optimism. But she contrived to hold her nerves taut, ran to send a reassuring wire to Andy — "*Unavoidably detained. Everything broke loose. Arriving later. Much love. Corinna*" — and then settled herself (if an inappropriate phrase may be used) to face the hateful, interminable hour's wait for the next train.

It was the climactic touch, this last silly fiasco. An odd feeling kept strangling her throat, and her eyelids felt hot and heavy. She blinked them hard — she would *not* cry! Not now, at any rate. That solace she was saving up until she should, once again, be with Andy. Not that she definitely admitted this motive to herself; but she fostered the vision of herself in Andy's arms, pouring out to him all her heart's burden; and when he should kiss away her tears, the hot, heavy lump would pass miraculously away, and again, marvelously, all would be well with the world.

For this she was saving up. And, almost, that moment of delicious unburdening would be worth the cost. Corinna, truly wretched as she was, and half-humorously appreciating the situation as she did, yet, womanlike, hugged her unhappiness till there should come the triumphant moment of dispensation.

These past few weeks had been hard weeks for Corinna. She had been married to Andrew Benson for ten months. They were tremendously in love with each other and had, thus far in their great adventure together, found the supreme happiness which can come only with sharp, contrasting rifts of unhappiness. There had been, of course, the halcyon rainbow days, the awakening to realities, the real discovery of each other and readjustment, play and work, selfishness and sacrifice, revelation and — more important yet! — wise concealment.

Yet, over and above everything else, Corinna was certain that their marriage, so far, was as near a success as marriage can be. For Andy loved her splendidly — that she knew! — and she loved him splendidly in return. She thrilled with her pride in him. His superiority to all other men was evident. He was handsome, agreeable, successful. And he had that look in the eyes for which she had married him. That wistful, baffled, helpless look was to her the most appealing thing in the world. Never, in her cooler moments, could she forgive herself for those impetuous times when, unexpectedly, amazing even herself, her swift rancor had thrust out to avenge some fancied slight. For, always, he was so wise and so patient with her. And always, afterward, she was sorry and ashamed.

How she was punished, those long weeks of malignant March, when Andy lay so sick and white and spent! Grippe is a ghastly thing. And Andy, in the city's damp, deadly slush, could not shake it off. That was why the doctor had ordered him to Pinewood for a few weeks, where he could spend hours each day in the saddle or on the links.

Corinna had taken him down, fussed over him, unpacked his things, and then kissed him good-by and hurried back to the town apartment. He would never know how she had hated doing that! But some Southern cousins of his had long before planned a visit to New York at just this time, and, as they seldom got away from home, Andy couldn't bear their being disappointed.

So Corinna bustled about, transforming the house of sickness into a house of welcome, sustained by the thought that they were Andy's relatives and, despite her own disappointment, prepared to love them.

Alas, how seldom can we love the relatives of those we love! One cousin, a spinster of certain age, took a dislike to Corinna's frivolous appearance, and the other, a widow recently bereaved, was of that languishingly sentimental species that seems hopelessly addicted to laziness.

Corinna, already overwrought, strained through her duties as hostess, and, the day following her guests' departure, flew down to Pinewood and had it all out on Andy's rough coat-front. She found him cheerful and bright-eyed, taking on weight and the old energy, and, withal, ready to be stupendously sympathetic with his weepy little wife.

That one day was heaven, the very headache evoked by her sobs made divine by his tenderness.

Then back to town — to a battle with bills, to a gas oven gone wrong, to a maid turned from perfection to incompetence in that unaccountably swift way peculiar to the race of maids, to a futile struggle with the dressmaker — in short, to a steady week of everything-going-

LET him play cards! Let him ignore her! She would suffer silently

A Story by Dana Gatlin

Illustrations by F. Graham Cootes

wrong. What is the psychological explanation of those curiously malevolent periods during which we unceasingly magnetize trouble? Corinna did not try to analyze it. Her chief sensation gradually became that of a vague and terrible grievance.

Something of the depressed atmosphere in which she moved soaked into the daily letters she sent her husband. Corinna, it must be said, had not tried to restrain it; and now, as she sat awaiting her train, she was almost regretful. She was like one who, planning a masterly dramatic scene, begrudges whatever minor "props" already have familiarized themselves to the spectator's eye.

So, during that hour of waiting, she summed up her grievances with a certain ardor. Her nerves ached; but it was, now, an exquisite anguish of anticipation.

This feeling, when at last she was on the train, intensified each minute of the hour and a quarter it took to reach Pinewood. As the train slid slowly into the station, she peered out for a glimpse of her husband on the platform. She couldn't see him, but it was dark and shadowy under those scattered swinging lamps.

At the top of the steps, as she descended from the car, she peered again. Her expectant smile dimmed a little, but, of course, he could not know which car was hers. On the platform she waited, hesitant, glancing about her at the hurrying figures.

Gradually the expectant smile faded. Was it possible he had not come to meet her? Unthinkable! — yet the platform was nearly deserted now, the line of motors and hacks rumblingly dissolving into the outer gloom.

She called a porter to take her bags, found a seat in the one hotel omnibus remaining, and then was herself rumbled away into the twilight gloom. The stars were starting alight in the April heavens, but she gave no heed. The earthly gloom matched better her inner feeling. She was terrified at the black, sick desolation which, so suddenly, had taken possession of her. She half-realized that it was out of all proportion to the cause — that likely Andy was not ill, that he was even now waiting, with explanations, at the hotel steps.

Yet her smile of greeting did not altogether come back. Her enforced self-control had been built on the certitude of seeing him as she descended those car-steps, and, shattered by disappointment, it was not prepared to carry her much farther.

The 'bus was now slowing up before the hotel entrance. This time Corinna — for some reason known only to women — feigned unconcern, turned her head leisurely, almost negligently.

Then she blinked her eyes. No Andy was waiting on the steps! She stared, as though her determination to see him standing there might materialize him. Then she climbed down over her bags.

The desk clerk's welcoming grin held no flaws — he remembered this lovely creature from the week before.

"Good evening, Mrs. Benson," he greeted affably. "Have you——"

"Is Mr. Benson ill?" she cut him off tremulously.

"Why, no," answered the clerk in surprise. "I don't think so. He went through here about an hour ago, just in from golf. Seemed in fine fettle. He —— "

"Thanks," cut in Corinna again. "Will you send up my bags, please?"

Gone, now, was all tremulousness from tone and manner. She registered deliberately and then, like some princess — that is, after the manner popular tradition accords to princesses — she haughtily carried her slender figure across to the elevator.

The clerk gazed after her, astonished. What had caused her manner to change so quickly? It seemed almost that she was angry because her husband wasn't sick!

Corinna herself would have been astonished, had she just then been capable of thought, at the swift oversurge of feeling within her. Cataclysmically, in a second, it seemed, all her pent-up worries, and her ludicrously needless anxiety over Andy, had resolved themselves into this burning resentment against him.

Yet, riding up in the elevator, she held herself in check. "I must be calm," she kept telling herself. "I must be calm — until I *see* him."

Just what would happen when, at last, she should see him, she did not try to tell herself — her tingling nerves would not permit that. Nor did she try to picture, now, in what attitude of welcome she would find her husband.

It was as well. No possible vision she could have conjured, would have approximated fact.

Andy was in bed, recovering from the final jabs of a very competent-looking masseur.

At the sight, Corinna's burning resentment seemed to turn to something icy within her. She could not have explained *why* the fact that her husband's non-appearance was due to a massage, should make her so consumingly wrathful. She knew that massage was good for him, that he had one every day, after golf. She even knew, by a flash of intuition, what would be the words of his excuse for not meeting her. She knew they would be logical, reasonable, sensible. And, knowing all this, concentrating, perhaps, on that hateful logic and reason and sense, she moved forward, staring at him with large, bright eyes.

Benson jumped up, drawing his bathrobe round him, waved the masseur out, and kissed her.

Under his kiss she shifted a little, but smiled at him brightly — a smile singularly unsmiling in its effect. Benson sensed that, but resolved to make no comment — he had formed some resolves on his own account, as we shall see.

"Lord, but it's good to see you again, Corinna," he said.

Corinna gave a little laugh.

"One would judge that," she remarked gaily, "from the impetuosity with which you met the train." Her eyes held his with that expression of relentless brightness.

He kissed her again, as he thought: "She'll want some handling — that's easy to see. The thing is to keep her from getting emotional, poor darling."

Aloud he said:

"Your wire was handsomely non-committal. There are only about a dozen 'later trains,' you know."

"Are there?" queried Corinna, gently disengaging herself.

For answer Andy helped her off with her coat.

"Thanks," murmured Corinna.

"Well, just see what's here!" he cried, gazing at the new garment in his hand.

"Like it?" asked Corinna laconically. She had moved towards the dresser, her back to him. She felt that she could not face him, without breaking down, one second more.

"It's a peach," said Andy. But as he spoke his eyes followed Corinna. "The reason I didn't meet *all* the trains — " he began.

"Oh, don't bother — it's of no consequence," murmured Corinna, fluffing up her hair.

"Yes, it is," insisted Benson. "I met the 5:37, on the way up from the links, and when you didn't show up, I came on up here, found your wire, and decided I'd better go ahead and have my rub. I have one every day, as soon as I come in, you know."

It was all, every word, exactly what Corinna had

known he would say. But the proof of her divination did not assuage her.

"The rubs are helping a lot," he went on.

"That's good," she answered with tranquillity.

"And the golf and open air and all are making a new man of me. Corinna! Give your husky husband one quare look!"

She obeyed him. How in the world, thought Andy for the thousandth time, can women contrive that physical atmosphere of aloofness? His wife's gaze openly returned his own, yet she revealed nothing, hinting all things. At that moment she was enigma personified.

Something provocative in that veiled attitude, helped by something that was keenly his own desire, made him suddenly fling aside his predetermined caution. He caught her in his arms and, recklessly, murmured:

"And *you!* You haven't told me a word about yourself — all these days ——"

"Oh, Andy!"

With a little laugh and, then, a big sob, her face was pressed against his fuzzy dressing-gown. "Oh, Andy — Andy —" She could only repeat his name over and over, in little hysterical gasps.

Thus, in tears and storm, did heaven at last open radiantly before her. A huge, blissful sob was luxuriously racking her shoulders when her ears caught what he was saying.

"There! there! Hurry and get it over with, little girl. I've ordered dinner for seven-thirty. There, there!"

He spoke the astounding words gently but firmly. Casually, even! Her heaven catapulted into void, leaving her desolate in a rocking world.

She lifted her head.

"Did you say — *dinner?*"

"Yes, for seven-thirty sharp." His tone *was* casual.

Then Corinna gave a little sound meant to be a laugh; it was well — or perhaps it wasn't — that he couldn't read what lay beneath that sound.

"Heavens!" she gurgled. "Fancy a wife's expecting her husband to balance *her* against his *dinner!*"

"It's table d'hôte, you know," Benson reminded. "And if you're late, everything's ——"

"I know," she said, significantly laconic again. She backed away from him. "I'll hurry as fast as my headache will let me."

She went into the bathroom. Andy felt like a brute. If only he could take her in his arms and pet her, as he wished! But he knew what that would mean: she would break down, have a convulsion of weeping, be unable to go down to dinner, and bring on a violent headache. He had come to recognize all her symptoms, poor darling. Hitherto he had made the mistake of noticing them — that only made things worse. Women were like that. He *must* pretend to be casual.

Reflecting thus, Andy proceeded to get into his dinner clothes. The pleasant stimulation of his skin caused by the massage was still perceptible. The feeling somehow strengthened his conviction that he was doing the right thing. He began to whistle softly.

Corinna came back into the room. Andy affected to be tremendously busy with his tie, still whistling. When he turned around, she was at the other dresser, struggling with the hooks of her gown.

"Want some help?" he inquired amiably.

"Please, if you have time."

"Why didn't you ask me?"

"Oh, I saw you were busy," she replied.

He crossed over to her, humming.

"You're very cheerful tonight," she remarked.

"You bet! Why shouldn't I be?"

He went on humming.

"Headache better?" he inquired presently, fumbling over a stubborn hook.

"I'd rather not discuss that, please." Her voice was indescribably sweet and remote — how he dreaded that tone!

"All done, Corinna!" Andy said most cheerfully, straightening, and dropping a kiss on her neck.

"Thanks," murmured Corinna, without looking up.

How sweet, how soft she looked in that creamy dress, his favorite dress.

She leaned toward the glass, regarded her reflection critically, added some touches with a powder puff, regarded herself again, and added some touches of rouge.

"I wish you wouldn't do that," said her husband.

"Do you?" she murmured amiably, polishing her nails.

Then they went downstairs, Andy determinedly humming all the way to the elevator. As though there were the slightest use in that pretense!

They found, already seated, Judge Slocum, the nice, fat, ruddy-faced, twinkling-eyed sharer of Andy's golf and table. The Judge was the kind of elderly man that loves to pay pretty women pretty compliments, and he was obviously delighted at the presence of lovely Mrs. Benson.

She brightened under his regard, and soon — as women inevitably confide their ills to those whom they like — was warmed to mention her headache.

"*You* with a headache!" he scoffed. "With those eyes and those cheeks!"

She nodded, smiling appreciatively.

"You're a wonder then!" he said admiringly. "Isn't she, Andy?"

Corinna, with a graceful shrug of her slender shoulders, intercepted her husband's answer.

"Oh, Andy never praises me!" She looked radiantly from one to the other of the two men. "But then no one's supposed to expect praise or sympathy from one's husband. I've learned that."

Her tone was light, but, somehow, it sounded convincing by its very spontaneity — the kind of tone that might cover all sorts of hidden truths.

Judge Slocum was a tactful man. He laughed, but did not follow her lead. Andy obeyed the Judge's cue and laughed also, but, in his heart, he was shocked at the girl's revelation, [*Continued on page 63*]

City People — *by* Cameron Mackenzie

THE sheep-herder proverbially talks aloud to himself. That is an outgrowth, a manifestation of the total absence of human contact. Take the case at the other extreme — that of the dweller in a highly congested center of population. He develops a phenomenon equally marked — the sixth sense of city people.

What is it? Watch the seasoned denizen of New York, Chicago, or of any of a half-dozen other towns, alight from a surface car. Watch him make a street crossing. Notice him thread his way along a crowded thoroughfare — the Long Acre district of New York at noontime, State Street in Chicago at three, Boylston Street in Boston in the afternoon. Contrast his instinctive habit of observation with the cautious uncertainty of the man from a relatively small community.

Your friend from Keokuk, alighting from a street car, pauses, his foot balanced, before he drops to the ground. With contracted brows and straining eyes, all intent upon his task, he looks for any onrushing motor. So does your Chicagoan. But mark the difference. The Chicagoan, without a thought, instinctively shoots his glance behind, hops off, hurries on, his mind never once distracted, his caution being none the less real for being subconscious. That acquaintance of yours from Puxatawney wishes to make the crossing at Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street. He approaches the curb and pauses. The policeman checks the flowing streams of motors. With a glance to the North and another to the South he makes a hasty flight to the safety of the sidewalk on the other side. Not so your New Yorker. Quite negligently he leaves the curb, no doubt at the moment in animated conversation with a friend. He glances North, he glances South, but the conversation goes on as he makes his leisurely progress across the danger zone. Watch that man from Albuquerque proceeding, let us say, against the pedestrian stream of Boylston Street. He is worried and his attention is fixed on crowding shoulders and elbows. Serenely beside him walks the Bostonian, a second nature prompting his maneuvers.

That's the sixth sense, the city sense. Nerves are attuned to harsh noises, explosions, rasping contacts that drive the outsider to the verge of madness. A country cousin visits an artist who does the finest grade of work in a studio next the elevated road, near a fire station and with a musical conservatory across the hall.

"How do you stand the noise?" asks the nerve-shattered countryman.

"What noise?" inquires the artist, absorbed in his work.

"Everything! Roars, shrieks, whistles, blasts — I should think they would drive you crazy."

"Well," replies the artist, "you get used to this sort of thing. But I'm thankful I don't have to live in Meadowville where the darned song-birds wake a fellow up at four A. M."

Everything in Nature adjusts itself to conditions — or is killed in the process. The tropical fruit-bat sleeps with his head down, because he prefers it that way. In the depths of the ocean there dwells a fish who has grown accustomed to blowing himself up, balloonwise, in order to avoid being crushed by the water pressure. So, in a great city, the man on the street takes care of himself, without knowing it, by an instinct with which the unfortunate from the farm or small town finds that nature has not equipped him.

SPEAKING of cities, few spots in England have been laid more desolate by the war than the stage-door of the late George Edwardes' Gaiety Theatre, which has shared for a decade with America the distinction of being a recognized recruiting ground for the new blood of the British peerage. By the scores and hundreds those monocled, silk-hatted triflers — standbys of the comic weeklies — have been piling themselves into the trenches and the death trap of the Dardanelles. No class of the English public has offered to the risk of death a greater proportion of its young men than the Johnny class; and among no class have the ravishes of the conflict been more severe. These gay, inconsequential light-spirited youths rising at their country's call as to a sporting adventure and abandoning instantly the frothy pleasures of the town, have gone down by dozens upon dozens.

There has been, of course, a perfectly logical reason for this; wine suppers at the Savoy are not the best training for life in a shell-swept trench. But the matter has gone deeper than that. Ridiculous as it may seem at first, these Johnnies were commissioned, with almost no training, as officers. Nor was this a blunder; it was a necessity. Your average English soldier — or at least this was true at the outbreak of the war — was simply unable to follow one of his own social rank. The tradition of centuries that after all there was innate superiority in the nobility was too strong to be overcome in a day. So the Johnnies, with the best titles in England, nominally led and, following that other tradition, now happily being discarded, that the officer must take equal or greater risks than his men, exposed themselves unflinchingly.

The result was inevitable, and that trifle of frivolity, the Gaiety's stage-door, is deserted and desolate. No longer the line of gleaming motors stands at the curb of the half-lighted street by which the pink and cream frou-frous of the theatre made their proud and gorgeous exits, each with a touch of make-up left, each with the dream that twelve months hence she would be making her curtsey before the queen. No longer may the rummy-faced guardian of that historic spot feast his eyes nightly upon the blood and wealth and youth of his Majesty's realm. Most of his one-time benefactors he will never see again.

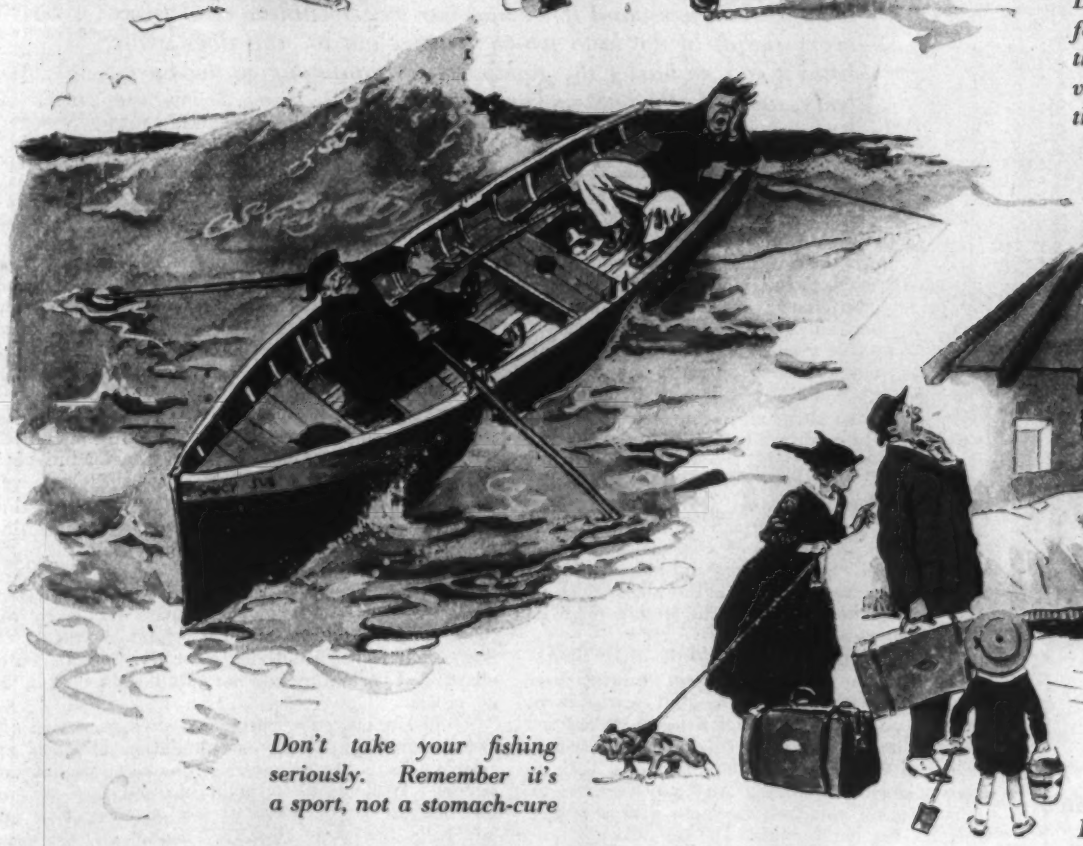
A strange recruiting ground for heroes, but a most striking demonstration of the everpresent spirit of *noblesse oblige*. Incidentally, in England they don't joke about the Johnnies any more.

How to Live Long — and Love Long

by CLEVELAND MOFFETT

NEXT MONTH McClure's begins one of the most important series of popular scientific articles ever published in a magazine — important not alone because of their interest and their author, but because they deal with the two most important subjects, Life and Love. The same number contains "Outside the Law," the story of a man and woman who tried it; and "The Lifted Veil."

Don't rush for the train — miss it comfortably, and you will have more leisure then for abusing your wife. Besides, violent exercise should be taken at the resort itself, not in getting to it.



Don't take your fishing seriously. Remember it's a sport, not a stomach-cure

Don't show surprise when you discover the "comforts of home" at the farm. It might hurt the landlady's feelings to be thought not up to date

Don't worry about speeding. Carry a dummy captain with you and acknowledge the cops' salutes yourself

Don't foolishly offer to do chores. Seventy-eight per cent of the rural householders of America last year got their winter wood chopped for nothing

Don'ts for the Vacationist — *by* Tony Sarg

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood

Mrs. William Astor Chanler busy at work on one of the models which have brought her fame as a sculptress

The Business of Being a Lady

by Anna Steese Richardson

"THE real thing in McClure's for June is Mrs. Anna Steese Richardson's article, or story, or whatever else you may call it, entitled 'A Man in Her Life.' It is a straightforward and deeply moving revelation of a woman's mind in respect to certain matters, and if we had our way would be read from every pulpit in the land which reaches out to, and does what little it can, to blister the gossip, the scandalmonger, the busybody, and all other nosepokers generally."

Arthur Spencer Morley, in The Boston Post.

THE Widow Flanagan, worthy representative of the Ancient and Utilitarian Order of Scrub Ladies, issued forth from that entrance of Central Park which opens most directly upon the section of Manhattan Island popularly known as Millionaire Row.

The dew still lay on the grass. The odor of budding things saluted her. On her tongue lingered faintly the flavor of an excellent cup of tea brewed especially for her by a former neighbor at whose flat she had stopped between the towering office building where she worked, and her Harlem home.

The slim hands of the Trust Company's clock stood at 8:30. And her early morning's task was done. Yes, she would walk home and make the most of a fair day. She was at peace with the world!

Then suddenly her own individual little sky was beclouded, and by nothing more than a bit of silvery-rose brocade, fluttering through a second-story window. So small are the things which sway a woman's mood!

After the silken folds floated a suggestion of lace, cobweb fine. Behind the hangings of brocade and lace lay that which the Widow Flanagan had never tasted — luxury, leisure, ease, and in the midst of it, a "lady" as the Widow Flanagan pictured her, a creature who neither toiled for others nor served herself, on whose ears the irate demands of a landlord never fell, and whose purse never denied her velvet, fur or feather.

So did the joy of the spring morning die in the soul of the Widow Flanagan. The feel of a brush and a rag came back to her rough hands. With envious eyes brooding on the swaying silk and lace, she stopped short. But envy could not lessen the attractions of a shapely figure; so when an imported car glided noiselessly to the curb, its chauffeur bestowed upon her a flattering glance. This she ignored, and, after one swift, appraising look at the mauve and silver fittings of the car, its soft upholstery, and its vase of delicate spring flowers, she turned away and walked heavily up the Avenue.

At her own door, a neighbor, armed with a particularly choice tale of domestic battle checked by police interference, distracted her thoughts from the unattainable joys of being a "lady." Then there was a letter to read, from Dublin, too, with such news of the uprising as had passed the censors. A bit of gossip with the janitress came next, and then, at the open window, she was lost to the world while absorbing the harrowing details of the most recent "love-murder," spread over two pages of the morning paper and rendered more delectable by thrilling photographs and sketches. Finally she must concentrate on the preparation of a fine mess of bacon and potatoes. So it was not until she lay down for her afternoon nap, with the alarm-clock at the head of her bed, that the wound made its rankling presence felt.

"Sure, an' th' loikes uv her is niver tired!" murmured the Widow Flanagan, drawing over her ample shoulder a silkaline quilt, scarlet sweet peas on a grass-green ground, price $1.98, marked down from $2.50. "She can do as she will — dance all th' night, an' shlape till noon, with no alarum-clock t' interfere. And under a kiver uv pink satin an' rale lace, mayhap, with peacocks' tongues fur her breakfast if she loikes. Sure, 'tis a cinch t' be a lady!"

All of which goes to show that the Widow Flanagan has not yet learned that the business of being a lady is the most exacting vocation in which modern woman engages.

For the day of the lady behind the silvery-rose hangings and cobweb lace had begun long before the hands of the Trust Company's clock reached half-after eight. To her, the soft morning air, the odors of budding things and the twittering of birds floated across from the Park, like a call to arms. There was much to be done while the day was yet young.

At 7:30, a trim maid roused her for a quick shower, water of a temperature just as it came from the cold faucet. This to stimulate circulation. Her breakfast, consisting of an orange, a cup of clear coffee and a soft-boiled egg, but no bread, was eaten in her boudoir.

There at 8 o'clock came her servants to receive their orders for the day, and her son's tutor with his report of the lad's work.

After that, in soft, clinging draperies which toned to the coloring of her boudoir, she passed quickly from room to room on her favorite errand, arranging the flowers for the day. With her went her young daughter, chatting of her nature and flora studies directed by her governess.

At 8:30, appeared her personal secretary, armed with the morning's mail, the accumulation of cards and telephone calls, the appointment-book and the morning papers. While a deft maid dressed her mistress for the street, the secretary sorted the mail, cards and calls. Most of this was disposed of by means of suggestions or a few brief lines dictated by her employer. Only very important or intimate telephone calls were answered by the lady herself. And sandwiched in somewhere between letters, calls and the ministrations of her maid, the mistress of the house gave ear to the day's news, read or summed up by the secretary. Particularly did she demand the latest news concerning international complications, and the war situation in Europe.

At 9 o'clock, dressed in the simplest of tailored raiment, she stepped from the white-and-gold elevator on the ground floor, to face the representative of a great importing house. The man carried samples of hangings and tapestries secured with great difficulty, because of the war. With pardonable pride, he waited for her to express pleasure at his offering. Instead, she glanced hastily at the fabrics, and spoke with exactly the same crispness her husband might assume when interrupted in the transaction of important business at his office.

"Why have you brought these without first making an appointment?"

Mrs. James Speyer helps in the Bundle Day Work

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood

"They have just arrived," replied the astonished man. "There is great demand. You asked me to notify you immediately ——"

"Yes, I recall — but you did *not* notify me. I must ask you to come another time."

"It will take but a few minutes —" urged the tradesman.

"Unfortunately those few minutes belong to the War Relief Committee, of which I am chairman. Moreover, I would not think of purchasing such materials in a few moments. If you will see my secretary, she will make an appointment, and I will be here to keep it. Good morning."

And the mistress of millions hurried out to her waiting car, leaving the tradesman gaping. To his further astonishment, he found that he could secure no appointment for three days, and then for the hour of 9:30 only. Every other hour in the three days was filled with those affairs which now go to make the lot of a lady nerve-racking, unless she attains the same efficiency which counts for success in any other business.

Meantime, the lady of the house kept her first appointment, named the committee-women in charge of an approaching benefit, and was on her way for her second engagement, a meeting with men interested in military training for young America.

Twelve noon found her at Relief Headquarters, supervising the shipment of heavy supplies and receiving the reports of aides. At one o'clock, she was back in her nursery, for a half hour with her children while they lunched. After this, she took her place at the head of her own luncheon table, surrounded by a few intimates who know that on this particular day of each week, hostess and meal will always await their coming.

But the peacocks' tongues and what they stand for, of which the Widow Flanagan had dreamed, were missing. These half-dozen women, whose names adorn the chronicles of all important social events in New York, and whose jewels flash in the Metropolitan's glittering parterre, ate with relish only lamb chops, fresh young peas, a green salad and strawberries. No bread, no sweets, no wines! And at the end, tiny cups of clear coffee, with saccharine.

Nor was there any lounging in the drawing-room, cigarettes and liqueurs in hand, as the uninitiated picture society women. Almost immediately after the meal, the party broke up, for the guests all knew that their hostess had an appointment with her music teacher who would appear promptly on the stroke of the clock. For this particular "lady" is a student of music, a patron of the art and one of the most active workers in a society for its development in America. Two days in each week, she sets aside for music lessons, and two for study in Spanish.

At three o'clock, properly freshened for the afternoon by her maid, and having run over important telephone calls with her secretary, she was on her way, this time to one of the numerous benefits for War Sufferers which have marked the social season. There, alert, interested, making mental notes that may serve to aid her co-workers in future benefits, she watches the tableaux, the dances, the details of the function.

At six, she is back with her children, as they dine, hearing of their day's interests. At 6:45 she is being dressed for the third time, listening betimes to the quiet voice of her secretary, who is reading a magazine article with which her employer should be familiar. By 7:30, she is ready to join her husband for their dinner engagement, and she mingles with their friends, alert, magnetic and determined, among other things, to interest an influential man in one of her musical protegées.

She sips a little clear soup, picks daintily at her fish to avoid the rich sauce, revels in roast and bird, asparagus and green salad, merely toys with the sweet, enjoys the fruit, and takes only an occasional sip of the very light wine served by her up-to-the-minute hostess.

After dinner, there is a glimpse of the play most talked about, then on to an informal dance. At two o'clock, she looks about for her husband, punctuating a fox-trot with conscience-stricken gasps.

"This music is divine, but I must tear myself away. An early committee meeting in the morning — you'll forgive me."

And she is there, at the early meeting, the next — no, *this* morning, and on the minute.

This is no picture drawn by the imagination. It is the real schedule of life, as it is led, day after day, by a woman whose name is included in the roster of New York's inner circle, whose power in War Relief work is recognized on both sides of the Atlantic, a wife whose husband stands high in the world of finance.

She averages six and a half hours' sleep nightly, and she never sleeps during the day. She gives about five hours daily to actual hard work for War Relief, in committee meetings, at headquarters, in directing teas, tableaux and plays. She can carry a tea-tray when a débutante waitress falls exhausted by the wayside, and she can wield a hammer when a decorator fails her in a crisis.

Three hours more she gives indirectly to charity or war relief by attending benefits, concerts, tableaux, and so forth. Three hours in twenty-four, she spends in self-improvement, part of which is snatched while she is dressing. Two hours go to the management of her home and to correspondence, the courtesies of life. The remaining five hours are divided between eating and recreation, the latter being given almost entirely to dancing.

She does practically no shopping. Modistes, corsetieres, boot-makers and milliners, recognizing that she is a busy, not a whimsical, indolent woman, send samples and fitters to her home. These appointments, like those with her dentist, doctor, manicure and chiropodist, are made after five o'clock in the afternoon.

Nearly all her week-ends are spent out of town, and largely in the fresh air.

And this is the sort of life led by every modern woman who achieves success in the business of being a lady.

All things progress in a growing, developing country like the United States, even Society as spelled with a capital "S." This country and its women have passed the point where wealth, self and sloth are synonyms.

The long-distance spectator of the social game who has watched it through the field-glasses of yellow journals must be sorely puzzled. He no longer finds the field bounded on the north by monkey-dinners, on the east by vegetable dances, on the south by dog luncheons, and on the west by entire theatrical companies transported from Broadway to Newport. If the day ever existed when the wives and daughters of America's rich and powerful families gave themselves over solely to the pursuit of more or less sensational amusements, it has disappeared before feminism, the sobering influence of war and the example of those wealthy women who have social connections among the real aristocrats of England and France.

Twenty years ago, at a dinner party of twenty-four, only one woman could tell how United States senators are chosen. And she was an English woman, Lady Algernon Gordon Lenox. This year, the management of the Hotel Blackstone in Chicago was obliged, for lack of room, to turn down the applications of a hundred prominent New York society women who were willing and anxious to brave the June heat of a convention hall, that they might see how a national party nominated its presidential candidate.

Fifteen years ago, the wife of a man who had attained eminence in a diplomatic post abroad, returned to this country to aid her husband in his efforts to be reappointed under the new administration. She entertained statesmen and practical politicians in Washington and in her New York home. Society was shocked. The wife was accused of having stepped out of her sphere and defied the conventions, tradition and precedent. She was snubbed even by women who had accepted courtesy at her hands in the ambassador's foreign home.

Then American women of wealth and position were received in London. They visited titled English women in their town and country houses. They were entertained in the chateaux of French aristocrats. They found these women of blue blood to be vitally interested in the political careers of their husbands, efficient housekeepers, devoted mothers. [*Continued on page 70*]

Photograph by Paul Thompson

Mrs. Belmont Tiffany, head of the N. Y. Chapter of the Red Cross and organizing genius of the volunteer workers

Photograph by Drucker & Co.

Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., as an Egyptian woman near her desert tent, in a charity entertainment given at the Plaza

Illustration by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock

"Dear Mrs. Artberry," cooed Julietta, "I have been so interested in your work for suffrage!"

Julietta Eats the Canary

by

SOPHIE KERR

JULIETTA kicked her slipper meditatively against the veranda rail, and the sunlight sent a thousand glancing twinkles from its silver buckle. Mattie Dallas, from a near-by lounging chair, looked at her curiously.

"Which is it — treason, heresy or schism?" she asked at last. "Or perhaps battle, murder, or sudden death?"

"You're irreverent, and very rude," declared Julietta. "I'm thinking over something really serious. My dear Mats — I believe I shall simply have to write a book."

"Pooh . . . that's not serious," said Mattie ostentatiously suppressing a yawn. "Everybody's writing books; that is, if they're not writing plays. It's much more original not to write a book than to write one."

"My book," said Julietta loftily, "is going to answer all of the hitherto unsolved questions of womankind."

"Is that so?" retorted Mattie, with some irony. "Are you, for instance, going to tell why every man turns his head automatically to look after a woman with blonde hair?"

"I hadn't thought of that," said Julietta, "but now you mention it, I think it would be a splendid thing to put in. I wonder why they do do it? I suppose if I'm going to put it in my book I shall have to find out. I might ask some perfectly reliable man."

"Better ask some perfectly reliable blonde," said Mattie.

"Where'll I find one? But it's a nice question — yes, I'll have to put it in my book. Think how interested women will be to find out just that one thing. Make some more suggestions, Mats; you're doing very well."

"Well — why do women who affect smart black and white striped clothes never get on with their husbands? Why do wives look on their husbands' early love affairs as a compliment, and husbands look on their wives' early love affairs as an insult?"

"Well, that's easy. The woman thinks she's been selected from an eager multitude — and the man fears he's getting damaged goods. Mats, you're quite in the vein. Please go on, don't stop ——"

"And why does a woman feign ignorance when talking to a man so that he will think she is *so* clever, while a man must display his cleverness like a peacock's tail, with every feather spread ——"

"But that's not always true, Mats — about women, I mean. Lots of superficial women who talk a *lot*, and never feign ignorance at all, make men think they are clever. Now how do they do it?"

"Oh, they have good figures," replied Mattie.

They both fell back in a shout of merry laughter.

"Aren't we 'woolish,' as Baby says!" said Julietta, sitting up at last. "And that reminds me, I want to take the children for the little drive I promised them before I go to the station to meet the Artberrys."

"I'd forgotten the Artberrys," groaned Mattie. "Why do you have 'em? That woman literally kills me."

"If Lonny goes in for politics," said Julietta grimly, "I'll have to entertain infinitely more murderous creatures than the Artberrys. He isn't so bad and he can be very useful to Lonny, but she — is so — well, Lonny thinks she's frightfully intellectual."

The two women looked at each other and laughed again.

"Lonny's an artless soul," said Mattie musingly.

"I wish he were an Artberryless soul," giggled Julietta.

"After that abominable pun," said Mattie, "you get no sympathy from me. What did I say about good figures a moment ago?"

Julietta arched her brows. "The Artberry has rather a figger," she drawled, a very naughty quirk coming in the corner of her mouth, "but it's her 'splendid masculine brain, her grasp of deep subjects, her interest in the big movements of the day,' and *not* her figger, my dear, that Lonny is interested in — or thinks he's interested in." She got up briskly and disappeared in the house.

Mattie smiled to herself, settled back into her chair and reopened her copy of "Fleurs D'Ennui."

"I don't see why," she said, addressing an impertinent rose that nodded to her over the veranda rail, "Julietta doesn't put a stop to this politics fad of Lonny's. I wonder why it is that so many men who make money and get fat — or fattish, at least — become possessed with the idea that they are called to help the destinies of the nation. Now that's a question I must get Julietta to answer in her book."

THE Artberrys were duly met at the train by a sweet and smiling and superlatively well-dressed Julietta and conveyed to the Carson domicile in the big gray limousine. Lonny was detained in town, Julietta explained, and in the meantime they were to make themselves very comfortable and content — with which hospitable admonition she handed them over to the well-trained silent servants. She left them cordially, but she was thinking — hard.

A striking-looking pair, the Artberrys. He was one of those self-made men in which the Middle West abounds, and by way of a seat in Congress, a Federal judgeship, and some neat political manipulations he had reached a place in the inner councils of his party and become a professional statesman. He was dark and good-looking, with smiling, Irish gray eyes that never betrayed his subtly calculating brain. Yet no one of discernment could fail to be aware that he was constantly reminding himself that he was a gentleman. And there you have him in a word — *veneer*.

Mrs. Artberry was a perfect type of the woman, who, having been beautiful in her girlhood, is destined to feel beautiful ever afterward. She prided herself on being a more astute politician than her husband, and her sincere, interested manner was so much a part of her that it sometimes deceived even herself. For the rest, she was twenty pounds too heavy for her height, employed a good *corsétière* and a conservative dressmaker, did not make up except in the evening, and never did or said anything without a picture of herself in the White House immediately in her mind. There are dozens like her in Washington every winter, but not many of them get away with it as successfully as Mrs. John Fremont Artberry. "She is really wonderful," reflected Julietta uncertainly. "But then — " Julietta's eyes brightened. She rang for her maid.

"Lucy," she said, "did you put out my black net dinner gown as I told you?"

"Yes, Mrs. Carson," replied Lucy, "and the slippers and the jet band for your hair, and ——"

"Well, put them all away again," commanded Julietta. "I'm going to wear that white chiffon — the one with the fichu and the blue sash and the loops of little roses. And I shan't wear any hair ornament."

Lucy beamed. "You look just lovely in that dress, Mrs. Carson," she said. "Not a day over sixteen." She bestirred herself in the dressing-room with pleased alacrity.

Half an hour later, Lonny, bounding into his dinner clothes and cursing his studs, beheld an entrancing vision enter and turned from his mirror to admire and wonder.

"You are *some* Toots," he told her solemnly.

Julietta dropped him an airy curtesy. Her filmy ruffles floated about her. Her blue sash and demure fichu, her artlessly artful waving hair made her over into a débutante of 1830.

"Observe, Lonny," she declaimed, "I will now do my celebrated ingénue stare." [*Continued on page 49*]

The Straight Road

California Baird Manages to Get a Woman's Job on The Clarion

Chapter XI — A Woman's Job

Illustration by C. E. Chambers

"Who wrote The Straight Road?" recalls that famous question of old: "Who wrote The Inner Shrine?" Now, all the world knows that Basil King wrote the earlier anonymous success. It is an interesting coincidence that McClure's is beginning this month the latter's biggest novel, "The Lifted Veil."

See page 58 for what happened in foregoing chapters

IF ever a human being felt silly it was I, getting on the car, starting back to town, Delia waving after me, then turning to lead her husband away by the arm! Silly, and mad, too.

One thing certain, I'd have that work on the *Clarion* now, even if Stokes was all that Harvey said. I would make it answer for a few weeks, anyhow, until I could get something else. The more I thought over my first interview with Mr. Stokes the more I believed this possible. And at five o'clock the next afternoon, having tucked a spray of honeysuckle in my brown belt, I went groping up those dark stairs without much concern as to the hour of my appointment, or the wording of it.

The whole second floor was silent and apparently empty as I stopped in the upper hall, getting my first chill from the sight of open doors and vacant rooms in every direction. If Mr. Stokes had remembered the hour he set, and was there, he must be the only soul in the place. Straight ahead of me was Mr. Stokes's door, the only closed one in sight. I went and knocked on it. Somebody inside got up. I heard a heavy step. The knob turned and there he stood.

"Well — you did come back," he said, and led the way in and over toward his table. He left me there staring while, without explanation, he tramped across to the big front windows and pulled down the shades. For a moment the room was almost dark, but as he came across he snapped on the lights, and, still without looking at me or saying anything, went back to the door and turned the key in it!

I can hear yet the click of that key as it shot the bolt. I don't know what I expected, but it certainly was not to have him come and roll into his own chair, motioning at the same time toward that one whose back I was gripping with rigid fingers, and say querulously:

"Sit down — sit down!"

I dropped into the chair, weak with relief in spite of the locked door and the lowered shades. His manner was commonplace; I should have been more relieved by it if I had not felt a pressure against my boot toe.

"Just a minute," he said, sorting, numbering, packing up some sheets of paper on his desk.

I moved my feet, but it wasn't any use — I couldn't get them anywhere that his did not eventually follow and find them. Presently he finished, pushed away the copy, tipped back in his chair like a performing elephant and stared at me.

"Are you figuring on a writing job here?" he asked. Then, without giving me time to reply, "You're not going to get it. Nothing doing, Sis."

"Well," I took him up, "what are you going to offer me? You didn't tell me to come here and listen to you say that there was no place for me. You could have said that yesterday. You could have told me over the telephone. What are you going to give me?"

He chuckled and rolled his head on his big shoulders.

"Now, don't you get in a hurry!" he warned. "You won't like it when you hear about it. We need a roustabout in the office — someone to look after the cuts and clippings and wait on me — fetch and carry. A sort of office girl. If you could do shorthand ——"

"I can," I interrupted.

"Why didn't you say so before?"

"Because you never gave me a chance. I'm just through the Phipps Business College. I ——"

"A beginner," he cheapened my attainments. "Well, I reckon you can take some letters for me, and — um — maybe I'll have you along now and then on an interview. Maybe — I'll see about that."

"The pay —" I was beginning, when he cut me short:

"Nine dollars a week. Big pay for what you've got to do. You'll only be responsible for the cuts and clippings in the library, keep the run of them so that you can dig up anything that I or Mr. Mears or the reporters ask for at a minute's notice; you'll have plenty of spare time for all the stenography I need, and you'll be ready to do anything else that's asked of you — roustabout — roustabout's what we call it."

His chair thumped down to the floor; his foot met mine with a stronger pressure. It was up to me. I looked at the big, powerful animal, with his bull neck, his thick hands, the unpleasant mouth. I felt the secure atmosphere of mastery that enveloped him. Every nerve grew still. Could I take the job? Could I cope with this man? My voice, speaking, startled me.

"Can I go to work in the morning?" was what I said.

He didn't answer. He was staring at my gloved hands as they lay in my lap. He reached forward and picked one of them up, holding it a moment, looking down at it. Suddenly he caught the wrist of the glove and stripped back the kid.

"Huh — not much of a hand," he said in a queer, husky tone. "Not much of a hand to earn a living with."

It did look small and very white against his big, brown, primitive paw. I didn't pull away, but got to my feet instantly; he held on and kept looking at the bare hand as he had looked at the glove. My wedding-ring seemed to catch his attention, for he touched it with a blunt forefinger, appeared as though he would speak of it, and then, with an odd jerking up of his head which tossed back the great thatch of hair from his forehead, patted the hand a little with a curious naïveté, and dropped it.

I went quickly to the door. He trundled unconcernedly after, reached past me and unlocked it to let me out. I heard him say:

"Got to turn a key here in this office if you don't want everybody to know your business — before you know it yourself."

Was it going to be possible to hold this job? The question seemed a pressing one when I went down to the *Clarion* office next day; it grew less pressing as the practical aspects of the mere work demanded pretty nearly all of my attention. Mr. Stokes gave me enough for two people to do. He was a hard driver, and he was certainly an able editor. The other girls and women employed about the establishment got along with him the best they could, and according to what they were. When their positions didn't depend on him, some of them flared up. The red-headed forewoman in the bindery was a tartar.

"You're not my boss," I heard her saying to him one morning — and she went into his own office to say it, too. "You keep out of my department, Mr. Stokes. Let me alone, and let the girls that work there alone."

I didn't know what he'd done, but he just laughed at her. He didn't seem to mind my hearing, either. He knew he was a town scandal and rather liked it.

AS for me, I was among those he hired and fired. I had to get along with him or leave. So did more than one woman reporter during the time I stayed there. I don't think I could have stuck it out even the first week, if it hadn't been for Miss Bailey, who was the assistant editor, and Mrs. Stokes's sister. Her desk was in Mr. Stokes's room. She did all the editorial work that he did not cover: society, book reviews, exchanges, and licking into shape the work of the reporters — a sulky, dissatisfied, incompetent cub of a boy, and some hard-faced, objectionable-looking girls. As to these latter, it was none of my business; I didn't set up to judge them — I tried not to know — but I couldn't help seeing that all the favors, and any really good chance, went to someone whom Mr. Stokes could describe as "a sensible little woman," or "a good friend of mine." There was a continual coming and going among these folks; Miss Bailey used to fairly cry out over their miserable copy. Occasionally she'd get one of them discharged. But Mr. Stokes wouldn't give me any real newspaper work; I soon saw that.

Miss Bailey — Rosalie, and the name was sort of pathetic for her — had a withered left arm. That entire side was slightly paralyzed, and had been from birth, so that the helpless hand was smaller than her other, the side of her face affected, and she spoke rather indistinctly. She might have been handsome if it hadn't been for this affliction. It was touching to see her so brave and active, managing her work with queer deftness, giving that little swinging hand things to hold. Pessimistic, yet with a sort of hardy good spirits, she treated her editor, to whom she spoke as little as she possibly could, with brief, dry contempt.

My work was mostly in a sort of lumber room that they called the library, dirty, full of books, files, cuts and clippings. My typewriter stood in a little cubby off the place where the reporters worked. I acquired the knack of keeping myself out of reach when I was in Mr. Stokes's room, left the door open as much as possible, and did his personal work largely when Miss Bailey was in. Always overworked, she would have drawn me into her department if he had not been determinedly against it. Yet she did ask me to get some society items for her from Miss Chandler.

"Got a place on the *Clarion?*" said Eugenia when I went to her for them. She studied me a minute. "Well, newspaper work isn't so bad. I'm sure I wish you luck," and she gave me the items I had asked for. My work on the *Clarion* brought me in contact with her more than once after that, and she never, so long as I held the job, made any reference to what had earlier been said between us.

When I asked Mr. Dale what he thought about the new position, he said it seemed a pretty good idea if I could get any chance at what the cubs were doing — police-court reporting, fires and murders — stuff with life in it — and death — outside Rosalie's division.

DELIA had a comfortable, automatic fashion of scolding me for not coming to see her more, and once or twice made an appointment to take me to a matinee or an interesting club meeting in the afternoon. I explained to her that I was keeping up some of my outside work, and that I was pretty tired most of the time when I was not in the office. Sundays and evenings, when Harvey was there, I would not go, but I always did run over for a few minutes at other times when I was out at Mrs. Eccles's.

I didn't care what Harvey thought about it, but one day when I met him on the street he put himself squarely in my way and stopped me, with:

"Well, still at the *Clarion* office?"

"Yes," I answered, "and I'm due there right now."

He turned and caught step with me, eyeing me sidewise, getting ready, I could see, to quarrel. I didn't help him to begin and we were near the office when he said:

"Calla — how does Bill Stokes treat you?"

"Like a father." I looked squarely up at Harvey, and he certainly was angry.

"Like the devil!" he retorted. "Here — hold on," for we had reached the foot of the outside stairs, and I was about to go up without another word.

"Well?" I waited impatiently.

"Why don't you ever drop in at the Cronin Building — like you used to?" he asked. His bad grammar irritated me.

"I went there on business, Harvey," I said with a little spurt of temper. "At present I haven't any business there — so I don't go. And now while we're speaking about it, let me say that you've made it so that I don't feel like visiting at your house, either. I hate that, because Delia and I are old friends, and ——"

But Harvey had walked on. He wasn't going to listen to anything like that. Up to this time he had never been in the *Clarion* office since I was there. Miss Bailey said the firm had quarreled with the *Clarion* management, but now this appeared to be patched up, for he began coming there frequently.

One afternoon when I was working in the office alone, the telephone rang, and when I answered I got Harvey's voice over the wire asking if Mr. Stokes was in.

"No," I said, trying to make my voice different. "But if you'll leave your number I'll have him call you up."

"Who is there?" I could get the agitation in Har-

vey's tones, even through the telephone. "Calla — are you alone?"

"What number did you say? I'll have Mr. Stokes call you up when he comes in," I repeated.

"You can't fool me, honey." I knew that Harvey was bending close to the receiver, almost whispering into it. "Calla — why don't you ever come in to see me in the evenings like you used to? I want to take you out for a little spin in the car. We could go —— "

"What number ——?"

"Come this evening."

"No."

"Calla —— "

I hung up the telephone.

Three months passed. I was working so hard that I had almost forgotten everything outside when one day I heard a familiar voice in Mr. Stokes's room, and then somebody came to the door and looked into the cubby-hole where my machine stood. It was Harvey. He stopped there and spoke rather loud, since I was using the typewriter.

"How do you do, Mrs. Baird — how goes the work?"

"Pretty well, thank you," I answered both questions.

I went on with my typing, and he seemed quite set back. Finally he came in and stood very close, looking down at my hands.

"Please — Calla," he whispered.

"Please what?"

"You know what I want, well enough."

"I don't," without looking up from my machine.

"Just a little visit with you — the car — five o'clock — please, Calla!"

"No," I said explosively, and looked up straight into Miss Bailey's face where she stood in the door behind Harvey, grinning.

"Cal," she drawled with that queer little blur on her words, "pitch the man out. I want to come in. There ain't room for three of us in here."

She had some copying to give me, and Harvey left. As he went she looked after him.

"All alike — ain't they?" she said.

BOY thrived. He was such a robust, turbulent little chap — I wished he might have playmates. But if he wanted a romp with Fairy, even, he had to go over to Delia's, and Mrs. Eccles grumbled because he was there so much. I went out unexpectedly once, late in the afternoon, and found her alone.

"Over at Mrs. Watkins's," she sniffed, when I asked for Boy. "Mrs. Watkins has got the idea that it pleases her husband to have Jawn about. He wouldn't go all the time if she didn't coax him."

"Well, I'm glad they're so fond of him," I tried to smooth matters.

"You may be pleased," she said rather sourly, "but it's not good for the child. Mrs. Watkins doesn't know a thing in the world about the care of them. I had Jawn all systematized, and they let him eat any time of day, and feed him things no child should have."

"I'll run over and see him," I said.

"Send him right back home," Mrs. Eccles called after me as I was leaving. "I'm making waists for him out of some old white linen dresses of Mrs. Watkins's. I want him to try on."

I found Boyce playing with the dog in the back yard at the Watkins's house, tearing around looking mighty handsome in a beautiful linen waist — no doubt the first of the made-overs from Delia's frocks. He seemed very appropriate in that place of watered flowers, shaven sod and trim brick walks, like a little prince. As he ran toward me whooping, Delia popped her head out of an upstairs window, her hair all down, a curler in her hand, crying:

"Did I hear Foncie down there?"

"Yes," I answered. "Mrs. Eccles wants Boy. I'll be back in a minute."

"Come and sit with me while I dress," Delia called as the child and I rushed away.

I saw Boy past the only street he would have to cross, and turned back to Delia, going in through the entry and up the back stairs to her room. I found her with evening clothes laid out on the bed, herself dressed as to her skirts and feet, a kimono drawn over her, sitting at the dressing table doing her hair.

"It's a shame I can't ask you to stay for dinner," she said, reaching up to kiss me, the lock she was placing still in her fingers. "Tell you what, Foncie, you come Sunday after next. We're out ourselves next Sunday. Bring Jack; Wo Far makes us eat at two Sundays."

"All right, Delia," I said; "and Boy will love it."

"Wish you'd let me know beforehand that you'd be out today — I'd have had you this evening. But Harve telephoned a while ago for me to come in and have dinner with him and go to see 'The Bluebird.' Would you like to go with us? I expect he could get another ticket."

"No," I said positively; I had looked a good while at a four-bit piece that would have let me into the gallery, and decided that I could spare neither it nor the hours of sleep. "No, Delia — don't ask him. I heard before I left town that the house was all sold out."

"Is it?" She got up and shook out her skirts. "I suppose now you're on the paper you don't see much of Mr. Dale any more?"

"About as much as ever," I replied. "I do his work every night. Why?"

Delia laughed self-consciously, and even her good, honest face put on that curious, sickly, silly expression that I had seen on the faces of so many women when they spoke of or to Frank Hollis Dale. No wonder that he rather despised the sex if this was the way he generally saw them!

"The Laurel Wreath wants to give him a reception while the State Federation's here," Delia explained.

"When will it be?" I asked.

"Next month — the federation; but I don't know that the reception will be at all," Delia said plaintively. "Mrs. Ballinger went with a committee of invitation to see if they couldn't make sure of him — and he put them off. They had to see him at the college, because of that ironclad rule of no visitors at the bungalow. Oh, Foncie, you don't know how many women here in San Vicente would give their eye-teeth to have the privilege that you get paid for! Don't laugh — they would."

"I can't help laughing," I said. "Besides, I don't get paid for it."

"Foncie!"

"Well, I started doing practice work for Mr. Dale, and I guess he's forgotten that I'm out of school now and might expect to be earning something."

"Is he mean about money?"

"He's — well, your friends have to have their little failings and —— "

"Think of being able to call such a man as that your friend!" Delia broke in. "Foncie — do you believe you could get him to come to the Laurel Wreath reception? Will you try? I'd do anything on earth for you."

"You've done a great deal for me already, Delia," I said heartily. "I have a reason — " I broke off, confused — "I have every reason for wanting specially to do anything you want of me. But — I don't like to ask favors of men."

"What do you mean by that? Are you hinting about Mr. Dale?"

"I certainly am not," I said explicitly; "but I don't want to ask any favors of him either, Delia. My instinct is against it."

"Oh — your instinct," Delia looked so bewildered that I was hurried into telling something I should have preferred to keep.

"He thinks I can make a writer of myself. He's done a lot for me in the way of advice, and he asked me to say nothing about it because he's refused others."

"I should say he has!" exclaimed Delia. "Why, the local federation pretty nearly went down on its knees to that man to get him to give one little critical talk to our literary section. We all took up Aztec art and history — heaven knows it's the dullest thing any human being ever studied — hoping to get hold of him that way, and we offered to pay anything he'd ask. Foncie, as long as he's done you one favor why not ask another? Get him to come to our reception."

"You'd see that I can't," I said, "if you'd ever sat as I have and heard him talking with Dr. Rush. He loathes being lionized — he says it in so many words."

"I don't care whether he likes it or not," Delia hung on. "I want him anyhow. I think you might do this for me, Foncie."

"I can't ask favors of men," I repeated conclusively.

"I suggested your going and asking a man for a place on the paper," Delia said, with a shrug that nettled me. "That worked pretty well, didn't it?"

"Pretty well," I echoed her words dryly.

"You don't seem very enthusiastic. I'm afraid Hoddy prejudiced you with his talk about there being no chance to get ahead in the *Clarion* office."

I was hooking her up, and I looked straight into her eyes in the glass, as I said:

"Oh, yes, there is. There's one chance to get on in that office."

"What do you mean?"

"Mr. Stokes could promote me if he wanted to."

"Well — can't you keep on the good side of him?"

"I don't think I'd call it his good side. There — you're done now. Does the girdle go over or under these loops?"

"Through them. Foncie — what is it about Mr. Stokes? Doesn't he behave to you as a gentleman should?"

I laughed out.

"Never mind," I said. "I'm sorry I spoke."

Delia gave up her dressing, sat down and pulled me down beside her. "What's the matter? I've a right to know — I as good as got you the place."

"I'm not going to say another word."

"Yes, you are." Delia whacked for emphasis with her hairbrush on the dresser. "I want you to tell me exactly what's happened to make you talk that way."

"Oh — nothing much," I said, with a sense of irritation. "Harvey was right about him — that's all."

"Oh, Foncie, I did think you were too bright to keep up the silly, sentimental ideas you got in a little place like Stanleyton. You've no business with them in a city."

"Sentimental — what do you mean?" I demanded.

"Flirting with every man you meet; thinking they're all in love with you — thinking about those things *at all* — that's what I mean. You'll find that sex and economics don't mix, Foncie."

"I wish the men were of your opinion," I flared. "I didn't bring my ideas to San Vicente. Trouble met me on the way here."

"Trouble?"

"Yes. Oh, you don't know anything about it. Men who would treat you with perfect respect will walk up to me and —— "

"Oh," Delia's voice made a little offended slide on the syllable, "do you mean that you're so much more attractive than I am?"

"Attractive?" It burst upon me that she considered this sort of thing a compliment. "For heaven's sake — no! I suppose any woman thrown out into the world, helpless, to earn her living, without family backing, finds just what I've found."

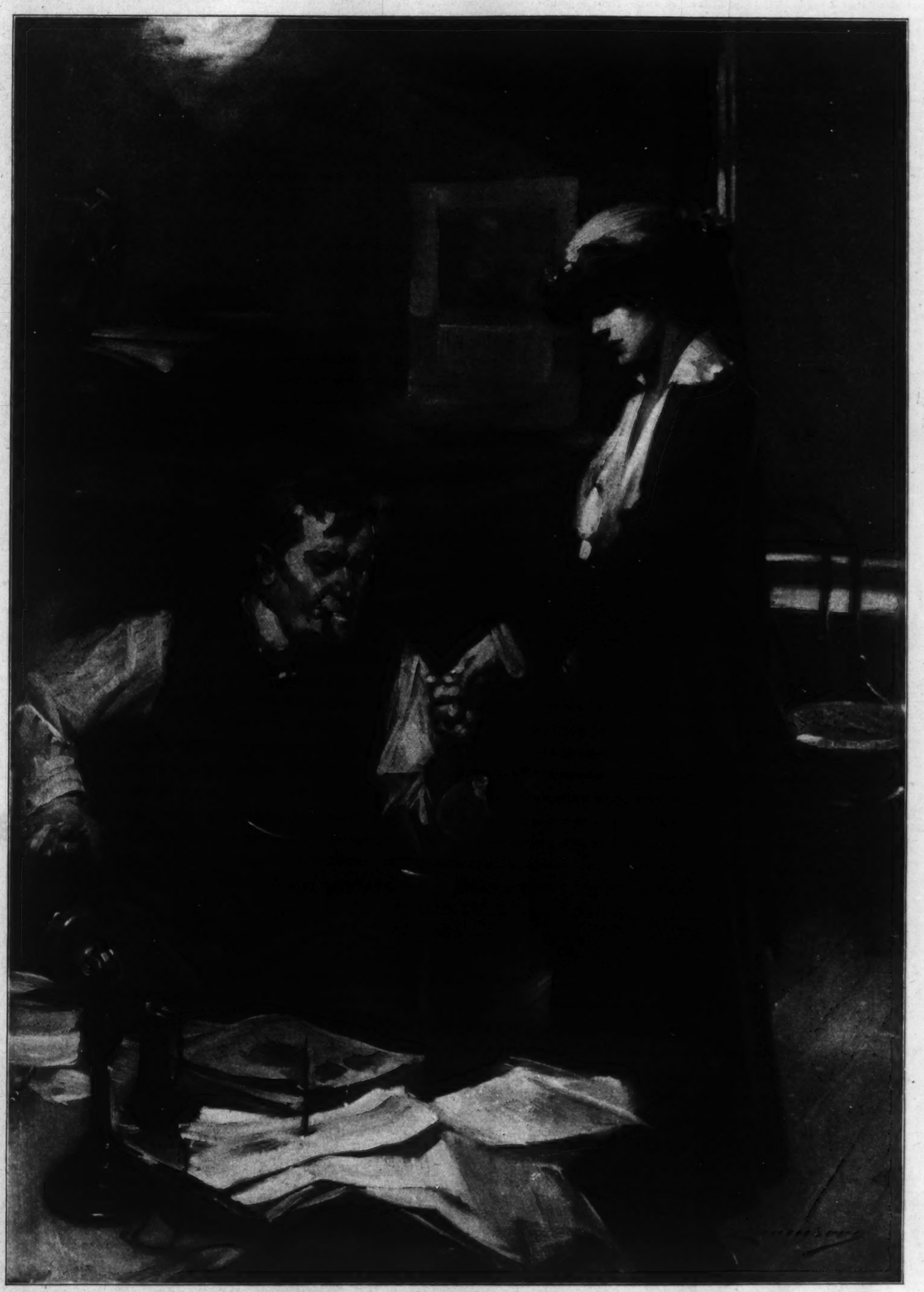
"People find what they're looking for, Foncie," Delia shook her head. "What did you mean by saying that trouble met you on your way to San Vicente?"

A letter from
Senator Poindexter

If a Positive Stand had been Taken—

THE article by Porter Emerson Browne, entitled "Uncle Sham," [McClure's for April] has been read with great pleasure. It brings vividly to mind the fact that if, at the time the Lusitania was sunk, a positive stand, backed up by the requisite action, had been taken by the United States, not only would the present imminent breach with Germany have been avoided, but hundreds of lives of men, women, and children, the victims of the sinking of passenger ships without notice, would have been saved. Also it suggests the inquiry of whether the dialectical exchange between this country and Germany therein described, which has tended to the gayety of the past year, will simply take a fresh start, from the President's recent message, in its circular course. MILES POINDEXTER.

Senator from Washington.



"Huh—not much of a hand," he said in a queer, husky tone. "Not much of a hand to earn a living with"

I laughed so that it made Delia mad at last. I was sorry for that, and hastened to say:

"The first man I met at the railroad station took me for a runaway country girl, and tried to make advances to me."

"A man on the railway!" Delia's eyes were round. "Well, I know who *that* is. You told me yourself about the Tipton boy ——"

"Delia," I cried aghast, "you mustn't — it isn't fair! Poor Joe's been one of the kindest friends I ever had. He's just a child —— "

"He's a little drunkard. Everybody knows that his wildness is breaking his mother's heart. I notice you haven't denied that it was Joe Tipton."

"Certainly I deny it. It wasn't Joe. Oh, I wish I had never said a word to you!"

"And he's a man that treats me respectfully?" Delia was groping.

"I suppose he would — of course."

"Does he live in San Vicente?"

She saw by my look that she had guessed right, and tried again. "In Las Reudas? Right here near us?"

My face began to burn.

"Yes — yes, he does! I see it — you needn't deny it."

"Now, Delia, I never said —— "

"On which side of the street? Across? It couldn't be Mr. Steffins? He's a minister — but he does travel a good deal. Who was it, Foncie? Don't be mean. Come on — tell me. Who was it?"

Why couldn't I have kept my mouth shut? Now Delia would be eyeing every man on the block with suspicion, trying to fit the story to him — and ten chances to one never thinking of the real culprit.

"Please let it drop, Dele," I urged.

"Maybe you were mistaken." Delia's tone was full of disappointment. She grabbed up the powder-puff and began dusting her nose. "You always were that way, Foncie, dear. You believed that every boy in town was crazy about you. Of course it hadn't taken any morbid turn in your mind then — naturally it wouldn't, at that early age — but didn't you even tell me, when I was visiting at Uncle Rob's, that Harve — my old Hoddy — had been one of your admirers before I met him?"

"It's a long time ago, and not worth quarreling over, Delia, but the fact is I never said anything of the sort to you. Anyhow, there's quite a difference between a school girl's idea that somebody admires her, and a divorced woman finding that most of the men she's thrown in contact with regard her as of easy virtue."

"Foncie! What a vulgar phrase. I never heard it spoken before in my life; you must have got it out of a bad French novel. I'm afraid you just make up your mind that the men mean something wrong, and behave as if they did — and there you are."

"Yes," I said, "there I am. I am going past Mrs. Eccles's, so I think I'll take the other line. Good-by."

"Well, don't fly off like that." Delia picked up her hat, and her gloves, opera-glasses and motor wrap, since they would be coming home in the machine. "Wait a minute and I'll walk as far as the street with you."

Not another word was said till we got to the front door; then Delia began:

"Foncie, I don't want you to get the impression that I'm picking at you, but I feel that you need a word of advice. Look at me — and the women I go with. We take up subjects of study that develop the mind and keep it from running on such things as you've been talking about."

"Study!" I echoed. "Aztec art, for instance?" I knew it was hateful, but by this time I was too mad to care.

"Yes — Aztec art." Delia's voice wabbled a little, but she wouldn't give up. "That sort of thing broadens a woman. It makes her attractive to the right kind of men in the right kind of way."

"But not attractive enough to get them to come to a reception when you want them to," I snapped. "What's the use, Dele? — I've got no time for courses of study."

"Well, you need it — or something. Your talk back there in the room sounded like an over-sexed girl."

As we moved in angry silence down the walk I stepped on Fairy and she yelped frightfully. Delia glared at me as though I had tried to kill the little creature. When it came to where our ways parted I stopped and faced her.

"Do you mean to say I'm that?" I asked.

Her face crimsoned. "I said that what you said sounded like it," she quibbled. "It did. Just think a minute of the string of stuff you told me — why, you knocked every man you mentioned. It's an awful habit to get into. I wonder —— "

She broke off and looked up and down the street. A young fellow in knickerbockers and cap was crossing from the direction of the country club, a couple of dogs at his heels. I saw she was trying to make up her mind which neighbor of hers I had accused.

"Oh, for goodness' sake don't begin on that again!" I forestalled her. "It won't do you any good. I'm not going to tell."

"Well, I —" Delia began; then the young fellow with the dogs came abreast of us. As I whirled, he pulled off his cap; I saw the forward duck of the sleek dark head. "Good evening, Mr. Pendleton," Delia finished.

He stopped to shake hands. Delia seemed pleased, and flustered. "Let — let me present you to my friend, Mrs. Baird," she offered effusively.

Young Pendleton slid an amused glance my way.

"Oh, we're already acquainted," he said, shaking my hand in turn. "I met Mrs. Baird on her way to San Vicente."

"Uh!" Delia stared. "Uh — why — yes." Her eyes were like saucers. There wasn't anything I could do, except to cut it short and get [*Continued on page 53*]

"If that's how you feel," she said thickly, "perhaps you ought to know how he has helped you!"

An Appeal to the Management

by

HOLWORTHY HALL

Illustrations by R. M. Crosby

THE news of Clayton's legacy didn't take long to reach Kenilworth. By five o'clock that night, when he came out from town, nearly everybody seemed to have heard about it, and to be sincerely sorry for him. Indeed, as he sauntered into the grill-room of the Golf Club, at least a dozen men rose simultaneously and steered courses to converge with Clayton's at a point immediately before the bar; and if his intention had been to forget his disappointment with the shortest possible lapse of time, he could undoubtedly have removed the last lingering memory from his brain-cells without altering the position of his elbow, or increasing his liabilities by signing a single check.

But Clayton had once remarked to Jimmy Henderson that he couldn't see why friendship is better cemented by fusel oil than by ham sandwiches; for his own part, he said, he rather preferred the sandwiches — first, because they cost less, and secondly, because they have nothing whatsoever to do with tomorrow morning. So that instead of meeting Clayton at the familiar mahogany, his friends had to evidence their sympathy by crowding around him at a corner table, and shaking hands, and growing red in the face, and stammering various inanities — all of which is fairly difficult for people accustomed to show their good wishes by buying something.

Presently, when they had made Clayton feel sufficiently cheered and embarrassed, they drifted away, leaving Henderson behind as chief mourner. Clayton looked at him, and began to laugh helplessly.

"Lots of nerve, old boy," said Henderson gruffly.

"Mind you," said Clayton, wiping his eyes, "I never thought he *owed* me anything — just because he was my uncle I didn't expect him to regulate his habits any differently on *that* account, but — wow-wow!"

"The papers said you got some real estate ——"

"Yes, I did. Harvard got a quarter of a million, the hospital got a hundred thousand, and homes for wayward sons and lost dogs got the rest — all but the real estate, Jimmy. I got that. And I won't deny it was a bump — it was a *peach* of a bump! Heard what it is? Uncle owned a mortgage on a little summer hotel up on the Maine coast — he had to foreclose it a while ago ——"

Henderson leaned quickly over the table. "Bob! Is that *all?*"

"That's all. And it's a curious feeling, Jimmy — it isn't that I resent his doing what he chose with his own money — but it — it discredits me! He thought I hadn't made good!"

"*Well,*" said Henderson, with the cheerful exaggeration customary to those who can always shift the responsibility, "you could walk into any one of a hundred offices in New York tomorrow morning ——"

"No, I couldn't! Don't be childish, Jimmy. After what was in the papers today, I couldn't get a job at a notion counter! But what gets *me* is that he sent me to college, and then took me in as his own assistant, and gave me ten times as much as I ever earned, and then all of a sudden — the ax! Why, Jimmy, if he'd talked it out with me as man to man, *I* wouldn't have objected! But when he thought I was soldiering, and never mentioned it to *me* — when he saved it up to write in his will; to advise me to earn a living — when he made it practically impossible for me to defend myself — *that's* what hurts!"

"But — the real estate is something ——"

Clayton smiled wearily.

"I have a scheme. Of course, I'm not positive it'll work. But there you are again — the question of capital!"

Henderson was puzzled.

"Capital? To sell it?"

"No — to run the hotel."

"To run the hotel? *You?* Why — *Bob!*" exclaimed Henderson.

"Well," said Clayton, on the ripost, "I'd be obliged if you'll suggest anything else. Eventually I hope to sell it; but as it stands now, I couldn't give it away with a package of gum! The only thing to do is to run it one season anyway — get a reputation for it. Oh, I don't mean a regular hotel, Jimmy — my scheme's a long way from that. You're a financial man; do you suppose I could raise fifty or seventy-five thousand in Kenilworth to back a proposition ——"

Henderson shook his head reluctantly.

"Now, Bob, don't let me discourage you, but you've been downtown; you know how tight money is ——"

"But I hadn't been in this room half a minute before the whole crowd was over here — why, *you* heard what they said! Every last one of 'em said if he could do *anything* ——"

"That doesn't mean five thousand apiece with no security, Bob!"

"Well, will *you* come up ——"

"My dear man, I'll do anything I *can* — but I'm no millionaire!"

"You're too hasty, Jimmy. I want you to come up and look over the place with me. I wasn't asking you for backing — I want advice. After you've seen it, you can tell me what to do. You can arrange that, can't you? At my expense?"

"Certainly I'll do that much."

Clayton got up, and put on his hat.

"All right, Jimmy. It's quite serious, you know — my bank balance isn't so big that foreign agents are bothering me for war loans. Want to talk about it later in the evening?"

"Why not now? I've nothing to do," urged Jimmy.

"I've got to go somewhere," said Clayton, "but I'll dine with you if you like. About seven-thirty?"

He was almost at the door when Henderson sang after him: "Oh, Bob! The car's outside — can't I take you?"

"No, thanks," said Clayton evenly. "I'm only going to the Hill — I'll meet you for dinner."

And every man in the room who had eyes, or a fiancée, or a wife, suspected — and felt a wee bit guilty in the suspicion — that Clayton was going up to the Hill for a very disagreeable errand, and that was to break the news to Edith Emery.

"Don't be childish, Jimmy. After what was in the papers today, I couldn't get a job at a notion counter!"

"Bob — you remember I told you the day I came — I wasn't sure?"

Kenilworth was no Utopia; during the next few days a number of people manifested the defects in the breeding of their grandfathers. One or two of the men, notably those who had been born with silver certificates in their mouths, seemed to feel that Clayton had lost caste by virtue of the necessity of supporting himself. Some of the women, especially those who had brought daughters into the world prior to 1897, appeared to discern in Clayton's shattered fortunes a sort of stigma which compromised his personality. Some who had liked him, and still did like him, sheered abruptly away as soon as they heard of a project which might involve subscriptions. Finally there were those Christian citizens — not all of them church-members at that — who altered their demeanor towards Clayton in only one particular: they increased the frequency of their dinner invitations. This last class, unfortunately, didn't include the Emerys.

In a small community the heart-throbs of individuals are more or less public property; it wasn't twenty-four hours after Clayton left the Golf Club to make his call on the Hill that Kenilworth knew pretty accurately what had happened. Miss Emery, it was generally understood, had cried; implying that if she hadn't been secretly engaged to Clayton, she must have been tottering on the verge. Her mother had struggled for diplomacy, and spoken with some vagueness of the great, wide, beautiful future. Her father had been frank enough to say what he really thought; plainly, that any candidate for the position of son-in-law must present a schedule of assets to include more than mere affability and an autocratic uncle, now defunct.

When Clayton kept his appointment with Henderson he had a trace of powder on his coat-collar, and desperation about his lips; the next time he saw Mr. Emery on the veranda, each lifted his hat slightly as he bowed. Kenilworth had a blasted romance to add to its supply of gossip; and the situation wasn't noticeably relieved until Clayton and Henderson set out for Maine.

Henderson returned alone, incontinent in his enthusiasm.

"Boys," he said, "it's wonderful — simply wonderful. I didn't see it at first — the house is a big, ragged place overlooking a young bay with islands in it. Nobody's been in it for years; it felt like an igloo. It couldn't have made a worse impression — every pocket of the pool tables had a nest of mice! I told Bob the only way he could get boarders would be to wait for winter, and then send out a squad of St. Bernards. But just the same — it's the greatest little scheme *I* ever heard of!"

"Well, what *is* it?"

"Who's behind it?"

"Bob isn't serious, is he?"

"Bob can't afford *not* to be serious — he's in town now, seeing some people. Why, boys, there's woods and mountains and water and islands — anything you like! What we intend to do ——"

"*We?*"

"Yes," said Henderson. "*We!* I'm a silent partner, but I'm off duty just now, boys, so I don't need to be silent. What we intend to do is to put it in running order, and open the sweetest summer resort in the East. You fellows know how often three or four families try to agree where to go — the trouble usually is that they can't find a place they like that isn't full of people they don't like. So this is — to all intents and purposes — a club; a vacation club for Kenilworth."

"Any fishing, Jimmy?"

"Off shore and deep-sea, both; and if you're looking for trout or landlocked salmon, all you have to do is to drive inland about ten miles ——"

"No golf, of course?" questioned one of the group.

"Well, there were nine holes once — the turf is magnificent. We can get the links in passable shape by June — that gives us eight months."

"Sailing good?"

"It's on a bay, I said."

"Without even seeing it," said Fredericks, "I should say that if your description is ninety-nine per cent pure, it might be worth looking at. You remember we talked over a vacation club once, but there wasn't a place at the right price. What's the building like, and how much land is there?"

"Six hundred acres, and all the house needs is redecorating, and painting. Typical resort architecture — I brought some photographs."

The listeners bent over them interestedly.

"Why — why, this is really attractive!" said Hawley. "You haven't retouched the negatives, have you?"

"Wait a second — wait until you get the whole idea. Hawley, do you mind telling what you paid at Mt. Washington last season? Twelve a day apiece? And Freddy, you went to the Thousand Islands, didn't you? What was it there?"

"A hundred and thirty a week for the family."

"Yes — and Parke?"

"Nine a day. What's the answer?"

"The answer," responded Henderson, "is that at Soncy — that's the name of the place — you pay a hundred dollars a week apiece, and you get what you want."

"*What!* A hundred a week apiece?"

"But," said Henderson gently, "you get what you want. It's the American Plan to the *n*th power. No signing vouchers for cigars; no extras for golf, or boats, or anything else on the premises. In other words, you pay one price, and everything on the ranch is yours. I forgot to say that you pay a hundred for your reservation and you don't get it back."

"That is," said Fredericks drily, "if I should want to take my family up to your economical little inn, it costs me a hundred for the ante, and four hundred a week while I stay. That's not reasonable, Jimmy!"

"No? Figure up what the extras cost you at the Islands."

"Suppose I want champagne for breakfast?" suggested Parke.

"Well, we'll assume that you won't," laughed Henderson.

"No — assume that I *do*."

"Then you can have it in magnums," said Henderson impressively. "For the third and last time, you pay a hundred dollars a week, and that entitles you to everything there is on the place. And I'll add to that the statement that the equipment will be a cross between a first-class hotel and a first-class club."

Mr. Emery, who had smoked stolidly on the fringe of the group, asked unexpectedly: "Where does the money come in? I mean, what's in it for Clayton?"

"Why, we can accommodate ninety people. That's nine thousand a week when the house is full; and the maximum expense will be about sixty-five hundred a week. It'll be a ten weeks season. It'll take about eighty thousand dollars to get the outfit into condition. But here's the rest of the story — Bob doesn't want to go into the hotel business permanently — nothing like that at all. But we realize that we've got to develop the place in order to sell it. So we're going to run it one season anyway as a private venture. We want everybody in Kenilworth to come up there, and we'll guarantee the worth of your money. After you've been there, and seen what it is, Bob'll entertain a proposition for the sale, and transformation to a vacation club exclusively for Kenilworth. If you don't want to consider that, we'll simply put it on the general market. But at present, all we're interested in is to get you all up there for just one summer, or part of a summer."

"If," said Fredericks, gesturing with his cigar, "any ten other members of *this* club can agree on it — *I'd* think of it. Personally, the idea of a summer colony strikes me as pretty good. Specifically, *this* one isn't half bad. Anybody else see it my way?"

It was an hour later that Henderson, escaping with difficulty from the mob in the grill, encountered Mr. Emery pacing the veranda, and smoking thoughtfully.

"Hello, Jimmy," said Mr. Emery. "It's such a fine night I'm walking home. Coming?"

They went a mile without speaking. Mr. Emery cleared his throat.

"Here's where I turn off. Look here, Jimmy — about this scheme of Clayton's. Well, don't tell Bob, but it looks good — very good. It gives us all a chance to be together in the summer, without any outsiders. Besides, I'd really like to see Bob accomplish something. Who's financing it?"

"Why — er — we're negotiating ——"

"I can understand why it wouldn't seem like a safe investment for a man who didn't know the circumstances. You may have some trouble. If you do, I have some friends." He coughed deprecatingly, and relighted his cigar. "Don't come to me unless you need to, Jimmy, but if you're turned down everywhere else, I'll be glad to see what my friends think about it. I'd like to have Bob make good. That's all. Don't tell him what I've said. Good night."

Her father had said that any candidate for the position of son-in-law must present assets to include more than mere affability and an autocratic uncle, now defunct

In truth, it was rather a striking club — or hotel — which opened its doors on the first of June to the vast gratification of Henderson, who had served as committee on finance, and of Clayton, who had spent the last four months learning the duties of stage manager.

From the big, rambling Colonial house, built when timber was less expensive, swept a lawn — not a superb lawn, by any means, according to the standards of landscape gardeners, but still a lawn dotted with friendly trees and flowers, and hardly indicative of years of neglect. Then, abruptly, jagged rocks, and the lapping waters of the bay; and out across the water, five little pinnacled islands, rocky, mossy, shaded by pine and fir; and beyond them, the open sea. To the left, behind the house, rose the gaunt mass of a seaside mountain, indigenous to the state, a paradox to strangers. To the right, rolling country, and a perspective of fields and groves. Above all, the strong, brilliant northern sky, fading into the sea-blue, the hill-blue, the cliff-blue, depending on one's standpoint and selection of scenery.

It opened to a party of twelve from Kenilworth; a party which exclaimed delightedly at the natural advantages, and didn't criticize the rooms adversely. Still a trifle dubious of the advertised policy, however, the newcomers ordered timidly of the extras for which there was to be no charge — a carriage for the drive around the ledges, a sailing-canoe for a tour of exploration among the islands, a pint of sparkling burgundy, a Corona perfecto, a Boston newspaper, tea at half-past four. They got them. And on the following day, when another party from Kenilworth arrived, the marvel was duly related, and doubted, and verified. At the end of a week there were forty guests under the roof; at the end of a fortnight there were eighty; Kenilworth had transplanted itself to an idyllic summer colony; and in the private office under the stairs Clayton leaned back in his chair, and hoped piously that his uncle was looking down from on high, and shrugging his wings in contrition.

To him at this moment came a boy in uniform.

"Yes?" questioned Clayton.

"Lady's arskin' for you, Mr. Clayton."

"Won't the desk-clerk do?"

"No, sir — she wants you."

"Who is it?"

"Dunno — she just come in."

"Well, where is she?"

"Out on the lawn — down by the awnin'."

He went out to the lawn without anticipation; when he reached the marquee, and glanced inquiringly within it, he saw Edith Emery.

"Why, Edith!" he cried. "I didn't know you were here!"

"Didn't you?" She smiled quickly, and lent the impression of trying to avoid him. "We've been here at least a half-hour — motored up from Portland. I didn't think it was very nice of you not to meet us."

"If I'd only *known* you were coming ——"

"Yes," she said wickedly, "I suppose you wouldn't have let us in, because we didn't have enough trunks."

"Edith!"

"It does seem so queer to realize that you're the chief of all this," she said, watching him intently. "It doesn't seem natural — it doesn't seem real. But — nothing seems real any more, anyway. I thought we'd better have a little talk, Bob. That's why I asked you to come out. I — I didn't know until a day or two ago that we were coming at all.

Father decided it quite in a minute, apparently. So many of our friends were here he simply *dragged* us."

"You didn't want to come?"

She twisted her fingers nervously.

"Honestly, Bob, I didn't want to come—I knew how hard it would be for you ——"

"If I exert my resistless will to the utmost," he said lightly, "I guess I can live through it, dear."

"But, you see, Bob, since February — since you were in Kenilworth — I — I'm not absolutely sure myself — now."

"Oh!" he said slowly. "You're not — sure!"

"No, Bob, not sure. I want to be — but I'm not! And it'll be easier for all of us if you understand that I'm here just as a guest."

"Do you mean that to be permanent?" he asked, white-lipped.

"Wouldn't you rather have me as a guest than not at all? It may not be permanent — if I should feel sure again — I'd tell you — I truly would. But just now — when Father — *you* know."

"Quite apart from your father — *you've* changed your mind ——"

"No, Bob, not that. But I've got to be *so* sure that his opinion of you won't influence me."

"So instead of thinking of you as — as yourself, I'm to think of you just as a hundred dollars a week!"

She started up in amazement; her eyes warned him.

"Bob — you don't need to *act* like a *maître d'hôtel!*"

"Why not?" he demanded. "I *am* one — from now on — to you!"

"No, you aren't — you're the *owner* ——"

"Owner and sole proprietor," he said bitterly. "No transients accommodated — all bills payable weekly — children and dogs must keep off the grass — please report any dissatisfaction or incivility to the management! All right, Edith."

"Please don't talk like that!" she pleaded.

"I'll try to make it as pleasant as possible for you — for the rest of it —" He held out his hand. "Thank you for being so straightforward. I won't make any mistakes, Edith." He stood aside at the entrance of the marquee. "And now," he said in a very matter-of-fact tone, "wouldn't you like to have somebody show you around Soncy?"

"Do you mean *you?*"

"I think not — you've forgotten one thing. People here have tongues, too ——"

"But you — but Father *said* that — that guests can have whatever they want ——"

"Yes; I'll send someone ——"

"But I'm a guest; and I want *you* to take me around, Bob! I — I still *like* you, you know, a great, great deal. Won't you please be nice to me?"

He fought for a smile.

"You're right, dear," he said gravely. "I beg your pardon — I won't call you that again! But you're quite right. You can have whatever you ask for. It's all on the American plan — even me!"

IF Clayton had expected that success would now be distasteful to him, he must have been disappointed; for the thrill which followed the July accounting was a sensation unique in his life, and he loved it.

"It's over!" Henderson told him. "You've put it over, Bob! And the men are crazy about it. They're working out a proposition to make to you!"

"I hope they do," said Clayton from his heart. "I thought I'd feel like a magnate, but I don't — I feel like a landlady!"

What he meant, of course, was that Miss Emery made him feel like a landlady. Since their initial interview, she had all at once become her old self: baffling, vivacious. On every conceivable opportunity she laughed at Clayton; she called him "Sole Prop." to his face; she deviled him in a thousand ways; and not the least of his uneasiness was caused by her insistence upon personal attention.

He loved her, but his self-respect dropped below zero. In public, and sometimes in retirement, he was doggedly cheerful; he liked the consciousness of progress; occasionally he was really proud of himself; inevitably his mood sought the lowest of levels as soon as he caught sight of Miss Emery, and tried to conceive existence without her. He told himself that another year would find him in New York, whether or not he sold the Soncy property; he wouldn't even commute to Kenilworth; he'd live in a stuffy apartment, and go to see feature films, and read F. P. A., and be a metropolitan. He wasn't even mollified by signs of interest on the part of Mr. Emery.

"Looks as though you'll clear something, doesn't it?" asked Edith's father.

"It does," said Clayton.

"Nothing like it in the country!"

"I think not."

"Thought of a price yet?"

"Not yet," Clayton answered briefly.

"Care to make one, Bob?" asked Mr. Emery.

"Talk to Jimmy Henderson, please. He's my financial man, and he has an eighth interest."

He moved away and found himself near the rocks which overhung the sea. On one of the rocks sat Miss Emery, idly approving the view.

"Hello, Sole Prop.," she greeted him. "I want something else now — I want a canoe — a canoe and a guide."

"Guide?" He wrinkled his forehead.

"Yes — a guide."

"I'll send you a bell-boy," he said, smiling.

"No, *not* a bell-boy — I want *you!*"

"If I were younger," he conceded, "I might think it was for the pleasure of my company — as it is, I believe it's out of sheer mischief!"

"Both," she said happily. "Shall we start now?"

There was one canoe remaining in the boathouse; Clayton saw that Miss Emery was comfortable with pillows, and made himself uncomfortable on a thwart. He dug the paddles viciously into the water of the shallows; the craft slipped smoothly out into the bay.

He had taken as his mark a tiny beach on the furthest of the islands; he wasn't half way to it when Miss Emery laughed softly; and something in the quality of her voice impelled him to rest the dripping paddle across the gunwale, and look at her for explanation.

"You're working *so* hard," she said, checking herself, "and you look *so* hot and cross — and if you'd sit still and drift you'd be ever so much more contented."

Clayton obeyed instructions. From another canoe in the middle distance some one halloed to him; he up-ended the paddle in salute.

"One of 'em's Jimmy," he said.

"He's an awfully good friend of yours, isn't he?"

"The best I ever had," said Clayton, and after an instant's hesitation, he added, "and I don't owe him a cent, either."

"We were talking about you this morning."

"Indeed?"

"Yes — he said some splendid things about you."

"Really?"

"I wish you'd use longer sentences," she said plaintively. "You're not much better company than an echo!"

"But a guide isn't supposed to converse."

"Not if the — the hunter — expects it, and — pays for it?"

"I forgot that! Repartee on the American plan! Shall it be subtle and inaudible, or loud and coarse?"

"Jimmy thinks it's very wonderful of you to have thought all this out, Bob. He says you'll profit by it, too. And everybody's really having a lovely summer — the country's beautiful — and nobody has to bother about trifles. I've heard Father say dozens of times — before we came here, I mean — that the worst feature of a vacation at a summer resort is having to *dig* all the time!"

"I thought it would be convenient."

Miss Emery stared hard at the mainland, and suddenly burst out laughing.

"Oh, Bob!" she said. "It just occurred to me — if you could have been omnipotent — if instead of giving people just material things for a fixed price you could give them absolutely anything — material, spiritual, social, anything — I'd *love* to know what they'd order!"

"What would you?" He dipped the paddle lazily, swinging the bow of the canoe to a solitary wave.

"I don't know — I hadn't thought that far."

"Of course," said Clayton, "if I could do that sort of thing, I'd be genuinely sorry to let Soncy go, because I'd be so far ahead of the next best psychologist that there wouldn't be any fun in it."

"Letting it go? You didn't say that."

"Oh, yes," he reiterated. "I'd be sorry to let it go. Now, I'm not."

"You're — you're selling it, Bob?"

"Trying to sell it," Clayton corrected, laughing.

"For a great deal of money?" questioned Edith.

"Enough so that I'll have a little income."

"But — what'll you *do?*"

"Oh, almost anything. I never intended to run this place for more than one season — you knew that."

"No, I didn't! And after you made it so original!" she exclaimed.

"That was simply to get the crowd here," he explained. "Not especially businesslike — luckily, it's been profitable. It was to get a reputation. I had to do something novel to drag Kenilworth away from the other resorts. Now I'm going to *work!*"

"Have you talked to Father?"

Clayton pointed the bow of the canoe towards the boathouse.

"No."

"Bob, you mustn't feel that he's antagonistic to you," she said earnestly. "I don't know *how* many times he's said what a clever young man you are — you're not offended with him because he wanted to protect *me*, are you?"

"Protect you financially? No, I'm not offended. Naturally, we aren't chums, though."

"If you realized," she said, "how much he's helped you, Bob, you'd ——"

"He's helped *me!*" Clayton's mouth was expressive.

"Certainly."

"How?"

She was evidently disturbed. "Well — lots of ways."

"I'm afraid you can't mention *one way*, Edith. The man who *has* helped is Jimmy Henderson — he's been invaluable."

"Well," she persisted stoutly, "didn't Father help you by coming here?"

"He helped me to the extent of three hundred dollars a week!" Clayton held the blade poised above the water. "Edith, if he'd really wanted to help me, he did the very worst thing he *could* have done — by coming here. It's made a merry little Hades out of this summer — I'm not made out of cast-iron! *I* can't forget what's happened. If I'd remotely imagined you'd come here, I don't believe I'd have started the place! You and I have been together often, haven't we? Every minute of that time has been torture. *He* and I have been together sometimes — and that was worse yet! I cared too much for *you* — that was all! Suppose our positions were reversed, and I and my family — if I had one — came to pay *you* money and demand attention, and remind you of the past! Helped me! He's helped me to feel like a waiter — like a clerk — like a servant! *He's paying me money!*" He broke off sharply. "Edith! I'm sorry! I didn't mean to say all that ——"

The gunwale touched the dock. Miss Emery scrambled to her feet, rocking the canoe perilously. She was on shore; her eyes blazing down into Clayton's; her lips trembling.

"If *that's* how you feel," she said thickly, "perhaps you ought to know how he *has* helped you! If it hadn't been for him you couldn't have *started* Soncy! Ask Jimmy Henderson — ask him who advanced sixty-five thousand dollars last December, and fifteen more this March — ask Jimmy who made it possible for you to get Kenilworth up here, and then sell out for enough to give you that income you mentioned — ask Jimmy who collected the men to make up a syndicate — ask Jimmy who'll make you an offer *tonight!*" She turned, and stumbled blindly up the steps which led to the lawn. "And Jimmy," she said chokingly, over her shoulder, "Jimmy'll tell you it was *my father!*"

By the time he had fastened the canoe, and followed her, she was out of sight. She was in her room, he learned, and not to be seen. Mr. Emery was out fishing with Mr. Henderson.

He went to the little office under the stairs, where he sat down limply, and gazed at the opposite wall until the pattern of the paper danced bewilderingly before his eyes. Then he sighed, and shook himself dispiritedly, and sent for the bookkeeper.

The dinner hour passed; Clayton was still busy with his various memoranda. He ordered coffee, and left it untouched. When, at nine o'clock Mr. Emery tapped on the door, the final statistics were in the form of a statement.

[*Continued on page 56*]

DEBTS

by

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Jessie B. Rittenhouse

MY debt to you, Beloved,
Is one I cannot pay
In any coin of any realm
On any reckoning day;

For where is he shall figure
The debt, when all is said,
To one who makes you dream again
When all the dreams were dead?

Or where is the appraiser
Who shall the claim compute
Of one who makes you sing again,
When all the songs were mute?

"Look," she said, "I've got something to show you!"

The Diamond Ring

by

George Kibbe Turner

Author of "Butterflies" and The Doctor's Stories

Illustrations by Everett Shinn

IT was the second day after Christmas — a Saturday, I remember — when she came in — every flounce and ribbon in its place; fresh, new, complete, like one of those triangular women on the cover of a French dressmaking magazine, become flesh and stepped in among us.

"Well, what luck?" said I. "How'd you come out? What was the cargo of the silk stocking this time?"

"Oh, I came out all right," she answered, smiling and shining and tossing up her chin.

"Yes, tell us, Trix," urged Jones, looking up then; "how is one filling them this year?"

He was always jollying her — and all of these models of ours. You can jolly them better than any other way you can talk to them, he claims. They understand it better. They expect it.

"How about My Friend?" asked Macklin Jones. We always called him that, because she did. "My Friend" — that's what all those girls call them.

"How about that?" asked Jones, watching her. "Did he do the right thing this year?"

"Look," she said. "I've got something to show you!" And she held out her left hand with this big diamond ring.

"Some diamond," said I, surprised.

"You're right it is," she answered me, regarding it fondly.

And Jones took her hand, and held it up to the light, and studied it carefully.

"My Friend?" I asked.

She nodded deeply.

"Wonderful," said Jones. "Superb. I had no idea they were wearing them so full this year."

"See! Isn't it brilliant?" she asked, watching.

"Wonderful," answered Jones. "By Gad! Brighter than John D. Rockefeller's right eye when he saw his first dollar."

She held the stone off, watching it, smiling, paying no attention to either of us. Her eyes were shining, and she had a lot of color in her cheeks.

"My Friend's some spender," said I, still impressed.

"When you're concerned," added Jones. "Eh, Trix?"

"You've said it," she answered, still turning the stone to make it sparkle. For several seconds her soul focused there — utterly satisfied; wrapt and dumb and absent as a crystal-gazer.

"Yeah," she stated finally. "He's crazy about me. We'll be married right after Easter."

Then she went out, all brilliance — herself, and her diamond, and her dress — erect, and new and crisp, with the consciousness of rectitude that the latest corset gives any woman. And we heard outside the harmonious music of silken ankles against silken skirts as she started down the hallway to the elevator.

Trix — Beatrix Grey — she called herself. She was our dressiest model. The most careful confection that crossed our threshold. One of the kind that seem always new — made new every morning from a new design. With another hair dressing at least twice a month. You know them. You see hundreds of them in the New York streets and offices — all mad on the subject of clothes.

"She was never born," Jones claimed; "she emerged from a band-box — complete from feather to silk stockings."

"On the Island of Manhattan," I said, "with the soft airs of a military band on an amusement pier playing 'round her."

We heard the elevator door clack after her then, and the wheels creak and rattle as it started down.

"Woman's oldest, deepest need," remarked Macklin Jones finally.

"Huh?" said I, straightening out my desk.

"That old, old, world-old hunger," said Jones again, "unsatisfied since the world began."

"What's this?" I asked, looking over.

"Diamonds," explained Jones. "The one great, natural appetite of woman."

I stood watching him.

"Absolutely," went on Jones. "There's nothing like it. This maternal hunger you hear the aged and unmarried of the sex talk so much about in conventions is a mere tickle of rhetoric beside it. Beside this one great, fundamental longing of the true woman's heart," said Jones.

"The barbaric sex," I helped out. "The long-haired trinket bearers."

"No, sir," said Jones. "Not a bit of it. I'm serious."

"So?" said I.

"No, sir," he went on. "The diamond is no mere trinket."

"What is it, then?" I inquired.

"It's the standard measure of value for woman, that's what it is," answered Jones, with desperate seriousness. "Everywhere on earth. Everywhere and always — and has been since Adam's oldest grandson started hanging them on the little brown ones in back of the Himalaya Mountains. It shows what a woman's worth to her possessor. And every woman knows it."

And I grinned.

"You ask any shop girl," said Jones, staring me down. "She'll tell you. She knows — what you don't — what the diamond is. She knows it's the universal valuer — the open price mark of love fixed on the third finger. The size of the diamond in the ring shows exactly what any girl's worth — to a decimal."

And I laughed out loud.

"Laugh," sneered Jones, "go on. What do you know about it — or I? We live in a different world from them. You could dwell among them for a thousand years — and never get an idea of it. Of its laws and ordinances; of its weights and measures; and its wars and victories and ideals. And what its inhabitants will fight and bleed and die for."

"You should take notes," I observed. "You should certainly leave some record of your explorations of this unknown country and its inhabitants."

"I shall," said Jones, "some time. But what I'm telling you now is an important thing — what every man ought to know and remember about the women. They've all got to have their diamond — if it is in the stars for them. The biggest possible. That's required by law. It's specified in the first section of the book of the Laws of the Women."

"This one must be highly pleased," I remarked, "on your theory."

"She is," said Jones. "It's the high-water mark of her life."

I talked it over with Mournful Mike after that, the next time he was in posing.

"Sure," he said, "that's the great thing in those department stores. Christmas they get their diamonds from their 'Friends.' After Easter they get married.

"You'll see them down there now," went on Mike, "with the new ones on. That's all they're talking now — diamond rings. They always get together after Christmas, and show their diamonds, and compare them. This one — she was one of those girls; she came into this from a department store."

I knew that before.

"One of those department store dressers," continued Mike. "You can tell 'em."

"You certainly can," I agreed. "They're our real smart set."

"This one's graduated — got up in the world," proceeded Mournful Mike. "But you can bet your garters she's been down there showing that big ring to them."

"Quite a society event down there," I said.

"You're right," Mike replied, and lapsed into his natural silence.

I asked him after a while if he knew My Friend.

"I think I do," said Mike.

"Who is he?" I asked.

"I think he's the feller that calls himself The Wonderful Wicherly. He's got some sort of turn in a cheap vaudeville show."

"That's the one. Some sort of an actor. Is he any good?"

"If he's the one I think he is," said Mike, "he's Mother's Worst Mistake."

"This girl says he's crazy over her," I told him.

"Yeah?" asked Mike, and went off into the mystic silence again.

Mike knew, of course, all about the diamond ring and the department store. He qualified, if anybody did, as an expert on the feminine fauna of New York — so Jones said. "Their habits, and their habitat, and the best bait to use." With us, though — with these girls in the studios, jewelry isn't so plentiful. Most of all, diamond rings on the third finger. And when a model hoists a diamond ring on any finger, it's more apt to be a danger signal than a harbor flag. So it was only natural, I suppose, that this one caused talk among the girls that happened to see it. And she certainly did not try to conceal it much.

It was about a week or ten days afterward, when she had that row about her ring. She came in after luncheon, I remember, to give me half a day for a thing we had — "The Girl with the Steamer Trunk." We had her for that sort of thing — the smart set story, with the tall, thin man with concave cheeks, who would crack if he sat down, and the girl who had just come back from being fitted to her own motor car.

She walked into the door, head up, cheeks scarlet, mad clear down to the bone. I could see that. She admitted it. But I couldn't get out of her what it was about. Something some other girl had said — that was all.

"She'll find out," she threatened. "We'll show her something. All she's got to do is to hang on, and stay alive till after Easter to see for herself." And that was as much as she would say.

But the next day Mike came in with that still grin of his on his face, and told me.

"It was the tall one — that old one that was a chorus girl," he explained — "that Stella. This Trix was

showing her that diamond ring out there in the hall. You know how she does."

"Yes," said I.

"'What do you think of it?' asks Trix.

"'Oh, I don't know,' answers the old one. 'Fine. Almost too good to be true.'

"'What!' says the little one, nearly choking to death.

"'Did you ever have a jeweler look at it, Dearie?' asks the big one.

"'No, I never did,' replies Trix. 'Why should I?'

"'Oh, nothing,' says this Stella. 'Only you don't know these stage folks the way I do, Dearie. You can never tell anything about them — they're so uncertain.'"

Mike's face, when he was telling it, came as near cracking into a laugh as it ever did. "Some warfare," he said. "You can see where their eyes burned holes through the woodwork out there. And they used to be quite friends, too. They lived in the same boarding house for a while."

"It *is* quite a ring, though," I declared, "if it's real."

"Yeah," said Mike.

"Two hundred dollars — anyhow."

"It's made for looks," asserted Mike. "Thin. They shave that kind off with a cheese knife."

"Even so, it cost some money," I argued, "if it's real."

"It's real," said Mike.

"How do you know? It might be glass."

"It isn't."

"What then?"

"Instalments!" said Mike. "I know the Jew that sold it to him."

"So you do know My Friend?"

And he said he did; it was the man he thought it was — that Wonderful Wicherly.

"What does he look like?" I asked him.

"One of these cigarette bearers," replied Mike. "You've seen hundreds of them outside the movies."

"I know him," said Macklin Jones, who had just dropped in while we were talking. "Tall, limp-legged, with dreamy eyes."

"Dope, more likely," responded Mike.

"And a lovely waist-line," Jones went on. "In a wood-brown suit."

"That's the feller," answered Mike.

"I know him," said Macklin Jones. "A natural clothes wearer. There's a certain air about him you can't mistake — a certain I-know-not-what about him that tells you positively nothing better than this is made by Winkin, Perkinheimer and Scuff."

"You've got him," said Mike.

"Where'd you ever see him?" I asked Jones.

"Oh, I never saw *this* one," admitted Jones, sitting down and opening a book. But it was just as he said, when you thought of it. You can't walk past one of those places without falling over one of those Adonises in a wood-brown suit.

"They must be a grand sight together," laughed Jones, "coming into a restaurant. There's nothing dressier on Broadway. It's what you might call an altogether brilliant match, eh, Mike?"

"She'd tell you so," said Mike.

"And she'd be right," went on Jones. "Brilliant and suitable. They think the same thoughts, and smile the same smiles, and believe in the same God."

"Same God!" said I.

"The same old orthodox New York God — that Great Tailor of the Universe, who made Manhattan Island in six days, and rested on the seventh day, and made the rest of the earth. And they're made for each other, just as much as if they were made by the same manikin maker and reared together in the windows of the same department store."

I could see her, as we were talking, sitting in my studio, studying the women's magazines, and the woman's page of the evening papers that we saved for her — breathless to find out whether women would be circular or triangular this next season, and which eye they were going to cover up with hair. And Macklin Jones, sitting and jollying her, and asking her for fool hints about dress — and watching her.

"She has a soul of the very finest Duchess lace," he said. "If you'd dissect her, you'd certainly find it."

"And a brain of tulle," I held.

"Sheerer. Some new material — much sheerer," stated Jones.

She certainly was a good deal of a little fool on dress. Jones was all the time getting her started on this dressmaking talk — and talking it to her.

Time goes pretty fast. It must have been two or three weeks after that — well after the holidays anyway — when Mike broke out one day, after an hour's intense silence, posing:

"I got one for you."

"Well?" I inquired, after a while.

"You know My Friend?"

I was thinking of my work. I didn't get it first. "What friend?" I asked.

"The one that little Trix Grey held her head so high about," he explained. "The one that gave her that diamond ring she had that row over. That Wonderful Wicherly thing."

"Um hum," I murmured, working along on my picture. "Sure."

"He's quit her," said Mike, "cold."

"No?"

"Yeah."

"What's the matter?" I asked, finally.

"I don't know. I heard someone said he'd left town."

"A blow-up?" I asked. "They have a fight?"

"Oh, nothing like that, I guess," said Mournful Mike. "He just rambled away and quit her. Had enough, I suppose. He was scheduled to, sooner or later."

"When'd all this happen?" I asked him, stopping my work.

"I dunno. I heard it Saturday."

"But look," I said, after a while, "she's got that ring still. I saw it yesterday."

"Has she?" inquired Mike, wearily.

"Yes. How do you explain that?" I asked him.

"I don't believe you saw it!" said Mike.

"Well," I admitted, "I may be wrong. But I thought I saw it on her only yesterday."

"You look the next time she comes in," answered Mike — and dropped the subject. We didn't come back to it again until he was going out.

"Don't say anything about that," I said to him.

Mike looked at me.

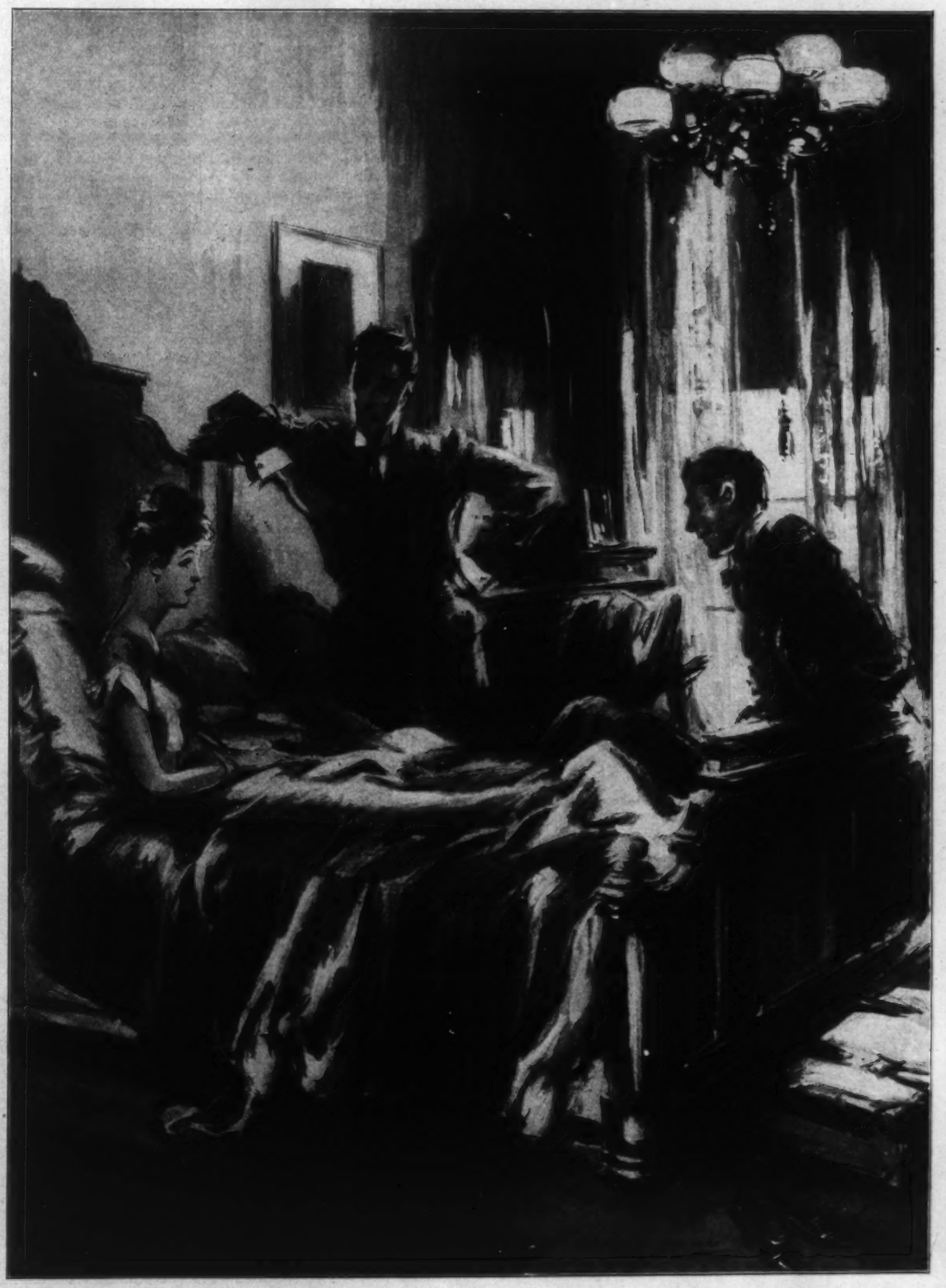
"About that Trix, and the Wonderful," I explained.

"I ain't much of a talker," said Mike.

"Let's let 'er alone," I suggested. "Let's keep still and see what she'll do. She's made so much and talked so much of this thing, it'll be worth while to see what she'll do about it."

And Jones thought the same when I told him about it.

The girl was in, as it happened, the very next day after that. I looked at her left hand. And I was right.



"He's crazy about me," she repeated. "We'll be married — just as soon as he gets back — from the Coast"

The diamond was there, just as I thought it was. And I thought to myself: "There's one time Mike was wrong."

Jones saw it, too, when he came in for a minute. I saw his eye catch it. He started right away jollying her — leading up to the subject of the ring.

"I was reading something the other day about diamonds, Trix," he said, looking at her, "that made me think of you."

"You did!" she exclaimed quickly.

"Yes. It said it was bad luck to take them off your finger any time till after you're married."

"I never take mine off," replied Trix, drawing her hand toward her, as she said it.

"Wait," said Jones, capturing the hand. "Let's look at it again. Gad, that's a fine stone. Gee, a man must think a lot of a girl to pay the price for one like that."

"You're right; he does — when it comes to that," she said, staring him steadily in his face. "He does. He's crazy about me. There isn't anything he wouldn't do for me!"

"How is he now?" Jones asked. "How is My Friend?"

"Oh, he's fine," she answered right away. "Why?"

"Where is he?" inquired Jones, looking up quickly. "Where is he now?"

All at once her face grew red, red as fire — and white again. She was naturally rather white.

"Where is he!" she repeated. "Why?"

"Oh, I didn't hear you talking about him so often," said Jones. "I didn't know but that you decided you'd let him go and give some of the rest of us a chance."

"Well, I guess not!" she told him, stiffening up, and getting her voice back. "That don't look much like it, does it?" she asked, holding up her ring.

"No, I see it doesn't," admitted Jones.

"No," she said, finally. "My Friend's gone out of town. He's out on the road now. Out on the Pacific Coast. That's why you haven't heard me speaking of him."

"We've got to have him back by Easter," urged Jones.

"Don't you worry," said the model. "He'll be back. Nothing's going to keep him!"

"Wild, dancing elephants couldn't hold him, could they, Trix?" jollied Jones.

"You're a good guesser," said the girl.

And right after that she went away.

"What do you make out of it?" I asked Jones, when she was gone.

He seemed to be thinking it over. "I don't know," he said. "She acted a little odd."

She did, when you thought of it. She didn't have exactly that same air — that half-tolerant, half-pleased air she usually had when he jollied her. And there was a little metallic tone to her voice when she talked.

"But she's got the ring still, hasn't she?" said Jones, slowly.

"The same as ever," I answered. "I guess this is one time our friend Mike was wrong."

So I told Mike the next time he came in that he was mistaken, that she still had that ring on her hand.

"Yes, that's right, too," replied Mike, calmly.

"And you still think he's dropped her?" I asked.

"I know it," asserted Mike.

"Well, I don't see it," I argued.

"What do you think?" asked Mike then, grinning that sad grin of his. "What do you think she's doing?"

I told him I hadn't one guess.

"She's buying it — paying the instalments herself."

"Good Lord," said I.

"She'd been taking it around and showing it," said Mike, "and talking about it so much, she just couldn't let it go."

"Um hum," said I, catching the idea at once.

"You'd have to have an axe to get that ring off," Mike went on.

I grinned. I had to. I was thinking of Macklin Jones's lecture on Women and the Diamond Rings. "The poor little fool," I said.

And then Macklin Jones came in and we told him about it.

"What do you suppose she earns?" I asked.

"Oh, ten or fifteen dollars a week," answered Jones — "Sometimes, doesn't she, Mike?"

"Sometimes!" said Mike.

"And that thing will cost — how much?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't know," Mike answered. "They soak 'em good and plenty, selling it to 'em that way."

"But look," I argued. "This Wicherly thing — where is he? Why hasn't he got it back?" said I. "How does he let her keep it?"

"He just rambled away," explained Mike, "like I told you, and left the whole business. That's my idea. He was glad to get rid of the whole thing at that price. It's a bargain. He wouldn't have got anything much back on the ring, anyway."

"Well, and then what?" said I. "How did it actually happen?"

"The way it happened," Mike went on, explaining, "was natural enough — probably. The diamond people sent to get the ring off her when the payments stopped — when he got out of town overnight. They have fellows for that, of course. And it's theirs, naturally, wherever they find it. And when it came right to it, she just told him she'd never let it go, she'd take care of it herself. The payments I mean. That's the way I figure. She wouldn't think it out herself. But when it came to leaving it go, she couldn't do it. And of course, naturally, the fellow helped her out — pushed her along. He'd want to sell the ring!"

"How do you know all this, Mike?" asked Jones.

"Oh, I know," said Mike. "I got it from the feller himself. This Jew who sold it to him."

"The crazy little fool!" I exclaimed. "You wouldn't believe it!"

"Why not?" asked Jones. "It's simple enough. When it came down to it, she couldn't let it go. That's all. What's complicated about that?"

"You wouldn't believe there was anything so idiotic in the world," said I.

"Why wouldn't you?" asked Jones. "You would, if you weren't so old that your memory had died in your head. Weren't you ever twenty-one?" he inquired. "Can't you remember when time and eternity, and a new world began with the creation of a new diamond ring?"

"And all the stars sang together for joy," I laughed.

"An awful thought," murmured Jones.

"What's that?" I replied.

"These diamond rings," said Jones, "These new worlds all around us."

"I should think so!" I agreed.

"You may not believe it," said Jones. "You may not think it is still going on today, but the jewelers keep making diamond rings by the hundreds of thousands every year — just as they did when you were twenty-one. Each a brand-new world. Hundreds of thousands of new worlds, every year," explained Jones, "shining where there was no world before."

"Right," said I. "No sooner made — half of them — than down they slide into endless space — exploded."

"That may look pretty or amusing to you, but it's no amusement to the inhabitants of the particular stars you see falling," said Jones. "You're getting old," he said. "You're getting old. Have a memory, if not a heart. Have a sense of proportion. Try and realize what the utter extinction of a diamond ring really means. Try and remember how it feels to be twenty-one."

I had no answer to this.

Jones broke forth again:

"The shops have a thousand rings,
And I but one.
But the lights on all Broadway go out,
When my one ring is gone."

"Yes," I said. "I know. I, too, was there. But this little fool, after what that thing did to her — that cheap, street corner prince!"

"After all, though," observed Jones, "kissing is largely a matter of personal taste, eh, Mike?"

"So *you* say," replied Mike, coldly.

Right after that came that nasty spell of weather we're always due for some time in the Winter. In February it was. Nasty, filthy, New York City weather; a snow and a thaw; dirty snow piles with an occasional ungathered cat on the side streets. And an old-blue fog from the rotting snow, at the edges of the day; and the sewer gratings steaming like a pestilence.

We sat there one afternoon, Jones and I, in his place, and afterward Mike dropped in. And while we were there, in came Trix Grey.

"Where are your rubbers?" asked Macklin Jones, looking at her feet.

High heels, of course, and paper soles.

"Rubbers! I never wear rubbers!" she exclaimed.

"Certainly not," said Jones, "we're not wearing rubbers now. The State Board of Health has forbidden them. And think what they do for the instep."

"You'll kill yourself," I reasoned. "I bet your feet are sopping wet; you'll catch your death of cold." [*Continued on page 44*]

"A man must think a lot of a girl to pay the price for one like that," said Jones

THE author of this article is a recognized authority on selling problems. Just now he is investigating for McClure's the problems involved in getting the automobile out of the factory and into your garage. McClure's also maintains a monthly automobile department contributed by Waldemar Kaempffert.

Big Policies that Protect Big Interests

by JAMES H. COLLINS

A CERTAIN rich man died. His passing away was very sudden. When his executors took charge of the estate they found everything prosperous and in good order. The rich man had left many irons in the fire, however. Projects had been launched and partly financed. Money had been promised to safeguard important interests at given dates. If the rich man had lived, all would have gone well. He would have provided the money according to his schedule, or if money were lacking, had merely to step into the bank and borrow it on his ample personal credit. Bankers would willingly have lent him money while alive, because his character and his ability to use money were good security. But the rich man was dead, and with him died his credit. To lend to his estate, with unknown conditions of management, was quite another proposition.

The executors were forced to raise ready money on the rich man's assets. They selected a piece of downtown New York real estate and sold it quickly. It brought half a million dollars. With this capital they protected the projects that he had left up in the air. A year later that piece of real estate was sold again. But then it brought a round million, having increased one hundred per cent.

That happened nearly ten years ago.

The other day a life insurance solicitor went into the office of a business man directing large affairs. The business man knew he was selling insurance.

"Well, speak quick!" he ordered. "What do you want to see me about? My time is valuable."

"I know it is," replied the solicitor. "Mine is worth something, too, but not as much as yours, because you have a great business here. Yet just think a moment. Suppose anything happened to you, and this concern were left without your guidance. It would take some time to find another man who would manage it as well as you do. Even if he were as able a man, he could hardly learn the details in a year. You know that cash capital would be needed to protect the business in such an emergency. You know better than I do how much would be needed. All I have come for is to suggest that you protect that risk with a life insurance policy."

Before he left the office he got an application for twenty thousand dollars' life insurance, on a policy covering just the risk that had brought half a million dollars loss to the heirs of the rich man whose executors had to raise cash.

One of the most interesting developments of life insurance today is the writing of large policies to protect business interests along this line. Such policies are nothing new. But the use of them is becoming more familiar as business management improves, and the amount of such insurance written is increasing very rapidly. Moreover, it is being selected with more intelligence and business stability.

Many years ago, in England, almost at the beginning of modern life insurance, a special policy known as the "joint policy" was devised to meet special conditions. In a country of great landed estates, tied up by entail, there arose instances where, in transferring property and settling with heirs, it was necessary to safeguard complex legal risks and rights. Lawyers found that life insurance met many such cases admirably. The joint policy was therefore invented. Written on the lives of two or more persons, it simplified matters and protected everyone.

Later on, however, when American business men began to see the value of life insurance in protecting partnership interests, and adapted this same early joint policy to their needs, they got something that was rather a misfit. For the premium payments were large, and death of either partner terminated the insurance, perhaps leaving the survivor without protection at a time in life when he could not pass the medical examination for new insurance. In England, with the death of one policy-holder under a joint policy, every interest at stake was settled with the insurance money. But that form of insurance did not meet partnership conditions in the best way, though for years these simple joint policies were written to cover them.

Another inadequate form much used in protecting business interests in this country was "term insurance." A merchant or manufacturer borrowed money to build a factory or store. If he lived, he could make his business pay the loan safely. To guard against the contingency of his death, however, he would insure his life. The loan ran for a certain number of years. He sought to carry insurance as cheaply as possible, and got the lowest possible rate under the term plan. If he died before the term ended the insurance company paid the money. But at the end of the term the policy died absolutely, leaving nothing in the way of an asset.

> "ONE of the most interesting developments of life insurance today is the writing of large policies to protect business interests. Such policies are nothing new. But the use of them is becoming more familiar as business management improves, and the amount of such insurance written is increasing very rapidly."

But all this has been immensely improved, and today life insurance is being used with the utmost ingenuity and flexibility to protect business interests, and almost always in a way that makes it a permanent asset. Insurance companies offer any number of attractive policies. But it is the business man himself who has done most of the adapting.

Twenty years ago one man in this country, a great Philadelphia merchant, was notable for the large amount of life insurance he carried. Agents canvassing for business referred to him as a model of prudence, and even the man with a single thousand-dollar policy and a very slender knowledge of insurance affairs had somehow heard about this merchant, with his life insurance running into hundreds of thousands of dollars. The merchant, a man far ahead of his age in building up his business, had simply seen the uses to which life insurance could be put in developing that business. Today, there are probably several hundred men in the United States who carry as much insurance as he did then, and his son, now active in the father's business, carries life policies aggregating four million dollars. Between five and six thousand American business men are known to carry life insurance of fifty thousand dollars upwards. One woman, the widow of a Chicago merchant, carrying on the business he founded, has protected its interests with policies on her own life amounting to a round million.

In partnership affairs nowadays the primitive joint policy has been replaced by separate policies on the lives of two or more partners, and the limited protection of the term rate has been broadened by taking out better forms of policy—whole life, limited payment, endowment, and so forth.

Brown and Jones are partners in a store or factory, with twenty thousand dollars' capital equally divided between them. Brown is thirty years old, and Jones forty. If either died, it would be to the interest of the survivor to buy his interest. Thus, ten thousand dollars would be needed in cash, and very quickly. Under a joint policy, costing about three hundred and fifty dollars a year, the insurance company would pay ten thousand dollars at the death of either partner. But if neither died, at the end of ten years this policy would be worth only about fifteen hundred dollars in cash surrender value. If Brown and Jones each took out separate policies for ten thousand dollars each, however, the total cost to both — it is usually paid as a charge on the business — would be only about four hundred and fifty dollars a year. If one died, the other would still be insured for ten thousand dollars. If neither died, at the end of ten years the two policies could be surrendered for about twenty-six hundred and forty dollars cash. So the separate policies are far cheaper, as well as more stable.

From this simple partnership situation, life insurance has been adapted to protect the more complicated risks involved in modern corporation affairs. Corporations are said to have no souls. But their success often depends absolutely upon the business ability of one man. To guard against the contingency of his death, the company insures his life in its own favor. He may be the president, or the treasurer, or the general manager. The company pays the insurance premiums and controls the policy, and in case he dies it gets the money, to be used in offsetting losses that may arise without his guidance, or to replace him with another able man. Sometimes an important executive is the moving spirit in several corporations, and they combine to insure his life, as in the case of a Westerner who is president of four cement companies, which carry policies upon him aggregating a million and a half dollars. Again, the lives of all the important officers will be insured in favor of a company, and it is also common for corporations to insure the lives of able executives or employees in favor of their own families, to provide a competence in case he dies, or a fund for his use when he retires, by way of making it worth while for him to stay with the company.

Life insurance is used more and more every day in connection with business loans. The merchant and manufacturer borrowing money to build or extend the business protect the lender with life insurance. The company issuing bonds takes out life insurance to provide a sinking fund for liquidating them on maturity. Such a policy is written on the life of one or more officers. It is endowment insurance, maturing at the same time as the bonds. If the insured officer dies before the bonds mature, the company can retire them at once, or put insurance money into a sinking fund to wait until they mature. Such protection makes bonds more attractive to investors.

A large policy upon the life of a company official is a sinking fund in itself after a few years. For the loan values make it easy for the company to borrow money at five per cent. from the insurance company, without the publicity that would attend the raising of capital in the money market, and in times of stringency when other capital might be costly or even unattainable.

Business grows more and more personal and technical. That is, its welfare is centered in the life of one man who furnishes the energy to keep it going, or the knowledge of a certain class of products that enable it to lead competitors. If this man is suddenly taken away by death, competitors may attack the business, and find it an easy prey because it has been weakened by the loss of the all-important man. If it is known that this risk was heavily covered by life insurance, however, the attack will not be made so confidently. A Southern corporation was in this position some years ago when its general manager died. His own money was tied up in stock of the company, and the latter owed heavy obligations. But his life was insured, and the policy not only paid all debts, but left a surplus, while the stock of the corporation rose to such an extent that his widow got more for the general manager's shares than he might have realized had he sold them while he was alive.

Life insurance is also being [*Continued on page 55*]

Scars and Stripes!

by the author of "Uncle Sham!"

So they chase the poor old man off home, and he swims across the ocean, having a terrible fight with a jellyfish on the way over

"WELL," I said, "it looks as though the old man is beginning to wake up at last."

"Uncle Sam?" queried my friend.

I nodded. "Don't you think so?" I asked.

He considered, thoughtfully.

"Perhaps," he answered. "If he isn't, at least he's beginning to toss in his sleep and pick at the covers."

He paused.

"But what I'm waiting for," he went on, "is to get a peep at his face when finally he sits up in bed and props his eyes open and gets a good look at things. He'll certainly wish that he hadn't waked up—or that he'd never gone to sleep, in the first place. The trusted employees that he left in charge of things when he undertook his present Rip Van Winkle have certainly messed things up about as perfectly as they could have done had they had their hearts and souls, instead of their hands and feet, in the work."

My friend shook his head.

"I've sat for hours," he observed, "trying to think of something they could have done worse. But so far, I've got to compliment them at least upon the multiplicity of their mistakes; for, while I can find scores of errors that they needn't have made, I can't find a single one that they've overlooked. When it comes to doing the wrong thing at the right time, their batting average is a thousand. And the particularly beautiful and naive part of it is the way they stand around and pat themselves on the back about it!

"'America's spirit is reawakened,' they say. 'Our honor and integrity cannot be tampered with.' And this when for two hell-born, bleeding years our honor and integrity have been at will burned and bombed and blown up, torn and trampled and tortured! . . . But at that you must admit that a national honor that can stand such treatment as ours has borne and still be on its feet, is, in the crude vernacular of the proletariat, some honor. So we can console ourselves with the thought that, if nothing else, our national honor at least holds all records for endurance. It's bullet-proof, and blood-proof, and insult-proof. It recks but little of women and babies ruthlessly slain. Its flag dishonored, its rights relinquished, its citizens crying with dying lips for succor that does not come, our national honor still goes teetering along, as supinely helpless as a baby hippopotamus, the while trying to conceal its dead and dying by belching forth oratorical gas-clouds anent the 'higher rights of humanity' and 'the world once more thrilled to hear the new world asserting the standards of justice and liberty.'

"Germany must be worried sick — to say nothing of Mexico. The first thing they know, the New World will slam a dictionary at 'em, or something.

"For heaven's sake, isn't it ever going to penetrate into the dank and word-tangled jungles of phraseology in which these men think they do their thinking that it is one thing to assert and another to act? You can assert until you're black in the face and all covered with lather; but that doesn't affect the assertee except to excite his wonder, amusement and pity.

"'What's the matter with the old lad now?' queries Germany, watching Uncle Sam all worked up and breaking out into an oratorical rash.

"'Oh,' says Austria, 'he's only asserting his rights again.'

"'He'll bust a blood-vessel, the first thing he knows,' says Germany, 'getting all het up like that.'

"'We should worry,' says Austria. 'It's *his* blood-vessel, ain't it? Come on. Le's go down to the bulletin-board and see what the score at Verdun is.'

"And off they go, leaving Uncle Sam asserting his rights to the circumambient ether while Mexico, hiding behind a cactus, stimulates him to further assertion by occasionally chunking him with a rock.

"Elihu Root said it. You can't shake your fist at a man and then shake your finger. You can shake your finger, if you want to; but before you start in shaking your fist, you'd better be sure there's a brick in it. Also you'd better be ready morally, physically, and financially to fight, and fight to the limit. The man who shakes his fist and isn't prepared to back it up with a fight, is a fool. He gains nothing; and he loses everything. For the minute he doesn't back it up, his adversary knows right off that he's only a bluff; and then is gone even the respect that his adversary thought was due him.

"If you want proof of this, you needn't go any further than Mexico. Why are we in all that mess down there? A mess that it will take at least ten, and maybe even twenty or thirty years, and a hundred thousand, or even more, men to clean up? Why has all that come to plague us now? Because we tried to put over a cheap bluff. Because we shook our fist when we weren't ready, and didn't intend to fight. That's why.

"And because we've been caught; because our bluff has been called; because the Mexicans found out that we didn't mean what we said, and that back of all our resounding phrases lay nothing but wind; because experience had taught them that, once confronted, we would stop shaking our fist and start in shaking our finger again, the Mexicans have lost all respect for us — yes, even all fear of us — and we've got to start in with them all over from the beginning.

"Today, in Mexico, the words *gringo* (meaning American) and coward are synonymous. Go to Mexico today, if you will. But don't admit that you are an American. Say that you are English, German, French, Italian, even a Chinaman or a Mormon. But don't admit that you are an American. If you do, in all sections will you be insulted; in some will you be killed. And why not? Haven't Americans time and again been murdered without reprisal? Haven't American soldiers been sent into Mexico only to be driven out again? Hasn't the American government repeatedly shaken its fist at them only, on the first show of resistance, to shake its finger? Hasn't the American government repeatedly answered the cries for help of its dying citizens by advising them to get out of the country if they could, and if not, to do the next best thing? What wonder, then, that American men and women are not safe in Mexico? What wonder that Mexico neither fears nor respects us, but only despises and mocks us?

Villa doesn't get far when an old party comes out and bushwhacks our more or less White Hope

"And it is a fact, impossible, incomprehensible even as it may seem, that the Mexicans think the United States is afraid of them! Yet, when you come to analyze, it is neither impossible nor incomprehensible. Virtually all the population of Mexico is illiterate, vastly ignorant and very vain. The belief of the Mexicans in their own prowess, and in the cowardice of Americans, has been carefully fostered by their own leaders, and even more sedulously cultivated by the government of the United States. It is an opinion founded upon fact, and supported by a proof but too ample. Hence why should they not believe it?

"It all comes within the policy of our government of borrowing big troubles to pay off little ones.

"During all the chaos in Mexico that followed the withdrawal of Diaz, and the succession of Madero, we kept out; that is, officially we did. Unofficially — but that's too long a story to tell here.

"Then came Huerta, personally and politically unappealing but at the same time the one man who had it in his power to rule Mexico as Mexico must be ruled if ruled she must be by Mexicans. For, be it known, the Mexicans are not too proud to fight. They are a hardy lot and, when it comes to pacifism, they are sadly practical. They believe in Peace at Any Price,

"We should worry," says Austria. "It's his blood-vessel, ain't it? Come on, le's go down to the bulletin-board and see what the score at Verdun is"

by Porter Emerson Browne

Illustrations by Peter Newell

On seeing you thus draped against the festive board, they stand aghast

and are perfectly willing to pay the price. The only thing they insist on is that the other lad shall furnish the peace; and to see that he be not derelict therein, they are perfectly willing, and even a bit pleased, to convert him into a facsimile of a colander, or a pincushion, or similar article of household use. Which accounts for the vividness and uncertainty of life in that country.

"However, as I say, Huerta, not coming up to our more cultivated northern standards, him we refused to recognize. The further fact that, when it came to diplomacy, he made our most cultivated lights look like a lot of children playing 'I Spy!' around a flat rock, did not increase our cordiality. Hence we used our moral influence, the hollowness of which had not then been exposed, to have him bounced.

"Once, we had him and his family rounded up and corral counted on Long Island, with the overflow picketed in New York, we looked around to see whom we could recognize the easiest. It seemed to be Villa. So we gave him a lot of guns and cartridges and boosts in the newspapers, and support, both moral and immoral, and turned him loose.

"Villa starts forth, full of optimism and marital happiness. But he doesn't get far when, to our pained amazement, an old party wearing spectacles comes out from where he's been hiding behind his whiskers and bushwhacks our more or less White Hope, and, as they say, bushwhacks him good.

"As Villa lies there, feeling of his bumps, while his devoted wives administer First Aid to the All Bunged Up, we turn to the old party in surprise.

"'Hello!' we say. 'Where'd you come from?'

"'Me?' says the old party. 'Why, I be'n here right along.'

"'But who are you, anyhow?' we inquire.

"'Carranza's my name,' says the old party. 'Though mother always calls me Venustiano for short.'

"'Oh,' we say. 'But what are you doing around here, anyway?'

"'I'm president,' he says.

"'You are!' we cry, in amazement.

"'I sure are,' he says. 'Didn't you see me just elect myself?'

"'But Villa is our recognized president,' we insist. 'What qualifications have *you* got for so great and august a job?'

"'Well,' says Carranza, complacently removing a Gila monster and a couple of stinging lizards from his facial sage brush, 'I just licked Villa. What more do you want?'

"It seems sufficient. Also again it seems the easiest way out of it. Accordingly we recognize Carranza; and, with a sigh of relief at having so thoroughly and so conscientiously performed our duties to mankind and the higher laws of humanity, we go back home to look over the political situation in Pennsylvania, leaving our erstwhile presidential choice, Villa, hiding in a prairie dog hole, as full of venom as a rattlesnake. He isn't used to being recognized and then unrecognized in such a hurry, and it leaves him as peevish as a badger. And so Uncle Sham, as I once called him, scuttles off into the scenery, taking for his motto, 'Shoot Americans First.'

"And he does. The very first crack out of the box, he stops a train. Allowing all the other passengers to go free, he takes therefrom seventeen American mining men that were going back to their work under the protection of the Carranza government (and, remember, that is the government we had then recognized, and behind which we then stood), and, giving them a running start, he shoots them in the back.

"Unarmed they were. They offered no resistance. Deliberately, cold-bloodedly, they were murdered. And then, their blood-hunger but half glutted, did Villa and his men shoot bullet after bullet into their dead bodies, and even then, still insatiate, did they jab the mangled corpses with bayonet and with knife! Truly, the government of the United States did well when it gave its recognition to so noble a humanitarian as Francisco Villa! Huerta, whom on moral grounds we could not recognize, may have been, and probably was, all that has been said. But at that he makes some of the Mexican presidents we have recognized look like new-hatched angels with two harps and four sets of pinions.

"And then what happens? Do we take immediate and drastic action to punish the murderers, to gain atonement for past crimes and protection against future? You bet we do!

"Glancing up from the presidential situation in the Middle West, we ask Carranza what he means by it.

"'How dare you permit Villa to murder American citizens?' we demand. 'Don't you know the nobler duties of mankind and the higher laws of humanity, and that American lives shall be held inviolable and inviolate wherever the hand of man has ever trod?' we demand.

"'Sure, *I* know it,' says Carranza. 'I know it; and you know it; but I'm afraid it's a fact that Villa's overlooked. He's an ignorant cuss that don't scarcely know nothing. Why, would you believe it, that feller can hardly write his own name. He never even went to night school!'

"'Never mind about that,' we say. 'We demand the punishment of the offenders.'

"'Don't you worry,' says Carranza. 'I'll apprehend them malefactors or know the reason why. You just give me a week, or a couple of years, or something, and I'll catch every last son-of-a-gun of 'em — if they don't die of old age. And when I do catch 'em, I'll fill 'em so full of holes they won't be worth skinning. You just leave it to me. And pray God no harm comes to 'em in the meantime.'

"At which, again being thoroughly satisfied that we have done our duty to humanity and the higher laws of mankind, we go back to the political situation in Michigan. And there's a state for you! Though since they've put up Henry Ford for president, it could scarcely be called a state. It's more like a condition.

"Carranza, meanwhile, realizing that he's got to throw ~~a bluff~~ at making good, calls in his military leaders. He knows, and they know, that they've got about as much chance of catching Villa as you have of taking dinner with Christopher Columbus. However, they rustle out into the hinterland; and in a few days they come back with a couple of fresh-laid corpses.

"These they tie on stretchers and prop up against the place where the curb-stone ought to be in the heart of the city of Juarez.

"Inasmuch as they are two of the most complete and thorough corpses that have been seen in some time, they at once become the cynosure of all eyes. Women stop to gaze upon them happily on their way home from market. Men with whom corpses are a hobby stop to accord them a dignified and envious glance. Corpse parties of children foregather there of sunny afternoons, little Pancho and Panchita calling shrilly to less fortunate adolescents whose irksome tasks of grinding flour and keeping the flies off father while he takes his daily *siesta* have combined to constrain them to the less alluring atmosphere of their homes; the while the authorities, trying not to show the glow of gratification that subtly fills their inner beings, stroll nonchalantly about pretending a modesty that they cannot really feel. For as an exhibition, it's quite the most successful affair that's been pulled off in Juarez since the Occupation.

"In the meanwhile, Carranza sends us a letter.

"Department of the Exterior,
"Washington, D. C.,
"U. S. A.

"Gents:

"In re your recent request to capture and execute and otherwise punish the recent perpetrators of the murder of American citizens, taken from train Number 36 and killed by the bandit, Francisco Villa, who I don't like any better than you do, will say that I have captured two of his generals which I have had entirely shot. If you don't believe it, you can find their bodies lying in the plaza at Juarez. You can find 'em any time. The weather is good, so we don't bother to take 'em inside. And besides, corpses lasts better outdoors anyway. One is Pablo Gomez. That's the skinny one. The other is somebody else.

"Hoping that you are the same, I remain,

"Y'rs Truly,
"V. CARRANZA,
"Primo Jefe.

"P. S.—If this ain't satisfactory, let me know and I'll shoot a few more. What's a few corpses more or less between friends?

"No?" says little Sylvester J. Serbia, shoving Bulgaria into his pants' pocket. "I thought he was quite some pumpkins"

[*Continued on page 67*]

Natives were running toward him. For the first time since he left the pavilion, he

Piry of the Philippines —

Concluding Instalment

IT was an altogether bad day for Captain Bright. He climbed the sand, din of fighting in his ears — something that he had looked forward to for several years. Yet he couldn't keep his mind on it. . . . Hand to hand in the streets — in front of the pavilion. The bluffs and the little stretch of lower town were deserted, even as the woman had found it. Bright made his way toward the action, stepping into the door-ways, many open — all houses and shop-fronts apparently empty.

He drew his six-shooter as he neared the turmoil — his eyes opened very wide. All the thinking upon his life work had never brought a picture like this. Here was something he had read about in Hugo — barricades and the shooting, demon-possession, a passion about it, knives and first-hand blood-letting. They had told him on the Hudson that hand-to-hand business was of another age; that warfare now was of intrenchments and distance; that the potential carrying force of the modern rifle had changed the old order; that cavalry was practically an obsolete branch of the service. . . . Pansy was thinking now what a couple of troops of cavalry charged into that mass would do. Then he thought of the woman leaving him on the shore to fight Piry, and of the fight with Piry — throbbing pains from chin up, pains massed, lumped, drawing at each other. He remembered how Piry looked. . . . At this instant a shop-woman tried to kill him from behind, and nearly succeeded. It was her scream, as he struck the knife from her hand, that broke the edges of the concentration from the part of the line nearest. Captain Bright now found use for every one of the six chambers of his pistol. He coughed at each emptying of a chamber into the bowels of a native. This was his anointing. He was cold — all but the flesh of his face — and ill. His gun *would* turn to the belt line, each time. He was unscratched finally when his soldiers formed interference about him — pulling him back, cheering. He knew the faces of six natives forever. His men were cheering.

Bright heard himself giving orders from the stone veranda. The sensation of being under fire at close range suddenly impressed him. Old man Peters was calling from the door behind. Kossuth, his lieutenant, who had ordered things from the ruck, and made rather a good job of it so far, now yelled to him angrily, to come down, but the lines were answering *his* voice. Bright did not hasten; in fact, he was uneasy again, less inclined than ever to hasten, for he heard one sentence from a soldier at his feet — the particular soldier he never knew. The voice wrapped itself around the scolding of Kossuth and the petitions of the Governor from behind:

"I'll be a damned fool — if he didn't kill six of them, crossing the street. There they are!"

There were others down — and soldiers with them. The out-posts were fighting their way in — a dwindled company. Bright was mystified by the small appearance of his two battalions. From the back roads of the Island, the native men were hurrying down, swinging their long knives. Ammunition was ordered from the pavilion — just in time to save the inner arsenal. One of the Governor's servants was chiseling the stone-work around the lock. The great steel bolt was loosened in its setting. They winged the servant as he darted up the far stairs. He did not crawl far. There was much to do. Pressure from Peters brought Bright at last to the realization that there was a year in which to do the main part. He finally drew his forces into the pavilion.

"Bring in the wounded, men," he called repeatedly, and entered himself with the last bit of fighting. His business now was to ascertain what American parties were still abroad on the Island. He set watches for these, and when there was a sign, sallied forth with sizable detachments to conduct them in. Night fell with thirty Americans missing, as many more Americans wounded, and a dozen fallen natives to care for. . . . The old man was walking up and down. The beach episode had been told.

"There's some great luck about his person," said Peters, speaking of Piry. "Why should he have been down to the water-front — sitting on his boat, just at that time?"

"He likes the sea," Bright answered absently.

"And it was Pearl who sicked you onto him?"

"She departed abruptly, too," said the Captain.

"You say he was down — when she came running back?"

"He would have had me. The sand was heavy. He's very tough and tireless. He was trying to mark me, when he left a body-opening. I took it, because he would have had me. He didn't want my body."

"I shouldn't judge so."

"He had the look of a soldier when he came to," Bright added.

"You did a good job, Pansy," the old man said, drawing his hands slowly backward from his eyes across his temples. The Governor had done this many times, as if the day had drained him. "A good job there — and here — and they're off to El Tortu."

"We can count on that," said Bright. "The business that concerns us now — is here."

"Yes."

"These people need a lesson. They need a lesson to be made to appreciate us."

"We've taken a lot, too, Pansy," said the Governor.

"Pemarong has been paid. You paid wages for this pavilion that these natives never dreamed of."

"Yes, they built us a safe retreat on their own land. A little more, and we would have made soldiers of them — to fight their own people."

"They didn't treat with you. Labulamo could have had anything in reason from you. He knew that, from three years' experience. You've never broken a promise."

"I've had a piece of all their prosperity."

"But they've had more than they ever had before, and Pemarong's resources are just scratched."

"They didn't ask us to come."

Pansy was impatient. "It's not the time for that. We're here. We've been here three years. They need a guardian — and God knows you've been kind."

"I've been kind to myself. I've made more than I did in a whole life at home."

"What do you mean to do? We're in a state of siege!"

The old man brushed his temples and arose. "I don't know yet."

"If you treat with them now — other than with shot and fire — they'll think you're afraid. They'll think you're out of water or provisions or ammunition."

"No — they loaded our store-houses. They built the walls that protected us. They dug the cistern — that gives us water."

"Look out that it isn't poisoned by one of your servants," Bright warned suddenly.

"I put a guard over it at once," said the old man. "There's some big luck playing about us — that's what I want to probe."

"Just so long as we fight hard — no longer," said Pansy.

"What would you do?"

"I'd burn the town first — tonight. That would show we mean business, and would keep off close fighting. They couldn't get up to our doors in a hot clearing, nor in the open ruin, afterward. We could fire the street with a few balls of rag soaked in oil and wrapped in wire — tossed over to the roofs from the balcony. There hasn't been a rain in six weeks. The whole town would go. Then a message to Labulamo that you are ready to confer at any time."

PANSY BRIGHT talked a great deal — talked more than ever before in Pemarong experience. Peters left him finally and went below, his temples throbbing. In the midst of the wounded, native and American, he found the boy serving. Later he climbed to regard the night and the sea. His thoughts followed the little boat like the very wind that carried it. All was clear and silent. The huts opposite in the street below were dark and deserted. The enemy was bivouacked back in the hills or jungles somewhere under cover. A view from the pavilion tower did not show even their fires. There was a step on the stair. Peters called down into the darkness.

thought of what he had come for — the boy. Peters halted and raised his hands

by Will Levington Comfort

Illustrations by P. V. E. Ivory

"It is I — Bright," was the answer, as he came up

Pansy followed the Governor to the latter's room with further plans for the campaign. There was something mirthless and brittle about his processes of mind.

Peters could not sleep. He moved about among the sentries, and at last went below once more — long past midnight — to where the cots of the wounded were placed. He heard the boy praying. The little of Spanish that he knew, brought him much.

One of the natives was dying. He spoke, when the boy ceased praying — talked rapidly but with indescribable lightness, as if little or no air was required for utterance. The quiet flow of words was like the running down of a smooth-going machine, after the power was shut off. The Moro knew he was passing. It was like something that might have happened every day to him. The boy bent a little, listening intently, his eye darting to each moan or movement in the room. He reached down at last and took the native's hand — his eyes now upturned. . . . Governor Peters saw the throat of the Moro suddenly lift and protrude itself from the cot.

That was the long night — not poignant and desperate with agony like the night of fear that Pearl was lost in the typhoon, but with a rapid steady rush of lesser pangs; the strangeness of Bright who seemed to have lost his background; to the extraordinary luck that had saved his heart from breaking; the floor covered with wounded, his little island out of hand; disappointment that the islanders did not come to him with their troubles, and the growing conviction that he had not proved worthy of their coming; the astonishing influence of the boy; the pain and terror and doubt of changing principles when a man is mid-way past the meridian — such, vaguely, were the conditions which beset him on that first night of the siege.

Captain Bright was at him again in the morning. "I advise sending out a punitive column — properly backed up so that it cannot be cut off from the pavilion — the idea being to impress upon the natives ——"

"Pansy, sit down!" the old man commanded in exasperation.

They were in Headquarters.

"It's a pretty morning. Let the natives enjoy their little airing in the hills. I don't know what your idea is, but mine is to get as many as possible through this adventure alive."

He remembered afterward that at this sentence Captain Bright blanched and sank into a chair.

"We've got the town and the harbor. We can meet and furnish escort for the provisions and mail that comes from Manila — the boat due today. We don't even need to ask for reinforcements. We can send them back with word that we'll tend to all this and bring the little sick men out. Remember, there's only one harbor. We'll hold that. That will bring 'em to time. Shake it all down to facts — it's their copra, their mahogany, their coffee that isn't being cut and shipped."

The boy entered. The meaning of their somewhat difficult talk follows:

"They have all told me — one told me, as he was dying — that it was the men from Manila who started the fighting. Labulamo was against it for many weeks — until yesterday."

"Why yesterday?"

"I did not understand, but they speak of Mister Piry. They were all told to kill Piry, but they could not find him."

"You did not say where he was?"

"I do not know ——"

"Old Labulamo and I were good friends. Do you think he would come to me if I sent an escort to convey him here?"

"I do not think so. He would fear treachery. But I could take your message to him. They would not harm me."

THE old man regarded him now. The boy was not nerved as a soldier at this moment. He had no nerves about this exploit. He would go, that was all. He did not deal with such things as bodily fear. And then the Governor thought of meeting the eyes of Daughter Pearl at some future time, having permitted her idol to sacrifice himself.

"We'll let it go for the day, but I thank you. What you have said is very important. I'm glad to hear it. You'd better take some rest."

"Oh, no! I was glad to find something to do. There is need constantly down there."

He was gone. Bright came forward, his eyes staring out of the void in which one idea seemed suspended in airless dark.

"You are letting everything go," he said.

"Pansy — you need a fresh idea to bite on that one you have."

The Captain left him.

There was no fighting that day, but several happenings.

At two in the afternoon Bright passed through the garrison. A soldier, his back being turned, did not note the approach of the officer. The enlisted man was so rapt in a certain narrative that neither did he note the gesture of his companion to stop talk and take the position of a soldier.

"One after another they went down," the fellow was saying, "the whole six. When we got to him, his gun was ——"

At that instant Captain Bright struck the soldier. All day the garrison whispered. They remembered many things about his face and about the blow. Kossuth got it from the battalion sergeant-major at five in the afternoon. An hour later Governor Peters heard a whisper of it from his servants and sent for Kossuth, who never appeared at Headquarters unless called for.

"I don't know, Governor. It's unprecedented — the last thing you would expect from Captain Bright. Something's eating him alive — perhaps those six natives. He certainly made that six-shooter work getting through the line. . . . He was a year ahead of me at school. He got the name of *Pansy* before I came. I've forgotten the story — but it seems he was a Mamma's boy when he came — the last idea of a soldier. They made him suffer ——"

"So he sort of reinforced himself on that one weakness until he's grown out of proportion ——"

Kossuth didn't know about that. "He never was strong on humor," he remarked.

And this was just the thing that Peters didn't want to hear from another. It was the point upon which the whole danger hinged in his own mind. Pansy had no background. He was living up to his limitations every day — no fall-back possible. Piry and events had strained him too hard. . . . Peters became suddenly very kind in thought toward Captain Bright, for he saw that the flexible background of humor is the very stuff of manhood — that a man cannot fall into large movement without it — that without humor a man will break in the very tests that bring out the virtue of others.

"He was quiet about all the time," Peters said to himself, "taking his bumps without rebound. Not once did he whimper."

He went to find Captain Bright straightway — came upon him suddenly at a turn of the hallway. The Captain, who apparently had been regarding his fingers (for they were lifted rather near his face and open), was shocked like a nervous child at the interruption. He apologized brusquely.

That night Governor Peters, falling asleep in his chair, dreamed of popping corn. He was awakened by a sentry who reported fire in the huts opposite. He heard the crackling of bamboo as he rose. On the balcony he found that the plan of Captain Bright was working out exactly. The long drouth had been well considered, and the town was as good as gone. Heat was intense where he stood. A sound of low talk reached him from the higher balcony Captain Bright was there; no one with him. He was weaving a net of wire about a further ball of rags.

"They'll see it from El Tortu," he said. "It will cover the road. Nothing cleans a road like fire."

"You've got the idea, Pansy, but you won't need any more fire. Come on below."

He obeyed simply. In the light, Governor Peters saw that his hands and clothing were soiled like a child's with oil. Upon Bright's face was the look that

he knew the fledgling soldiers at West Point must have seen in the early days when they made him suffer, and named him "Pansy."

One after another, the windows cracked in the pavilion. The town was passing in a gale of fire. Within an hour the bamboo was gone, and the interiors of the stucco-walls, settling down. The thick walls of the pavilion were still heating. It and its cathedral companion stood alone in a huge net of red embers that had been the town. The fire had seemed to have a wind of its own, for the midnight had been strangely still. . . . Within, the wounded moaned, and the smoky heat became intolerable in the upper halls.

They shut up Captain Bright, who didn't appear to mind. The old man went back to his chair. . . . The mail-boat had not come yesterday. Sixty hours had passed since the uprising, and there was not a sign from the Moros. Now their town was burned. This was a greater burden than anyone would have thought to look at the calm face of the old man, as he sat there weakened in the heat; especially if one could have sensed the tenderness in his heart for the man who had done the work. Three years they had been together, and suddenly to discover, after infinite talks and intimacies, that there had never been an instant of real understanding — this prevailed still more to humble and perplex the Governor. Perhaps in his whole life he had never forgotten himself more remotely than in this present hour, designed to make the flesh of the strongest writhe. The step of a soldier outside aroused him to perceive the dawn on the eastern sea. His orderly on the far side of the door, believing him asleep, inquired the message. The old man called.

"The young Spanish priest is gone, sir," the soldier reported. The Governor's hand lifted to loosen his collar which was already open.

"When was this discovered?" he asked.

"One of the native-wounded says he left the hospital before midnight — before the fire. I have been on duty four hours in which he has not been seen. I supposed he had gone to quarters for sleep. He's not anywhere below."

"Very quietly — make a complete search," said Peters.

He was thinking of Daughter Pearl. The boy had gone to carry tidings of peace, and the town of the natives had been burned behind him. Peters was not surprised when the report came back that the priest was not in the pavilion.

"Where's Kossuth?" he asked, turning to his orderly.

"In his quarters, sir."

"I don't want him. He's not to be disturbed."

He beckoned the soldier to go, but to say nothing. The orderly resumed his place. Peters, alone, paced the floor. Already he was decided, but there were certain final matters to think out. Time was short. Any minute Kossuth might awake. Full length, a soldier, Kossuth, no more, certainly no less. Peters recalled his orderly.

"You must share a secret matter with me. Who's at the lower door?"

"Scarlet, sir."

"Send Scarlet to the arsenal guard, and relieve him with someone who will obey — just as you obey — whether you like it or not. Scarlet, I believe, has temperament. Come back when that is done."

The orderly returned in three minutes.

"Is the way clear between this door and the main sally-port?"

"Yes, sir."

"After I have gone, change sentries there again. Tell the man who just relieved Scarlet to go back to his cot and sleep. The new sentry must know nothing. Then you return here. If anyone comes immediately — say that you have not heard from me for some time — that I was up and down most of the night."

"Yes, sir."

The Governor went below and ordered the main door opened. He went forth, ordered the door closed behind him and was obeyed. The gray smoky light in the ruin of the street seemed to wither his lungs. He felt very old. The burn of his brow reminded him that he had not put on his helmet, and this reminded him of something that could not be put off. He went back and signed Piry's discharge, but forgot his helmet until he was in the street again.

PIRY treated her much as a trained soldier might have treated Captain Bright, had the two been out on a little private expedition; never spoke to her except on matters of necessity or routine, unless she addressed him first, and served her perfectly. Pearl lacked nothing to make her comfortable. The second morning she found the ragged hedge, that had fringed the eminence of the root-cellar, cut away and burning. She had imagined eyes there, it may be recalled, on the former stay at El Tortu. Piry talked Round Father and brothers into a semblance of peace, at least; occupied their minds in frequent abjurations for them to pray for Pemarong, disrupted and blood-running. In fact, he bade them forget themselves — a mode of conquest which still preyed upon Piry. His face healed; his heart, too; the warmth in it toward Captain Pansy Bright did not abate.

"Remember your place, Piry," he warned that person significantly. "Make the best of it — that's the sure and only way to get out. . . . Bright is all right. The old man is all right. She's all right — except that she hates me, and will turn me loose cold, when she's home again. . . . It's hard to have to make a woman mind, but it was the only way."

Often he looked into the north, slightly to the west, where Pemarong lay; and every day he went down to the shore to pay his respects to the good little craft which had become a part of him. He would not have tolerated the woman's assistance, either with the management, the cooking, nor with the policing afterward.

"I suppose you think I can't —" she said to him once, as he brushed her aside when she started to help.

"No conveniences for these household sports. It takes a cave-man to get away with this."

The fact is, now that he was neither roughed nor compelled, Piry played the enlisted man to the limit.

"Of course, I require gas and porcelain," she observed.

He showed himself a clean man, clean as a soldier who has got the name for it. The second day, an hour after their luncheon, he returned to the root-cellar in a white blouse of Chinese John's, explaining that the oriental was washing his one shirt. Then he sat down in the door-way and rolled a cigarette. Toward sunset, she saw Gout and Dropsy drawing up the huge monastery wagon. Piry brought them to a stop at the door, his guiding orders in modified Spanish. From the bottom of the wagon, as one would emerge from the tall grass with a golf-ball, he brought forth the dinner hamper.

"They don't understand American," he explained, carefully depositing the provisions within. "It wouldn't do for them to take on 'haw' and 'gee' at their time of life."

This time he had to put up the mules before serving her. It was the chance she had wanted. Drawing the table to the door, she arranged two boxes instead of one, and two places; wrapped her shawl about the coffee-pot for a cosey, divided the dishes — a service for one only — into two parts, as nearly as possible; transferred the bamboo mug of vine-leaves, he had brought in the morning, from its niche in the stone-work to the table between them, and swept the door-way clean for the last time, as one would sweep a hearth for a guest in a winter country. He appeared briskly, sorry to keep her waiting, and surveyed the preparations.

"Who's coming?" he asked.

"Piry."

"Piry has had supper."

"Don't lie to me — you wouldn't eat supper before serving me. You are to sit just there and I am to pour coffee."

"It isn't regulation."

"Never mind regulation!" she said pleasantly, but added with sudden energy: "Why, Piry, that folded hands business has destroyed more *ladies* than all the tired backs of the world. . . . Sit down and let's be natural. You're good and fine to me. You've done everything a man could do. We're going to be comrades from now on — or there'll be an insurrection here in El Tortu to match Pemarong's."

That brought the tension of the waiting to her, and the look of anguish he knew so well. He obeyed silently in the greater stress — her words repeating in his brain. It was pain to love her as he did — in the different deadly fashion that made him pity the women of his past dealings, and made him dependent upon this woman for all that the future might bring. The hard part was his hopelessness.

"She would say this — she would make a comrade of any man in a mix-up like this — if he showed himself any way decent." This was his thought. It was easier for him to believe that the hard things she said in the boat as they turned out from Pemarong, were the realities, and that the rest was play. There was always a temper about her. The night just here (it seemed months ago and was not yet ten days), when he had made that poor mistake — that was never far from mind. . . . It occurred to him now that she would think him sullen, for his sitting in silence.

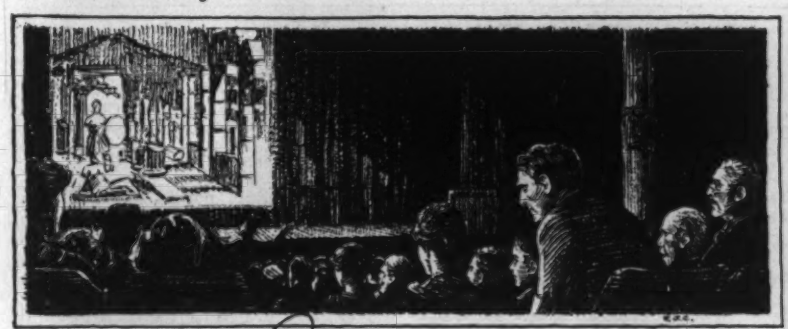
"It isn't that — but Captain Bright wouldn't like it," he said.

"My father and I are not soldier people. I don't think we could be. Anyway, I mean to be human ——"

"You see, I've been knocking around the Islands — mainly Luzon for nearly three years — and a year and a half before that in the other Islands. This is a sort of pay-day purchase — only," he added hastily, "not exactly."

She laughed. "I was just thinking what men buy on pay-days — among other things a woman opposite. There's a lot in that — and woman everywhere to be bought. Time will come when women will do that on pay-days — buy a man to sit opposite." [*Continued on page 65*]

Captain Bright now found use for every one of the six chambers in his pistol. This was his anointing. He was cold — all but the flesh of his face — and ill. His gun *would* turn to the belt line, each time



RUINS by Theodosia Garrison.

ABOUT the time the Shakespeare Club fell through
For lack of members, then the movies came
And woke the town up. Look at Judson's Hall
That never had a crowd before (except
The time the Elks here gave their minstrel show),
And now it's packed from eight till half-past ten.

The people drive in from the outside farms,
Mill-hands and servant girls and half-grown boys
With giggling girls—the usual movie crowd
You'll find in any town, with kids as thick
As flies about the windows and the doors.
I take them in sometimes—to please myself.

Last night between a comic and a play
They slipped a reel in, "Ruins of Old Rome;"
Not much to look at—broken pillars, big
Ungainly piles, stone buildings looking like
A court-house in the earthquake zone, and some
Statues in bad condition. Well, I yawned
Until I saw a man in front of me—
A big, stoop-shouldered fellow, none too young,
Soft collar and soft hat—you know the kind—
"Dopey," I called him, for he never laughed
At any of the comics. But when these
Pictures of broken things came on, he sat
A little forward in his chair, and stared;
And once I heard him groan so—through his teeth—
Just once, and on the hand that gripped his knee
I knew the knuckles whitened. He got up
And shambled out before the show was through.

I asked Ed Stevens who he was. He said,
"Oh, that's Jim Andrews on the *Eagle* here;
He draws cartoons, writes jingles now and then,
Fills in the humor column when they're short—
That sort of thing. They say that once he tried
To be an artist—the real thing, you know—
Studied in Europe and all that, and failed
And came back broke. Lives with his old-maid aunt
Who keeps the boarding-house on Market Street.
The boys say he's an artist, though, all right,
At one thing"—and Ed winked. "Step in the bar,"
He said; "he'll be there till Joe closes up."

We went and had our beer. The place was full
Of smoke and oaths and smells and talk and noise
And men that roared out jokes and stamped and laughed.

Jim Andrews had a table to himself,
Back in the shadow, close beside the wall.
Nobody even seemed to speak to him.
Once in a while Joe went and filled his glass,
And Andrews nodded—that was all. He sat,
His hat pushed down until it hid his eyes,
His elbows on the table, and his chin
In his cupped hands. He sat there in the smoke,
A gilt girl advertising someone's beer
Over his head. "He's got a grouch for fair
Tonight," Ed said. "We'd better let him be."

We went out in the night and left him there.

Fresh from the fields–

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FILLED AND SEALED
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AND now one of the very oldest of the 57 Varieties puts on a new dress and thus makes possible better things to eat for everyone, everywhere. Heinz Pure Vinegars are now procurable in bottles filled and sealed in the Heinz kitchens. Expert chefs have for years been insisting on Heinz Vinegars, realizing that the aroma, purity and flavor of these Vinegars were the secret behind many of their most tasty dishes. Now that they are packed in bottles everyone can make sure of the genuine.

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Such Olive Oil as this can be obtained only from fresh, ripe olives, made under Heinz conditions.

All Heinz goods sold in Canada are made in Canada

The Diamond Ring

[*Continued from page 36*]

"I never catch cold," she replied, stiffly.

"Your heels are high and dry, anyway, Trix," said Macklin Jones, "aren't they? That's one thing."

"I never wear rubbers," she repeated.

"You would if you belonged to me," I told her.

"But she doesn't, unfortunately," said Jones. "She's already spoken for. She belongs to My Friend. Isn't that right?" he questioned, watching her.

"It sure is," she answered, flushing and smiling right away.

"I believe I'll write him, and tell him about you — how you're taking care of yourself," I said.

"What?" she asked me quickly.

"All this thin stuff," I said. "These shoes. Yes, and that dress, and that hat," I added, noticing them for the first time. "You've got nothing on at all."

"Why, what's the matter with you?" she answered, getting red. "That's what they all wear. That's my Spring clothes."

"He annoys us; he gives us a deep-seated regret, doesn't he, Trix?" Jones asked her. Anybody knows they're getting on their Spring and Summer clothes by this time, don't they?" he went on.

"Yes, of course they do," she said, laughing finally.

"Don't you ever read your Sunday Supplement?" Jones asked me. "Haven't you heard the lady writers singing their Spring wardrobes for a month now? The season's offerings include bare limbs, this winter," Jones enlightened me.

"Quite seasonable," I said.

"Our furs are laid away for use next August," continued Jones. "Aren't they, Trix?"

She said they certainly were — smiling over it.

"But just the same," I protested, going back, "I'd write him. I'd certainly write My Friend, if I knew where he was."

"Where is he?" asked Jones, watching her. "What's he doing? What do you hear from him?"

"He's out on the Coast, doing great," she answered, staring him straight in the eye. "I hear from him all the time."

"But back by Easter," said Jones, "lickety — brindle."

"I'm not so sure now," she replied slowly, still watching Jones's eyes. "Haven't I told you?"

"No," said Jones.

"Do you know what he wants me to do now?" she asked. "He wants me to come out and marry him out there. He's doing so finely out there."

"You going?" questioned Jones.

She shook her head decidedly. "No, I'm not going. He's got to come on here. I'm not going way out there to marry him."

"You're hard on him, Trix!" said Jones. "Don't tempt him too far."

"Oh, he'll come. Don't you worry," the model told him. "He'd come farther than that. He's crazy about me."

AND then she left us. Just the same, as far as I could see — every flounce and ribbon in its place — with the same old, uncanny beauty of the fashion plate upon her.

"Ain't she a wonder?" asked Mike.

"The little liar!" I exclaimed. "How does she keep it all up? You wouldn't think she could."

"What?" asked Mike.

"That diamond, and her clothes — and appearances generally."

"She's not spending much these few days," said Mike.

"She's got her silk dress, and her high-heeled shoes, and her silk stockings, I notice," I answered.

"Silk stockings," said Jones. "You've got to allow her the necessities of life. Besides, you can get all you want down on Fourteenth Street, for a quarter a pair, eh, Mike?"

"Seventeen cents," corrected Mike. "I've seen where they've sold them for seventeen, at those sales. And you notice that dress ain't *next* Spring's, either," went on Mike.

"No?" I questioned.

"She had it last Spring," said Mike.

"I remember," nodded Jones. "It's fixed over."

"It's all a bluff," said mournful Mike, "all this talk of hers about Spring styles. It's the best she's got, that's all."

"And the rubbers, too?" I suggested.

"Probably," said Mike.

"For my part," put in Jones, "I wish here and now to publish a retraction. I take back everything I ever said about her. She's the grandest single-handed liar I ever knew. For pure ethical grandeur, I never knew a liar who could match her. Just imagine it — or try to. Try to imagine the effort and will power it takes that fool girl just to keep on dressing every day the way she does — just dress alone. But it's no place for sentiment. Not yet. When she's through, she'll have her ring. She'll have saved up her money, anyhow. It'll be like finding it for her."

"If she don't starve to death doing it," said Mike.

I was rather inclined to agree with Mike.

SHE came in and out after that, as usual — reading the Women's magazines, experimenting with new hair dressing, and being jollied by Jones about the styles, that fool dressmaking talk he was always giving her, and about her diamond. We watched her, both of us, but there wasn't much to see.

There were others watching her, too. That Stella, for instance, who had had that row with her over the ring. They'd never made it up since. And occasionally Stella would air her observations to us.

"There's something funny about that. I never was convinced about that ring. You can't tell! They make such fine imitations now," she observed.

"Oh, it's real," I told her. "I know that."

"Well, I suppose it is," she said. "But where is he? I don't see him around much with her now," she passed on.

"He's out on the Coast, they say."

"So I heard," she said, laconically. "And there's another thing I don't understand," she continued. "I'd like to have somebody tell me why she's wearing all those last year's dresses — her especially!"

"Saving for her trousseau, maybe," said I.

"Maybe," remarked Stella.

"Oh, she's after her," I told Jones, "she's on the trail."

"Take a woman to catch a woman," said Jones.

"If it wasn't for that diamond ring," I said, "right there in sight, they'd had her long ago."

"It's her one last fortification," Jones agreed with me.

It was a funny game to watch — the whole thing; the others after her, and she eluding them. The defense that she made was certainly wonderful.

It wasn't all defense with her, though, I think. I suppose there was more than that — though we never got where we could really see it. There was just one thing we did catch.

"Have you noticed her lately," Jones asked me once, "with her Dramatic Mirror? Twice now, I've seen her — reading it at odd times, when she was waiting. Sits and reads it, and looks off and twists that ring around and around on her finger."

I saw her myself right after that.

"Following him around the country, in it," said Jones.

"Trying to, probably."

"Writing him — I wouldn't be surprised," observed Jones.

"You can't tell," I said. "Even him! Even after what that thing did to her! I never could understand. I don't understand how they reason it out — the little fools."

"Reason?" questioned Jones.

"Or hope — whatever you want to call it! Do *you*?" I asked him. "Is it because she's infatuated with him?"

"I don't know," said Jones. "I don't know that I do — or she either. But I don't think it's all that — not altogether. It's not only the Wonderful Friend. It's the whole splendid thing — the profession, the clothes, the diamond, having such a creature crazy over you — wild to give you everything. The valuation he placed upon her. The open price mark of so great a love on the third finger. That's the main thing. She refuses to re-value herself. Much less have anybody else. She refuses to take the tumble in the world of women."

"I suppose so," I answered.

"It's not unusual," said Jones. "It's what every woman is against when she finds herself suddenly thrown into the discard. Quite a problem, too, for any woman. It's

bound to bring about such a depreciation in value, if it's once known among possible bidders."

"That's so," I agreed.

"And then, too," continued Jones, "she probably might like to think there's somebody in the world has a personal interest in her. I do, myself, sometimes, in my weaker moments."

"Look," I said. "Do you suppose she might really have an idea he'd come back some time, and she could get hold of him again?"

"She might," smiled Jones. "She probably does."

Then right after that, in a week or so, we had a surprise. Mike came in and told us that the thing was paid for.

"I don't see how," I said. "I don't see how she raised it."

"Well," suggested Mike, "she might have had something laid aside. And then, of course, he'd paid something on it."

"And then she's starved herself to death," I added. "And cut down on the clothes — on everything. But even at that ——"

"You're right," said Mike. "I don't see, myself. Well, she'll have something to eat now, maybe. She must be hungry."

The funny part of it was, now she had the thing — now she'd got it paid for — what difference did it make? Sooner or later they'd get her. But then, she hadn't gotten so far as that yet, probably. The present was bad enough, without looking far into the future. It was certainly funny, anyhow, and both Jones and I were looking for the next move she'd make. But we certainly weren't either of us expecting the next turn that came.

IT was Monday, I know, Monday morning. I was in Macklin Jones's room, and he was reading me another Spring song from one of his minor lingerie poets, as he called them; some more intimate, heart-to-heart stuff from the woman's style page in the Sunday Supplement that he'd saved over from the day before:

"Unless one has the high Russian boots to one's knees," he started reading, "with these wide skirts we're all wearing this year, one is more apt to catch one's death of cold this Winter than when one wore the lower necks, exposing the other extreme, which were so prevalent a few seasons ago."

"A cold, hard Spring for one," said I, and was just breaking into light, unthinking mirth, when this hard-faced individual walked in, and inquired for Jones — and incidentally for me.

It was the landlady from this Trix Grey's rooming house — a dark, high-shouldered person, with a bad case of landlady's liver, as Jones called it.

This woman had come, it seemed, because the little Grey girl was down in bed with a cold, and back hopelessly in her room rent, and with not a cent to pay for food; and had sent her over as an ambassador to get an advance for her — with a little note.

"Um," said Jones, reading it solemnly, and passing it slowly to me — holding her back to hear what she'd say.

Her somber eyes followed after it.

"Um," murmured I, in my turn, reading it.

Then there was a large pause.

"What do you know about this girl?" asked Jones, regarding our visitor.

"What do *you* know about her?" the woman came back quickly. "She sent me in here to you. She said you knew her well."

"She is in our employ occasionally as a model," replied Jones, with the massive, sterling air of a great capitalist. "What is your information about her?"

"All I know is," said the landlady sharply, "she came in and got a room from me seven weeks ago, yesterday, and she's paid me just four weeks to date."

"That's unfortunate for you," said Jones, in a hard, firm voice.

"It is!" she exclaimed, in a harder one. "I've never had a woman of this class — a model — in my house before, and I never shall again. I didn't know it at the time I took her. She was well dressed — very well, indeed!" she said bitterly. "And she wore this expensive-looking diamond ring. An engagement ring, she says it is, from a man who is traveling," went on the woman — and she looked, so Jones claimed, at me.

"I thought at first it was real," she said, growing a little more fluent always. "But now I doubt it. I doubt it now. If it is, why doesn't she raise money on it? Why doesn't she pawn it, and pay her just debts — and get something to eat?"

"Sentiment, perhaps," suggested Jones.

"That's what she said, practically," the woman remarked.

"When you asked her?" inquired Jones.

"Yes!" the woman said. "But if she's engaged, as she says she is, then why doesn't the man show up, or write her, or see that she's taken care of?"

"What do you know about this man?" asked Jones. Anything? Is there a correspondence between them?"

"I've never seen anything from *him!*"

"But *she* writes to him — I understand you to mean," remarked Jones.

"Yes," said the woman. "That's what I mean."

"You're sure of that?" asked Jones.

"I know," she said. "I know that. But why, if there is any such person — if he's any kind of a man — why doesn't he appear? Why doesn't he write, or arrange to marry her, or take care of her, or pay her debts? Not leave her on *my* hands."

"That I can't answer," said Jones stiffly.

"Am I to understand, then," she asked, putting it straight to Jones, finally, "that you refuse to give her the money she told me she could get here?" And she started up to go.

"Oh, no, indeed," said Jones, most cordially. "She can have all she needs." And he smiled his most ingratiating smile.

She was relieved at first, and pleased — just for a minute; and then she saw right off what had been going on — that Jones had been jollying her. And suspicion settled around the cold, high peak of her bleak soul again in a dark cloud.

"If you have any interest in this young woman," she said, going out, "I should advise you to have a doctor see her."

That was her little surprise for us.

"Is she sick — seriously sick?" I asked her.

We hadn't either of us gotten that idea before.

"She isn't any too well," she said. "From the way she looks this morning, she'll bear some taking care of. And I certainly can't do it. That's sure. I've had all the trouble and worry about her now, that I propose to have." And she went away with our money, eyeing Jones severely.

"I don't like that, quite," I protested.

"I don't," admitted Jones. "That woman would let her die long before she'd get a doctor for her. I believe I'll telephone Eastman to go around and see her."

So he called up Eastman, the young doctor he had himself — to run over and take a look at the girl, anyway.

Of course we didn't think anything of it, even then. We sat awhile, jollying each other about the landlady. Then I went back to my room.

It was after lunch before the doctor had been around to the place and telephoned Jones.

"What!" exclaimed Jones. I could hear him from my studio — and the sharpness of his voice. And when I listened, I knew he was talking about the girl with the doctor, and I went in, and heard the last of it.

"You'll be over?" asked Jones. And the doctor evidently said he would.

"The poor little fool," said Jones, coming away from the telephone.

"What?" said I.

"Pneumonia."

"No?"

"Yes."

"You don't mean ——?"

"Pretty bad," said Jones.

"GOOD Lord," said the young doctor, coming in, with that cheerful and expectant air those young ones just out of the hospital always wear in the presence of approaching death, "why didn't you send for me when there was some chance?"

We told him we'd sent him just as soon as we heard of it ourselves.

"Hard luck for her," he said, soberly.

"As bad as that?" questioned Jones.

"Yes," said he. "That's the kind it feeds on — any disease. Under-fed, under-clothed, no vitality. Those girls like her, little idiots. It's a wonder any of them are alive. Silk skirts, and low shoes and silk stockings, this weather — sustaining life on tea and charlotte russe exclusively. All of a sudden, they wake up some morning, and they're through — they're gone! Like one of these little fool yellow butterflies you see sometimes when you're sailing summers, getting blown out to sea — zigzag — dancing up and down — on their way!"

"Bound out over the edge of the world," observed Jones.

"Yes," agreed the young doctor.

"Well," asked Jones, finally, "when does this sailing take place — in your opinion?"

"Not tonight," said the doctor. "Not

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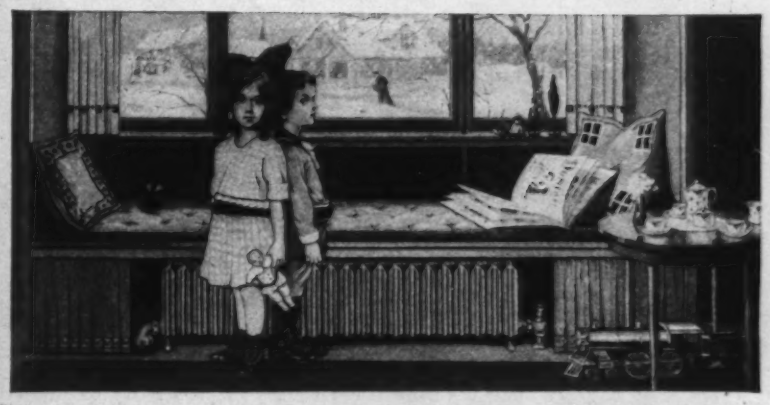

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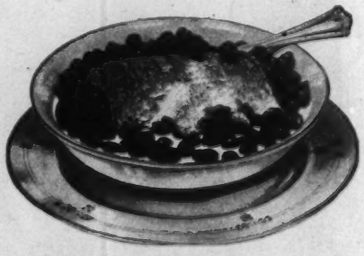

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immediately. But I don't see how she can miss it. It's got a big start. And there's nothing there to fight with. By the way, she says she wants to see you both."

"About what?" asked Jones.

"I don't know. There's something or other exciting her."

"Is it all right to go?" I asked.

"Well, yes," said Eastman, "better, I guess. It'll save her tearing herself to pieces over the thing — whatever it is. She's got to talk. All I want you to do is to keep her down all you can. And come away just as soon as possible. That's all."

"Does she know?" asked Jones.

"No," said young Eastman. "Not a suspicion!"

So we went over there, Jones and I, feeling our way up those dark, rooming-house stairs — that empty gloom of a boarding-house stairway, inhabited by the ghosts of dead dinners. And we rapped, and the nurse let us in, and we found our model for the smart set there waiting for us. Spruced up the best way she could be — hair and night-gown — fresh hair dressing, and her sheerest and most ornamental night-dress.

"She's the fussiest thing I ever saw," the nurse told us.

They'd moved her out of her hall bedroom into the prize front chamber — a big, dim place, with a great bronze chandelier in it, that looked like the room that Napoleon the Great must have died in.

She smiled when she saw Macklin Jones — a kind of quick, excited smile.

"Hello," she murmured weakly.

"Hello yourself, Trix," said Jones. "What do you mean by this?"

And he sat down beside her.

"Listen," she said, in a stage whisper — tense and nervous, her fingers clenched fast in a handful of bed-clothes.

"Here," said Jones. "Give me that hand. You never did know how to take care of it."

It was the left hand with that ring on it.

"Listen," she continued, going right ahead, regardless, "I wanted to ask you a question."

"You've come to the right place," said Jones. "This is the original information bureau on love and toilettes."

She tried to rise.

"Lie down," said Jones, "or this conversation ceases."

"You see," she said, lying back again, finally — but her eyes still on his, "I've got no folks to go to. And My Friend's away — out there on that circuit — out on the Coast. You know how it is, with these theatrical people," she went on, after a second or two, "traveling around that way. You can't reach them in a minute."

It tired her to talk. She breathed hard.

"I know," said Jones, breaking in. "Sure, I see that. And you're all alone here — and it's darned hard luck, Trix. Not a soul, by Gad, to talk with about the styles and how they're going to suit us next summer. I know all about that. That's why we're here. I've been there myself! I said right away, when we heard about this, you'd want me to do some shopping for you, probably. And keep you informed what's going on while you're in here, anyhow. I'll do it! I'll send your old friend here out for you any time," he said, looking over at me.

I could see, of course, he was playing the fool, rattling around, jollying her, talking that idiotic dressmaking talk — anything — giving her time to get her breath.

"You can count on that," I said.

"And now that's off your mind," continued Jones, watching her, "what else?"

And by that time she had got her breath again.

"Listen," she whispered. "Look," she went on, rigid with suspense. "I've got to ask you. Do you think I've got to pawn it?"

"Pawn what? This?" said Jones. He took the ring in his fingers, and turned it around, and looked at it, her eyes following his. She didn't even answer, "Yes." She took it for granted he knew that was what she meant.

"Who says so?" asked Jones, briskly.

"She does," she said, looking toward the door. "She keeps saying that," the girl complained, and moved restlessly.

"Does she?" said Jones. "Well, she won't any more. We've got her fixed."

"But I owe such a lot," the girl persisted — twisting and restless still.

"Not to her," observed Jones.

"No, but I do to you," she said, watching him closer than ever.

She seemed small lying there — smaller and younger somehow, and more childish — without the usual stiff lines of her straight, stiff clothes, probably.

"Listen," said Jones, "are you listening?"

"Yes," she whispered, "I am."

"You see," said Jones, then, "I thought maybe you might be asking something like that, so I took particular pains. I went down and looked it up. Do you know what I found out? You'd be surprised. They aren't pawning their engagement rings this year — not at all. The fashion this year is to keep wearing your old diamonds just as they were, without any alterations to speak of. You get me?"

Her eyes brightened as they usually did when he jollied her. She was getting his drift all right. It was in his voice and eyes.

And Jones went on, with his idiocy. "They're wearing them a good deal in the sickroom, too, it seems, very simply, with plain white. And if anybody comes in," he said, looking harder at her, "any landlady or any other objectionable person, and talks about it, or makes any remarks whatever, it is considered excellent form to tell them to get out of the room. Nurses are even instructed to do this, in the best circles. Yours is, for instance. You follow me?" asked Jones, grinning at her. And she began to grin back now.

"So then, you see," he finished up, "if anybody should ask you how you can afford to be sick and wear a diamond ring at the same time — all you've got to say is that you can afford it all right — that two wealthy illustrators are interested in you, and are going to see you through, no matter what happens."

She was smiling, too, now. The sharp, pinched look around her nose and mouth had relaxed and softened to that pleased, tolerant, mock scornful air she usually wore when he was jollying her.

"Is that clear?" Jones asked her.

"It certainly is," she answered — and leaned back, perfectly still, looking off. "Gee," she said, after a while. "Thanks. You've taken an awful load off my mind." And she gave a great, happy sigh.

"You see," she said, after a minute or so more, "I didn't want to pawn it, if I could help it. And I'll tell you why. There's always somebody. You know how it is. No matter what you do — there's always some knocker going to say something about you."

"I know that," said Jones, "without a doubt."

"And if I once let this go, you don't know what some of them might be saying. Especially now — with this thing happening to me, and My Friend away, the way he is now. Out on the Coast. You don't know what they might be saying."

"What do you care?" asked Jones, breaking in again, to stop her talking. "What difference does it make, so long as you and I know different? And now," he said, "we're getting out — we're going. You've talked enough."

And he released her hand and got up.

The girl looked at him from the pillow, straight in his eye.

"Gee," she said, "but he'll be sore when he hears about me. My Friend will certainly be sore!"

"I believe you," answered Jones, looking back at her, without the fraction of a wince. "He certainly'll be good and worried when he hears it."

"You're right. He will," she said, still holding his eye. "He will. He's crazy about me. There isn't anything he wouldn't do for me."

And then finally she sank back upon the pillow.

"He's crazy about me," she repeated. "We'll be married after Easter — just as soon after Easter — as he gets back — from the Coast," she said.

And then we left.

She smiled when we went out — perfectly calm and satisfied. When we turned and closed the door, she wriggled her left hand with the diamond on it, where it lay on the pillow beside her cheek.

"Did she have any idea?" asked the nurse. "Did you think she realized ——"

"No," said Jones. "She had something more serious on her mind."

We went out into the dark, curving stairway — through the gloom of the dead dinners. I was still seeing her, as she lay there, lying to us with straight eyes.

"The poor little fool," said Macklin Jones, coughing.

It was the second night after that she died

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is not a talking machine. It embodies a new art. It actually Re-Creates music. This has been proven by many of the world's greatest artists

Read what the Musical Critics of leading newspapers say, after hearing Christine Miller sing in direct comparison with Edison's Re-Creation of her glorious voice

"Just how true and faithful is this Re-Creation of the human voice was best illustrated when Miss Christine Miller sang a duet with herself, it being impossible to distinguish between the singer's living voice and its Edison Re-Creation by the instrument that bears the stamp of Edison's genius." —*Boston Herald*, Nov. 21, 1915.

"Beautiful, scientific, and unique; these are the adjectives which seem best to fit the recital given on October 11 by Christine Miller and the Edison Diamond Disc. Beautiful because it was Miss Miller; unique because we know of no other artist of such standing attempting such a recital, and scientific because it was a convincing demonstration of the power of man to produce tone from an instrument so perfectly as to defy detection even when compared side by side with the tone of the original producing artist."

—*Musical America*, New York, Oct. 14, 1915.

"Singing with the Edison Laboratory Re-Creation of her own voice, so exactly was it like Miss Miller's voice in tone, quality and enunciation, that it was not possible to distinguish one from the other."

—*Detroit Free Press*, Oct. 12, 1915.

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A catalog and the name of a licensed merchant will be sent upon request

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At Rising Time

Do you know any food which greets you at breakfast so inviting as Puffed Wheat or Rice?

Airy bubbles of grain, flaky, toasted and crisp. Each morsel seems a bonbon.

But you know they are whole grains, made wholly digestible. You know that every atom feeds.

No elements are lacking —none are lost. For in these foods — and these only — every food cell is blasted by steam explosion.

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These grains are so crisp, so toasted, so flavory that they take the place of nutmeats.

Folks garnish ice cream with them. They use them in candy. They dot them on frosted cake.

Yet Puffed Grains hold supreme place among scientific grain foods. They are made by Prof. Anderson's process. In every kernel a hundred million steam explosions are created. They are perfect foods—the best-cooked cereals in existence.

Puffed Wheat 12c
Puffed Rice 15c
Except in Far West

Corn Puffs—Bubbles of Corn Hearts—15c

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The bowl of milk in summer is the favorite bedtime dish. But it's twice as delightful with Puffed Grains floating in it.

These grains are puffed to eight times normal size. They are four times as porous as bread.

You get the whole wheat in Puffed Wheat—all the phosphorus of the outer coats. You get it so it easily, completely digests without any tax to the stomach.

Do you know anything else which so meets the requirements of an ideal good-night dish?

See if you have all these foods on hand.

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

(1344)

It is discouraging to sit all day, reading, reading, and finding no story up to the mark.

The Managing Editor Speaks

To the Young Author Everywhere

IT isn't often that an editor writes. He lets the authors do that — they do it so much better than he. It's their business. Nine times out of ten the editor is an inarticulate person — like a stage-director. He knows what he wants, but he has difficulty in telling what it is. The moment he sees it, he knows. There are no doubts in his mind when the real thing comes along. It's there, and he recognizes it.

So this thing of "discovering" new writers isn't deserving of the praise it gets. It is easy enough to recognize talent when you see it. And genius — well, genius is self-evident. The "flower born to blush unseen" has faded.

Seriously, I want to say a few words to the writers who are waiting for some editor to find them; to the writers who think they are being neglected, and left to languish, whether it be in Spokane, Council Bluffs, or in the heart of New York. *McClure's* is waiting to discover you. We cannot go to every garden spot of the world; but fortunately, in the game of editing, every garden spot can come to us. A two-cent stamp, to mix the metaphor, will bring it. Or, not to mix the metaphor, it can come by parcel-post.

This is the point: For almost a year and a half I have been Managing Editor of *McClure's*. During that period I have found only two or three new authors whose work seemed above the general average. There cannot be much that is wrong with my judgment, since fellow editors have the same tale to tell. We are all looking eagerly for the O. Henry, the Edna Ferber, the Fannie Hurst who is probably at this moment sitting at a typewriter in some obscure town, hoping for recognition.

Young writers will go on believing, I suppose, in the blindness of editors, in our callousness, our fear of saying a kind word to budding genius, our determination to keep a good fellow down, our deep-rooted conviction that we are all-wise and do not really care for a story unless it bears the signature of an author already famous. If one may forgive a personal reference, which is written down merely to strengthen my statement, I confess that I used to believe that rot — until I got behind the scenes. Now I look back and simply wonder why the editors of fifteen years ago were so kind and generous. My manuscripts were not worth the paper they were written upon; yet I had courteous letters from almost every magazine in the country; and though I could not always break in, I was encouraged, slowly, to think that I could some day. How patient were Mr. Alden, Mr. Gilder and Mrs. Sangster!

I think we who are trying to make magazines today are equally patient and kindly. Everywhere I hear the question, asked by other editors, "Have you found anybody yet?" You see, we have to keep our enthusiasm in looking for the new enthusiasm, the new note, the new point of view. And if our periodicals are filled with big names, it is because we can't find unknown names attached to manuscripts that are worthy of taking up valuable space.

I say to every young writer whose story is rejected today, "Hold that manuscript, and read it over a year from now. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred you will believe that the editor was right when he sent it back. You will go further. You will thank him for his common sense." Do you imagine that editors *like* to turn down the material offered them? Personally, I have never returned a conscientious piece of work without real regret.

Every writer whose name you know today had to make a beginning. How, on the face of it, are reputations made? Think for a moment how foolish it is to believe that editors are endeavoring to crowd out the brave unknowns. Instead, they are opening wider avenues all the time; and *McClure's* wants to be a veritable boulevard for their approaching feet. It is discouraging to sit all day, reading, reading, reading, and finding no story up to the mark.

Half the joy of being an editor is in discovering a story by a new writer. It is far more to a man's credit to bring out a good yarn by an unknown author, than a bad yarn by Kipling. The office boy could edit any magazine, if that was all there was to the job.

A woman came into this office the other day and declared loudly that she knew her story had not been read. I politely contradicted her. We had done more than read her manuscript — we had tried hard to see if it contained a single thought that could lead to honest encouragement. Of course it didn't; for the type of mind that could look only for flaws in our editorial system wasn't likely to be the type of mind that could create something vital and interesting and original. That woman will never be heard from; she is not made of the stuff that whirled Jack London, burning his midnight lamp, to success. She began with a grouch; she will end with one.

Someone once said that every man has at least one story worth telling. That may or may not be true. A few of us may be like the fellow in the Spoon River Anthology to whom nothing ever happened. Life goes by some people. But there is drama in almost every locality; there is conflict in almost every life; there is bound to be sorrow, and joy, the clash of wills, and some contrast in the existence of most of us. Zona Gale once said to me that there are no new plots. She was right. Read Edna Ferber's "The Eldest," in the June *McClure's*. The old, old situation — the tragedy of the middle-aged sister, the drudge, the Cinderella who stays at home while the rest of the family goes to the ball — in this case, out into the world of Chicago. But Miss Ferber illuminates the ancient materials by the ingenious use of a new method, by seasoning the old ingredients with the salt of her rich humor, and by putting into the hearts of her people so much of her own heart. She lives with them for a while in their dingy Chicago flat; and so you live with them, too. And she does not try to make life something that it is not. You know, when you read her, that she finds life as it is just as interesting as life as it ought to be. To get that down on paper is Art.

Where is the next Edna Ferber? That is the author I am looking for at *McClure's*.

ONE might attribute the dearth of rising young writers to the movies. So many are writing scenarios and synopses, when they ought to be developing, not only their plot sense, but their characterization sense, and above all their dialogue sense; when they ought, in short, to be learning to write, not simply learning to put the bare outlines of stories on paper. There are no cross-lots to success. If you would learn to write shorthand, you must first learn longhand. You may tell me the plot of your yarn; but can you embellish it, can you enrich it by the thousand and one details so necessary to its development? Until you can, you have not learned to write.

This is a word of encouragement, an invitation to all young authors, wherever you may be, whoever you are, to offer the work that comes out of your experience, out of your knowledge, out of your imagination, but most of all, out of your heart, to *McClure's*. It is a sincere call for assistance and cooperation. For just as no author can live without editors, so no editor can live without authors. We want you.

Come along!

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

Julietta Eats the Canary

[*Continued from page 26*]

She widened and rounded her eyes. Innocence and wistful questioning reigned therein.

Lonny Carson burst into Homeric laughter and caught her to him. "You are a wonder," he said. "You look about fifteen. Give me a kiss, Dora, my child-wife."

"All right, David Copperfield," returned Julietta, snuggling into the curve of his arm, "but don't smash me frock. And we'd better not be wasting our time on this Dickens stuff, for dinner'll be served in ten minutes and you've got to do the polite to the Artberrys, remember."

"That's so," said Lonny, grappling again with his studs. "Gee, I'm glad they're here. She certainly is a smart woman, Toots, and as for him — well, if he doesn't land the nomination in 1920, I'll make a meal off your rosebuds. And by that time, Mrs. Carson, little Lonny will be right in line for a place in the Cabinet. See?"

"Three cheers for our check-book!" said Julietta, with an irony that Lonny failed to catch.

"That's all right about our check-book," he said. "Politics is The Great Game. I wish I hadn't been such a dub at college. I might have taken a lot of political economy and such. Then I'd've had the theory of the thing — and now I'd be getting the practice."

"Yes, politics is the great game," replied Julietta, "for those who play — not for those who pay." But Lonny was digging a tie out of an almost inaccessible box and did not heed her. Julietta sighed and applied herself to tying it for him into the sort of bow that none but a man's wife ever achieves.

"Hurry — hurry," she commanded. "I've asked Arthur Carpenter for Mats, and you must amuse Mrs. Artberry. John Fremont the Great must play with poor little me." She hustled him incontinently downstairs and kept an eye on him while he made his delighted greetings to the Artberrys. Then Arthur Carpenter came, and Mattie, who had waited until the last moment, appeared, and they trooped gaily to the dining-room, Mrs. Artberry's mauve draperies at Lonny's elbow and her fine head bent graciously to catch his every word. Julietta was apparently unaware of it, though if the truth were known she was struggling with an impulse to step heavily on that sweeping satin train and give it a satisfying destructive tear.

Instead she marshaled her guests with all the skill of the born hostess. A crystal and silver bowl in the center held long sprays of coral honeysuckle and Virginia creeper. Clusters of candles, shaded in creamy white, stood at each side of it, in ruby glass holders, older than the combined ages of everyone present. Julietta looked at them purringly, for they were her latest find and a royal extravagance. Then the iced melon came on and, for a moment, there was a silence that was a tribute to its flavor. Julietta turned to Arthur Carpenter and advised him to learn from Mattie the latest news of a sensational mutual friend. Then, as he followed her advice, she was free to give her attention to flattering and amusing the statesman. This was not hard to do, for if he had Irish eyes, he had also the true Irish responsiveness to the presence of a pretty woman. Julietta got him going nicely, and when he was fairly launched into one of his well-rounded periods, she turned her ear ever so slightly to catch the words of Mrs. Artberry as she held forth to Lonny.

"Work is always, I suppose, an acquired taste," she was saying playfully, "for its rewards are not immediate, but come in what I might call foretastes and aftertastes. It involves ——"

"Oh, Mrs. Artberry," broke in Julietta, in a sprightly tone, "have you been reading Doctor Cabot's book, too? I recognize the quotation. What you were just saying about work ——"

Mrs. Artberry looked up, lost the thread of her speech and bit her lip. The blood rushed angrily to her face. But Julietta's eyes were innocently interested. Lonny quite unconsciously put the finishing touch to the situation.

"It's never safe to quote anything before Julietta," he said beamingly to Mrs. Artberry. "She reads everything and has a perfectly abominable memory."

The red flamed still warmer in Mrs. Artberry's countenance, but she marshaled her composure. "How wonderful," she said, with that sincere accent which the wives of Artberry's constituents had adored. "I wish that I had time for real reading. I must snatch a book whenever I can — on trains, or in little fifteen-minute waits for John —" Her voice went on smoothly and she absolutely avoided any reference to the source of her quotation. But Julietta was satisfied and Mattie Dallas was shouting with inward mirth. Under cover of the passing of the roast she looked across at Julietta and, ever so little, winked one eye. And Julietta, making sure that the Artberrys were busy with their plates, ever so little winked back again.

The dinner continued its lusciously edible progress.

Julietta bent herself to the task of telling stories to the great Artberry, and his resounding haw-haw was so persistent, so thoroughly jocund, that the others stopped talking to listen enviously. Several times Mrs. Artberry attempted to go on with her line of highbrow platitudes, but Lonny's attention wandered to the other end of the table, where Julietta was telling the celebrated tale of Ottilia Brown and the lady who wasn't no lady at the Bellman's Ball.

Later there was coffee and old peach brandy, smooth and sweet as honey, on the veranda. Julietta shuffled and arranged her guests with care, reserving for herself a place by the side of Mrs. Artberry. The great lady, her moment of chagrin past, leaned to the demure little creature in white with affable complacency.

"Dear Mrs. Artberry," cooed Julietta, "I have been so much interested in your wonderful work for suffrage. No one — not even Doctor Shaw, has rendered such service to the cause. You have the knack — I might call it genius and not be wrong — to present your arguments with telling force and yet arouse no antagonism."

Few women are proof against discriminating flattery. Mrs. Artberry glowed.

"Ah, Mrs. Carson," she said, "you've pointed out one of the great weaknesses of suffrage workers — so often they antagonize where they really should win. Yet they cannot, or will not, realize their fault and try to mend it."

"I know," said Julietta sympathetically, "but it's a fault that *you* have managed to avoid. I wonder — I wonder — if I might ask a great favor of you? It's a great favor, really — it would mean everything to me." Her blue eyes appealed for kindness.

Mrs. Artberry glowed some more. "Why, of course," she said. "I shall be so glad to do anything —" she paused inquiringly.

"It is *Lonny*," confided Julietta, with a glance at that gentleman, who was peacefully enjoying his cigar and liqueur, to make sure that he could not hear her. "He doesn't believe in suffrage!" If he had embezzled the church funds and murdered a baby she could not have told it with deeper woe. "Would you, dear Mrs. Artberry, would you — as a great favor to me, talk to him a little while you are here and try to win him over? He'll listen to you when he won't listen to *me*, or any of my friends. Oh, if you would say just a little, little word — as you alone know how to say it. I would be so grateful."

Would Mrs. Artberry say a word? Her eyes glittered feverishly and she almost felt herself choke with persuasive suffrage arguments. At that moment she positively loved Julietta

"If you really feel that I can accomplish anything —" she demurred modestly, for she had been a politician's wife for fifteen years.

"You are the one person in the world who can do it," declared Julietta with conviction. She raised her voice. "Lonny," she said, "you are neglecting us. Bring your chair over here, won't you?" And as Lonny obediently and trustingly came nearer, Julietta, on the pretext of giving Mattie more coffee, moved quite to the other side of the veranda.

"What have you done?" murmured Mattie, as she took the refilled cup. "I believe she's going to talk votes for women to Lonny. He'll die."

"Ha-ha!" said Julietta grimly. "She's not only going to talk it to him — she's going to make him believe in it. I asked her to."

"You asked her to!" said Mattie. "For Heaven's sake, when did you get interested in suffrage?"

"I'm not interested in it at all," declared Julietta, more naturally now, "but it'll do Lonny good. Let her talk all that Norman Hapgood stuff to him. If he's going to spend his money in politics, he may just as well know what he's spending it for."

With which remark she settled herself between Arthur Carpenter and Mr. Artberry, and laid before them the relative distractions of bridge and the latest fox-trot. They chose bridge and Julietta rang for lights and a table.

"Lonny's having such a heavenly chat with your wife," said Julietta thoughtfully to the statesman, "that it would be cruel to disturb him."

The four of them therefore settled themselves cheerily about the bridge table, while at the back Mrs. Artberry's voice rose and fell and the players could catch such fragments as "equal guardianship," "man legislators," "that moral conscience that is above the law," "maternity must be elevated from a sweated trade," — indeed, once Julietta thought she heard that ancient shibboleth "taxation without representation," and she was so tickled she doubled the make without a decent card in her hand.

However, she kept Lonny in mind, and when she saw signs of acute distress, she broke up the bridge table, took her guests inside and started the Victrola. Half an hour of dancing brought the party again into harmony and made them quite ready for a bit of supper, and then good night.

Lonny, lounging in his dressing gown, watching Julietta brush her hair, spoke with earnest gratitude. "You're the real thing in life-preservers, Toots. One more minute of votes for women," he affirmed, "and I'd've perished. I was getting numb all over. What do you suppose a good-looking dame like Mrs. Artberry wants to go bug on suffrage for? Artberry isn't out for any elective office now, so she doesn't need to do it."

"She likes it," said Julietta. "All the women whose husbands are in politics want to be in politics, too, and of course votes for women offers a good chance. I've simply got to study it up, for if you're really going in for the statesman stuff, Lonny, I'm not going to be a drawback. No, I want to be a *real help*. I wonder if I could ever learn to speak on street corners?"

And through the mass of brown curls which she was busily subduing, she did not fail to note Lonny's fearsome dismay at the prospect.

"Lucy," said Julietta to her maid the next morning, "while the visitors are here, I want to wear awfully simple things.

And They Did

IT would seem that all the Philadelphia jibes had been uttered; but here's one more — for good measure.

The young daughter of a well-known New York financier was taken to the city of brotherly love for a little jaunt with her father. She didn't like the town, and of course her main criticism was the old complaint that it was too slow. In desperation, one evening, she said to her fond parent:

"Come, father, let's go to the movies and see if they move."

Keeping Cool

when hot summer days come, means more than electric fans and ice-water.

Summer comfort is largely a matter of selecting proper food.

Heavy, greasy foods over-tax the digestive system, and work of this kind increases body heat and spells discomfort — no matter how many artificial "coolers" are used.

For a test, suppose you try this common-sense, hot weather breakfast:

Some fruit

Grape-Nuts

and cream

Soft-boiled eggs

Crisp buttered toast

The Grape-Nuts is wonderfully delicious, easy to digest and highly nourishing. The fruit, eggs and toast give variety, and round out a meal that is a splendid start-off for a good, cool day.

There's a way to be well-fed and comfortable in any kind of weather, and—

"There's a Reason"

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Jacobean Chair
Mahogany frame with upholstery in velours or tapestry

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Here's our *unqualified guarantee:* Buy a Shumate "Barber" razor and use it—not once, but as long as you like. If you say after an exacting trial that you don't like it, we'll exchange it *without a word.*

Sent postpaid, **$2.00** In remitting, mention your dealer's name, and a chamois lined, rust-proof case will be included with your razor.

State whether you want light, medium or heavy blade. Heavy blade for very strong beards.

Established 1884
Capacity 6,000 razors daily

Shumate Razor Co., 603 Locust St., St. Louis, U.S.A.

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You can just forget all my sophisticated frocks and get out nothing but pinks and blues and girlish ruffles. Make me look young, Lucy."

Though not quite understanding the words, Lucy was in no doubt as to their meaning. "There's that pale blue dimity," she said delightedly. "You look like a little girl in that, Mrs. Carson. Let me get it out."

And having looked upon its lace-trimmed ruffles and quaint girdle, Julietta got into it with joy and, with suppressed giggles, descended to meet her guests at breakfast.

"We must go motoring this morning," she told the Artberrys and Mattie, peeping gaily around the coffee machine. "Lonny'll drive us and we won't take the chauffeur. There are some of the loveliest drives around here. We found a deserted road the other day that has some of the most beautiful scenery — oh, and wildflowers! I want you to see one special field of black-eyed Susans. First, though, after breakfast you must see my garden. Mattie, I'm going to ask you to be Mrs. Artberry's guide and I'm going to take Mr. Artberry with me." She bestowed a witching smile on him which he reciprocated so earnestly that Mrs. Artberry's blandness became suspiciously dim. Mrs. Artberry was not at her best in the morning, either in temper or appearance, and it was not particularly pleasing to her to behold Julietta's gaiety and apparent youth. Nor was she any happier when Julietta hurried the flattered statesman through his meal and carried him off while Mattie dallied over her toast.

Mattie looked up, caught her harassed eye, and promptly took her cue. "Julietta's a minx," she said admiringly. "No man can resist her. It's her wonderful youth that is her greatest charm, I think. Dear me, how your husband is laughing." She took another bit of toast and leisurely buttered it. They could indeed hear sounds of mirth from the garden. Mrs. Artberry fidgeted. She began to feel that she'd use a little influence with John not to further Mrs. Carson's husband's ambitions — not just yet, anyway. The statesman had been known before this to be susceptible. "What earthly use is there in putting temptation in his way?" meditated Mrs. Artberry righteously. She was just deciding in what form to present her word in season when Mattie at last was ready for their stroll.

Very irritating, to find Julietta and the statesman twosing absorbedly on a shady bench. "We couldn't disturb such a devoted tête-à-tête," laughed Mattie, and drew her on to gaze on the greedy goldfish in the little pool. Mrs. Artberry did not like being in the sun, she hated goldfish, she did not want to see the little special playground where the three Carson children were playing while Nurse sat by with her knitting. She resented Julietta's laughter and the statesman's absorption. She was annoyed with Mattie's amused assumption of Julietta's irresistibility. But before she could decide on anything to do or say about it, Lonny appeared in the distance and admonished everybody to get on their motor things.

Julietta and the statesman advanced very slowly, but Mrs. Artberry waited for them. "Oh, I could shake you, Lonny," cried Julietta as they came up. "Mr. Artberry and I were having such a good time." She left the statesman and advanced to his wife. "You have the most wonderful husband," she confided. "I suppose everyone tells you that, but no one means it more sincerely than I do." Her voice sank to a whisper and she drew Mrs. Artberry a little to the side. "I've been rather dreading this political business that Lonny's so determined on," she said, every syllable carrying absolute conviction, "but since I've come to know Mr. Artberry — really to know him — I shall do everything in my power to further Lonny's ambitions. Just the friendship of such a man as Mr. Artberry — and the constant contact with him —" she seemed quite overpowered at the beauty of the prospect.

Mrs. Artberry swelled with rage and resentment. Constant contact, indeed! She'd see about that. She put on the linen duster that Lonny proffered with the air of a Roman matron on the way to a sacrifice. John Fremont Artberry had always harkened to his wife when she spoke in tones of determination, and she meant that he should do it now. What was the use of getting a man like Lonny Carson into Congress and seeing that he got on the right committees if his wife was going to snatch her husband, thought Mrs. Artberry. What if the Carsons do have heaps of money? What if he would be useful? What if it was a perilous time in the affairs of the party and they must strain every nerve to see that the right men were sent to Washington this year? There were other men with money, other men, just as useful, just as malleable — and with ugly wives. John Fremont Artberry must withdraw his tentative proposals to Mr. Carson, or she'd know the reason why. Mrs. Artberry's feelings were not brightened by the fact that her husband was placed on the back seat of the big touring car, between Julietta and Mattie, and that Julietta's ducky little blue bonnet matched her eyes seemed to Mrs. Artberry almost a personal affront. That she must sit in front with the host was a further laceration. At least, she said to herself, as she took her place, she'd be able to take up the burning subject of woman suffrage with him again.

They spun out into the glorious heat of an August day, heat that would have been intolerable save for the rapid flight of the car. Since Julietta demanded the unfrequented road, with the field of black-eyed Susans, down the unfrequented road they went; but it was assuredly not Julietta's fault that when they were many miles from nowhere at all, the car stopped and it was discovered that there was absolutely not a drop of gasoline in the tank.

Lonny, whose temper had not been improved by sundry new arguments for votes for women, threw up his hands when he saw the empty tank. His face indicated profanity suppressed with difficulty.

"That settles it!" he exclaimed. "Jackson's fired the instant we get home. How often have I told him never to send a car out without looking into the tank!"

"Lonny always threatens to fire Jackson when anything happens like this," said Julietta, struggling out of the car and sitting placidly down on the roadside. "But he never does it."

LONNY gazed at her with sudden good-humor, struggling with his wrath. "Well, it's your fault," he grinned. "Jackson's your retainer, not mine. Hence, here we are by the roadside and it's noon and I'm hungry and there won't be a car passing for hours probably, and the last house is miles back. Who suggested coming up this road anyway?"

"Me," said Julietta twinkling at him. "I'm the culprit. Come, Mrs. Artberry — do get out of that hot car and let the men roll it over under that tree. Jump out, Mats — Mr. Artberry, we need you."

They slowly got out and stood about while Lonny and the statesman rolled the car to the side of the road.

"Now," said Julietta, "everybody shut eyes until I say 'open.'"

It was all very childish and foolish, but those four big grown-ups obediently shut their eyes. Ensued mysterious faint puffings, rustlings and little sounds as of silver gently clinking against china.

"Open!" cried Julietta, clapping her hands like a magician.

Obediently they opened — first their eyes, in wonder, and then their mouths in exclamations of joyful surprise. Spread before them was a luncheon — sandwiches, fruits, and tall silver bottles of cold drinkables. A little row of plates and cups flanked the food.

"Julietta, you are an angel," cried Mattie. "I didn't know why the car pockets were so stuffed, but I see now."

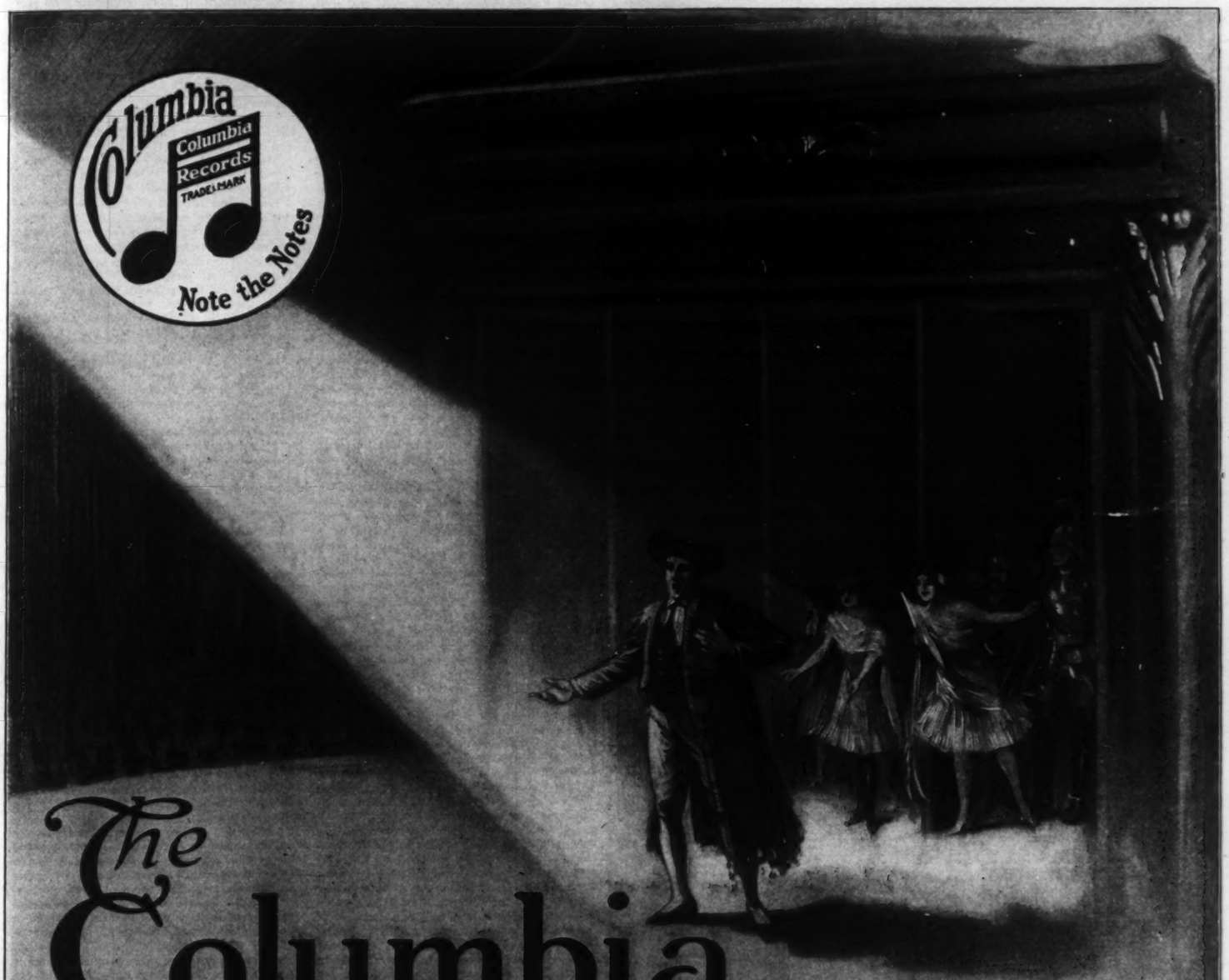
"In times of peace prepare for war," said Julietta. "That's my motto."

"For the first time in my life, then, I am a converted militarist," declared Mr. Artberry gallantly. Mrs. Artberry, who was just on the point of saying something appreciative, shut her lips tight. As for Lonny, at the prospect of food and drink to cheer the dreary wait before them, he was quite ready to prance.

They sat and ate and drank, comfortably, gaily. The discomfiture of the past fifteen minutes was quite obliterated. Even Mrs. Artberry forgot her mental reserve and put on what she considered her "perfectly charming" manner.

"And now," said Julietta, turning to the statesman, "won't you finish telling me about the workman's compensation act, the short ballot and the federal reserve bill, and *all* about the Panama Canal tolls? I simply do not seem to be able to understand that."

"My God," Lonny murmured, in incredulous horror. Was Julietta, Julietta the feminine, Julietta the devoted wife and mother, Julietta the understanding and sympathetic and gay and funny, going to turn into Julietta the female politician, talking a jargon she would never understand and which was fatally boresome to any tired business man husband? Was Julietta, in short, going to become a Mrs. Artberry? For the first time



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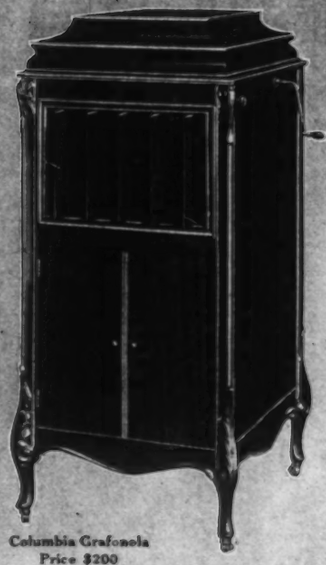

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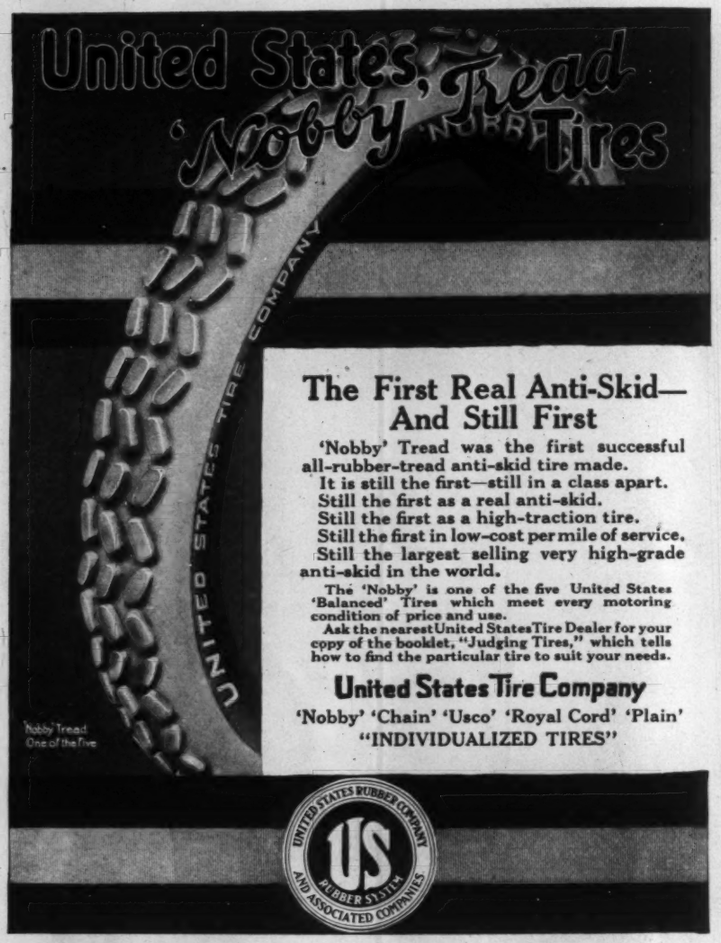
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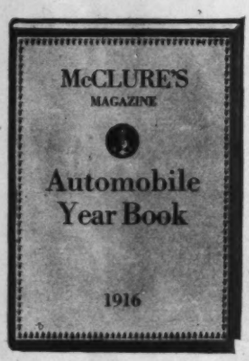

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This is the first paragraph of the article in McClure's Magazine Automobile Year Book entitled "The Care of a Motor Car." You will find on page 58 of this issue of McClure's a description of the McClure Year Book. This book is sold for fifty cents and will be sent to any one, prepaid, who will send this amount in stamps to McClure's Magazine. Address all communications to McClure Automobile Department, McClure Building, New York.

Lonny looked bitterly at that large lady and thought of her fine mind and her interest in public questions with a loathing undisguised.

"I'm afraid," said the statesman, smiling indulgently at Julietta, oh, very indulgently, "I'm afraid that's a very large order, Mrs. Carson. But I do want to tell you a little more about the short ballot, for it is important that women, who will so soon enjoy the suffrage, should know exactly what it means."

Another deep groan welled up in Lonny Carson's throat. Votes for women again! What kind of a topsy turvy world was this that the Artberrys lived in, and where would his peaceful home be if this kept on — that was what he wanted to know?

For half an hour or more that splendid voice, which had charmed more than one convention, held forth on the history and significance and possibilities of the short ballot, and Julietta listened in an entranced absorption that ever spurred the speaker on. Mrs. Artberry gazed on the picture sourly. Mattie Dallas leaned against the tree trunk, and, pulling down her motor veil, took a comfy little nap, lulled by the measured rising and falling of the Artberry voice. Lonny, like Sister Anne, kept a pitifully hopeful eye on the road above. At last, right in the midst of one of the statesman's most beautifully rounded periods he leaped to his feet.

"Hi, there comes a car!" he shouted, with all the joy of a marooned mariner who sees a distant sail.

Chug-chug-chug — it came into view, a horrid little, cheap, sawed-off machine at least ten years old, a veritable road-louse of the most offensive type. It was driven by a young farmer and loaded with garden vegetables. But they hailed it rapturously. After a little flutter of green paper from Lonny's hand to that of their bucolic rescuer, a welcome bucket of gasoline was emptied into the tank of the big car, the cushions were put back and, with infinite relief — that is, on the part of all save Mr. Artberry, who rather resented the interruption to his eloquence — they took their places.

Julietta put her head back and relaxed gratefully. The situation was becoming rather a strain, for she had to do so much in such a short time; and being a Bunty-pulls-the-strings, she reflected pathetically, was not half the fun that it seemed on the stage. Of course, if she could be sure that she was pulling the right strings, and getting the desired effect — she gritted her teeth and fell to further planning.

So well did she plan and so well did she execute those plans that the rest of the Artberry's short visit began to take on the semblance of a nightmare for Lonny — and for Mrs. Artberry. Julietta was always taking Mr. Artberry for long walks, or sitting beside him, learning with pleasing gusto the a-b-c of public life. Lonny was forced to listen to and observe all this and discuss it all in private with Julietta. She began to plan a course of reading and of civic activity to begin immediately the Artberrys would leave. She mentioned various political organizations that Lonny must join at once, and the list of clubs, societies of a serious nature, of which she herself planned to become a member, grew hourly more appalling. And, as Lonny thought of these things and listened to Mrs. Artberry on the Cause — meanwhile forced to be the polite and attentive host — he lost five pounds of flesh. Julietta, watching him decline his favorite dessert, could have wept over him. But instead, she invited her willing slave, Mr. Artberry, to walk with her after dinner; and while Mrs. Artberry viewed them from the veranda, she took him up and down the fragrant garden paths with a summer moon shining sweetly upon them and made him talk to her until she could have dropped for weariness.

They paused, still in full view of the veranda, and Julietta lingeringly placed a white rosebud in the buttonhole of the great statesman. And then occurred the little scene that forever decided Lonny Carson's political future. It was very simple — a moth, blundering through the dusk, was caught in Julietta's hair. The three on the veranda heard a faint cry — saw the statesman's arm apparently encircle Julietta's shoulders, and his head bent very close to hers. And then ——

"Really," exclaimed Julietta, returning in haste to the veranda, "it's not safe in the garden with those big moths about! Did you see, Lonny? The most enormous one flew right into my hair. Oh, I was so frightened — I thought it was a bat, of course, being a silly — but Mr. Artberry came nobly to the rescue. It made me quite nervous; the poor thing flapped about so ——"

Mrs. Artberry rose without her usual majestic dignity. She ignored Julietta, but looked straight at John Fremont, who was standing by with a most fatuous smile.

"I have a headache," she announced in an off-with-his-head tone. "John, kindly come with me and prepare my headache medicine." And since John knew far better than to disobey when he heard that voice, they disappeared.

"Dear me," said Julietta, staring after them. "Isn't she funny? I must run after and see if there's anything I can do for her."

Mattie Dallas spoke cannily. "You leave her alone," said she. "Send Lucy — with a polite message. Or wait, I'll do it."

Lonny and Julietta were left alone on the veranda in the moonlight. Julietta pulled her chair very close to his and laid her head against his arm. They sat thus in serene silence. Then Lonny Carson lifted his voice and spoke with fervor.

"This is the first peaceful moment I've had since those two big nuts came," he said.

And Julietta wisely said nothing at all, but lifted his hand so that she could put her velvet cheek against it.

It is as well, I think, that we should not eavesdrop on the drama of the suffering Mrs. Artberry and the headache medicine. Certain matters were definitely settled by that lady, to wit:

That there was no moth.

That John Fremont Artberry had behaved disgracefully.

That he had also behaved in a way that was too silly for words.

That she would not endure it.

That he would have to find someone else rather than Lonny Carson for party representative and support. That he could get out of it any way he saw fit — she didn't care.

And lastly, and more determinedly than anything else — they were leaving in the morning and, if he didn't want to go with her, she would go alone. So there!

And that is why a cryptic telegram was sent to Mr. Artberry's confidential secretary that very night and also why the confidential secretary responded with another telegram, not at all cryptic, but which was handed at once to Lonny and Julietta to read, summoning the big chief at once to Washington on account of an important, superlatively secret national crisis, where his wisdom and counsel were indispensable.

THE early departure of their guests necessarily changed the Carsons's plans for the day, but they rose to the changed conditions nobly. Lonny made reservations by telephone and telegraph, and Julietta pressed many solicitous *petits soins* on Mrs. Artberry — which were not received with any great amount of responsiveness. They accompanied the departing ones to the station and did everything that was thoughtful and polite and cordial. Mattie had declined to participate — she said she felt she was unworthy. So she went out to the playground and made sand tarts for Baby. But Lonny and Julietta did not miss her. They drove back to the house rather silently.

"Well," said Lonny, "I'll be getting in town to business, I think. This little holiday's set me back a good month. My desk'll look as if an avalanche has struck it."

"What are you going to do about business if we go to Washington?" asked Julietta softly.

Lonny considered a moment, with corrugated brow. "Look here, Toots," he said at last, "would you be awfully disappointed if we didn't go to Washington?"

"Oh, but Lonny," expostulated Julietta, "it's you who will be disappointed."

Again Lonny considered. "Well, it's like this," he explained. "Since the Artberrys have been here — and I've been hearing them talk — and everything — and then last night, when Artberry came down after his wife had gone to bed and we had a little chat out here on the veranda and he seemed so uncertain about what they'd do for me, and seemed to expect me to do so much for them — and then — and then — well, we're so happy this way, with our home and the kids, and we like the folks we know and we don't have to do a thing unless we really want to — somehow I just can't see the point of sweating away my life doing things that don't interest me and knowing people that bore me so they put my feet to sleep — and spending a whole heap of money in the process, when we might be spending it for real fun. What do *you* think? What's the use of being distinguished, as these poor boobs call it? It seems to me it's about the same thing as being uncomfortable. I'm not one of these solemn asses that can delude himself into thinking he's a great man because he can get a public office. I think—" He stopped abruptly, for Julietta was hugging his neck chokingly tight.

"I think," she cried, "that you're the most wonderful man that ever lived. You've seen right through all the pretense and sham of the whole thing, when I was completely taken in with it. Darling Lonny, we'll do exactly as you think best. We'll let the Artberrys go their way with their own kind, and we'll live our own happy lives, unwashingtoned, unlistinguished, unpoliticed and ——"

"And unvotesforwomened," finished Lonny. "Amen!"

A little later when Lonny, still in a state of high satisfaction with himself for his wise decision, had departed for his office, Mattie again found Julietta, kicking her slipper against the veranda rail and watching the gleam of its silver buckle.

"Now that the Artberrys are gone, you can get at your book," she said, smiling knowingly. "You must have a lot of new things to put in it now — all about how husbands who think they are going into politics can be cured of the notion with no knowledge of the process and ——"

"Stop!" cried Julietta. "You know entirely too much. I wasn't thinking of my book at all. I was just thinking — well, Mats, since you are so observant, I don't mind telling you — I was just thinking that — that I *do like the taste of canary.*"

NEXT MONTH: A new type of story by Sophie Kerr, about politics and women, "The Parkinson Affair." This is the first of a new series by the author of the Julietta stories. In the meantime, turn to page 15, and begin "The Lifted Veil," the biggest novel by far that McClure has ever published.

The Straight Road

[*Continued from page 30*]

away, though I did leave them there together. Now she would have something to say to me at that coming Sunday dinner! I was prickles all over, as I went around for my visit with Boy. Yet later, riding home in the car, I laughed to myself half hysterically.

Things were in a foolish mess — but it was funny. I wondered if Delia would tell me next time I met her that Al Pendleton had always treated her as a gentleman should! I was sorry to have set off a thing like that about her next-door neighbor, and yet I couldn't let poor Joe Ed stand for it.

Joe Ed had taken to coming to the house a good deal more than I wished he would, waylaying me in the halls, sitting on the couch down there and strumming on his ukelele and singing "I Love You, California." But the last time Joe Ed was up, I thought that underneath the fun and banter there was something like worry.

All this was in my mind as I got off the car, and it seemed like an echo of my thoughts when I heard, very guarded, sounding from the shadows of the little alleyway that led to Mr. Dale's bungalow, that same old tune whistled as nobody but Joe Ed ever whistled it. I stopped in the light of the doorway. The whistle stopped, too. I took a step and got out my key. The whistling started up again a little louder. I turned and called:

"Joe — is that you?"

For answer there came a warning hiss, an arm waved from behind the vines, and I went down to find the boy lurking there.

"Callie," he said hurriedly, "I want to ask a favor of you. Come back here where it's dark. Could you pack my extra things that are on the top shelf of your closet in Billy's suitcase and sneak them out to me? I hate to ask you, but ——"

He broke off, and we stood together in the dark there quite a minute. Then he reached out and caught both my hands, whispering:

"You're a good little scout! I do hate to ask you, honey!"

"Good evening! Oh, it's you, Mrs. Baird. I'd given you up, and was going out. Are you intending to work tonight?"

Mr. Dale stopped and appeared to survey us. He must have had the kind of eyes that can see in the dark, for I noticed that the lift of his hat included Joe Ed. Then I realized that coming from his end of the tunnel he had got the silhouette of our figures against the light of the street.

"Yes, of course — if you want me to."

"I'll be back in five minutes." Mr. Dale snapped his watch: "I'll just go down to the drug-store a minute and be with you."

As soon as he was gone I said to Joe Ed: "I'll get the things right now if you'll wait here."

"Good girl," he detained me, holding to my hand. "She doesn't ask why I daren't go in the house. Just like her. Don't bring the stuff out yet — somebody might see you. I'll go along now, and you meet me over in the square after you're done with Dale."

"It may be pretty late," I hesitated. "Sometimes we work till after eleven."

"All the better," he whispered nervously. "You'll make sure that nobody sees you?"

We had rather an extra amount of work on hand that night, and I was so uneasy about Joe Ed that Mr. Dale finally asked me what was the matter. For the sake of having something to say I told him about Delia's plea. He laughed in his usual half-sarcastic fashion, and made no sort of answer. At last we were done; I got away at a quarter-past eleven.

It took me only a few minutes to pack the suitcase, for weeks ago I had sorted out everything that didn't belong to me. Then there was the question of getting it to Joe Ed without being seen. I opened the door and cautiously scouted the halls. There seemed to be no one in the front one downstairs; but voices from the kitchen showed me that I might meet the girls coming up. I covered the suitcase with some loose garments, as though it had been sewing for Miss Chandler, took it up in my arms and ran breathlessly to the refuge of her little passageway. I was there when Addie and Orma went by up to their room. I dropped off the garments and left them, slipping on down the big stairway.

Once out on the street I took a free breath, and walked on, holding up my head. I found Joe Ed over in the little square. He stepped out from beneath a palm-tree and took the suitcase from me, thrust an arm through mine and hurried me along to the further end of the place where a bench stood in the shadows. The minute he spoke I remembered what Delia had said, for it was very plain he had been drinking. He was flurried, excited, out of himself — not at all like anything I had ever seen of him. He spoke again about my being so good not to ask questions.

"Just because you don't — I'm going to tell you," he said. "I've got to skip. There are papers out after me. Some shyster lawyer's got hold of Addie — and — I've got to skip."

We had taken the bench in the shadows, but he couldn't sit still; he got up and pulled me with him, and we walked back and forth.

"You've got troubles enough of your own," he went on, "and here I'm dumping mine on your doorstep. I'll bet you hate me for it all right."

"I'm very fond of you, Joe. I'm — glad to do anything to help." I said it sincerely. "I don't forget how good you were to me. You've always been different from the others. They ——"

"Different!" he broke in, turning to look down at me from his tall height. "Different — the deuce I am! I've been dead in love with you from the first minute I saw you in the vestibule there — Cap giving you what-for — you standing up to him like a soldier. I suppose this isn't a very good time to ask a lady to marry you — but you say the word, honey, and we'll skip together. I've got thirty dollars in my pocket. Not much — but it'd keep us a few days — I can always get a job. What?"

"Joe," I spoke solemnly, "how old are you?"

"What's that got to do with it? I'm good and plenty taller than you are — see?" He reached around and measured the height of my head against his shoulder.

"How old are you?" I repeated.

"We-ell," reluctantly, in a tone of argument, "I'll vote next presidential election."

"I could have voted last election," I said, "if I'd registered for it. You're just a boy, Joe. I am a divorced woman, with a child dependent upon me. You want to get it out of your foolish mind that you're in love with me."

"California," he sighed, dropping the suitcase he had carried till now, putting both

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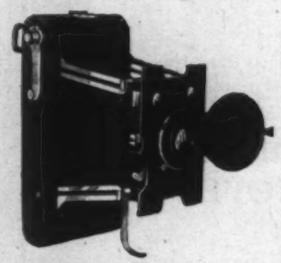

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hands on my shoulders and turning me to such dim light as there was so that he could look full in my face, "you're no expert on the love game — I see that. My mind? Folks don't fall in love with their minds. As far as you and I are concerned, I fell in all over. But let it pass, honey. Of course, you're dead right. Here you are with the kid — and the only helping hand I give you is when I reach out and try to pull you into my kettle of hot water. Kiss me good-by — and I'll go."

Chapter XIII — The Chance I Got

MY own affairs at the *Clarion* office had shaped themselves into a sort of routine; I didn't trouble myself much about Mr. Stokes, now, except when I tried again to get him to give me a really worth-while assignment. He always put me off — but held out hopes.

I was asking Rosalie one day if she believed Mr. Stokes would ever let me have my chance, and finally she said:

"I'll tell you what you do, Cal. The next time he goes to San Francisco on a drunk — oh, you needn't look surprised, that's all he ever goes up there for — the next time he's fixing to start, you ask him for an assignment, and I'll back you. He's easy when he wants to get off for a spree."

But to my surprise it was Mr. Stokes himself who actually made me the offer. I was sitting later than usual hurrying through some letters he had dictated at the last minute. I thought he had already left the office, when I heard him get up, come to the open door between the rooms, and I could see out of the corner of my eye that he stood there staring at me.

"Sis — still got writing ambitions?" he grunted. My fingers on the keys stopped instantly. I looked up.

"Are you going to give me something?"

"Do you think you and Bailey could handle local politics — with me away?" He kept looking at me. "I reckon I oughtn't to go up to 'Frisco and leave you two lightweights to hold this down."

"What is it?" I tried to be calm.

"I've just heard that Murphy and Turk Thompson have got a little caucus on in the back room of a saloon out at the edge of town on Millward Street There's to be slate-making. They won't get together much before midnight. The 'Frisco train that I want leaves at ten o'clock, but I've got to stay over and cover the thing because you two females would be afraid to go out there."

"We wouldn't." My voice wavered a little. "Rosy's never afraid of anything. You know it."

"How about you?"

"Just try me."

I got up from the machine with my finished letters fluttering in my hands, I was so excited. I was to sign them with a rubber stamp and get them off. Mr. Stokes began to back out of the doorway.

"If Rosalie'll go, I will," I said. "We'll be together. Newspaper reporters have to go everywhere at all sorts of times."

"All right — you for it." He stumped back at his desk; I heard him slamming things around and whistling as he made ready — for San Francisco, and his spree.

"Where do I meet Miss Bailey — when?" I called in to him.

"Leave the car at the corner of Millward and Chandler Streets. She'll be waiting. I told you they wouldn't get at it much before midnight," and he went whistling and clattering downstairs like a big clumsy boy let out of school.

I found myself ridiculously excited, and had to calm down. Mrs. Eccles was to bring Boy to the Poinsettia that evening not earlier than six o'clock. I intended to keep him for the night — a thing I had managed twice before without Mrs. Thrasher's knowing of it. She made no objection to his daylight visits, but I knew without asking that she wouldn't give permission for his staying over night. Of course I should be taking a risk to go out and leave him alone in the room, but the appointment was so late that I thought he would be certain to sleep — or I might speak to Orma about him.

We had quite a joyful feast, making a funny game of whispering and stepping very softly, and at half-past seven I threw myself on the bed beside him and lay there till he was fast asleep. I dropped off myself, and wakened with a start to hear the clock on the landing strike eleven!

I jumped up and grabbed my hat and notebook. Suppose poor Rosalie got out there and waited for me? Suppose I didn't arrive till after the meeting was over? I never gave a thought to telling Orma that Boy was in my room — I just ran down the steps and hurried out to catch the first Chandler Street car I could. At that hour I had the street-car all to myself. It was a longer ride than I had expected, but finally the conductor called me for Millward Street. Was I too late? No — as I climbed down from the car I saw a figure waiting in the shadow of the eucalyptus. I went toward the curb, the car hummed on without me; this figure detached itself from the darkness and came forward. It was Mr. Stokes.

I'm not suspicious. I looked right past him for Miss Bailey.

"Where's Rosalie?" I asked jealously. "What made you stay over? She and I could look after it. What was the use of my coming out here if you were going to do the work?"

"You're late," he answered, at cross purposes. "I'd begun to think you weren't coming at all. Here, this way."

He took hold of my arm and steered me down the side street where a row of pepper trees dropped their green laces so low that an occasional branch touched you as you walked under. It didn't look like the kind of place where you'd find a saloon. I pulled back, demanding:

"Is Rosalie down there?"

"Don't ask so many questions," lunging to take my arm again. I sidled away.

"Am I to help *you* report the meeting? I wouldn't have come if you'd told me that."

I looked about, warily holding my distance from Mr. Stokes. We were midway of a long dark block — as far back as forward — I'd better keep on with him.

"You needn't get sassy, either. I want to talk to you. You don't give me any chance in the office."

"Talk, then," I said, getting ahead as fast as I could — almost running. I meant to dodge right down the other street at the next corner, whatever he might think of me.

"Don't be in such a hurry." He lumbered along beside me. "You might as well be nice — now that you're out here. Hold on; it ain't going to hurt you to love me a little. You'd get along better in the office if you did."

I'd kept as much of the sidewalk between us as I could. But he was crowding toward my side so that I must either go off in the weeds or let him take my arm again. Soon we were at the corner. I faced him.

"Love you!" I spluttered. "I wouldn't love you if you were the last man in the world! You had no business to ——"

"Shucks!" he broke in, grabbing me. "We needn't split hairs over a word. You know why I gave you a place. You know I think a lot of you. I do. I'd care more for you than for any of them. You can't stay in the same office with me and keep standing them off."

"Stay in the same office with you!" I choked. "Do you think I'll ever put my foot in the *Clarion* office again after this? You can tell them so — and why!"

I dodged past him and ran — as I never knew I could run. I heard him call after me, and flew the faster. I thought I rounded the next corner toward Chandler Street and the car line; but the streets were cut differently here; no car line was in sight. I had lost my hat; my hair was down. I was glad that all about me was dim and silent. I brought up suddenly with the knowledge that it must be well past midnight, and I didn't know where I was.

I tried to calm myself and take my bearings. Most of the hairpins were gone from my hair; I finally braided it in a single plait down my back, trying all the time to get back to Chandler Street. I was completely lost. Well, anyhow, I didn't look fit to get on a street-car; I just took the general direction by the tower of the Cronin Building and

A Sixth Sense

AT a recent dinner, a woman was gossiping more than she should. One of the guests, shocked by her talk, turned to a certain wit and said:

"What do you think of her, Mr. X?"

"I think she has a delightful sense of rumor," was the prompt answer.

started to walk it. The steady movement did me good. By the time I got in the streets I knew I was quite steadied down. I pretty nearly went to pieces again when I got to the Poinsettia door, felt for my latchkey and found it wasn't there! I had lost it.

Here it was, after two o'clock; I was locked out, Boy up in my room, and no one aware of his being there. I walked along the two sides of the house, looking up at its windows; all black, except where they caught the reflection from the street lamps. If I could have reached Mrs. Tipton — but her window was above the tunnel, and there was no way to get at it. Grotesquely enough, the only windows I could easily reach would be those of Mrs. Thrasher and Mrs. or Miss Tutt. I could fling a handful of gravel up to any of these, and I laughed a little hysterically at the thought. If I rang the bell to get hold of Orma, the house would be roused and everybody would have to know the story tomorrow. I stole down the tunnel to see if by any blessed chance Mr. Dale should have been working late. No — his little dwelling was as black and still as the other, the curtains drawn on his sleeping-porch.

Twice I went and stood under it and spoke Mr. Dale's name in a guarded tone, but it didn't rouse him. Finally, as I was trying to clamber up on the garbage can that stood by the kitchen steps, I felt sure I heard Boyce in the room above cry out. I must get in there. If he once waked up and found himself alone, he'd raise the house — and then I should have to leave the Poinsettia in disgrace!

Half laughing, I ran back once more to the bungalow's sleeping-porch, called Mr. Dale's name — sharply, this time — with no result. Then I put a hasty hand through the curtains, shaking them a little, fumbled forward, and before I knew it touched his face.

"Oh," I spoke louder than I had done yet, "Mr. Dale!"

"Who is it?" His voice answered promptly.

"It's Mrs. Baird —" I got no further; his feet struck the floor, as he interrupted:

"Yes. Wait a minute. I'll open the door for you."

"I — I'm locked out," I called through the curtains. "I forgot my key. Boy's in my room. I must get in to him. I thought maybe you could help me — the window."

"Oh — certainly." Mr. Dale's first replies had been in that odd tone one gets from a person just roused from deep sleep. Now he spoke like his normal self. "I'll get something on and be with you in a minute," he said.

I went back to my hopeful garbage can, which was as tall as a barrel, yet with an inhospitable peaked top. Almost immediately he joined me there, sized up the situation and went to his house for a step-ladder. The adventure seemed to amuse him.

"I shouldn't need this for myself," he said, as he came back with the easy way, "but I pay you the compliment of supposing that this is out of the common for you. Up you go — no, I'll have to get there first and reach down for you."

We whispered and laughed like truant children. He went up the ladder, caught the roof edge and swung himself to it easily, then lay on its flat surface and reached down for me.

"Come on," he urged. "Don't be afraid. I can lift your weight. I used to be rather good at this sort of thing."

"I don't know what I should have done without you," I whispered energetically as he got me across the flat roof to my window-sill. He pulled the sash open for me. "Thank you a thousand times."

"You're a thousand times welcome." Mr. Dale slid back toward the roof edge and the ladder, and I went in to Boy.

[*To be continued*]

In the coming instalment, Callie Baird dramatically casts off the friendship of Harvey Watkins and his wife — with good reason. Boy is taken ill, and is hurried back to the Poinsettia, where Callie overhears a strange conversation between Dale and Dr. Rush, and witnesses their violent quarrel.

Big Policies that Protect Big Interests

[*Continued from page 37*]

employed to cover individual business risks, and the interests of comparatively small men.

A life insurance man was urging a manufacturer, sole owner of a thriving business, to cover risks with a moderate policy — one for ten thousand dollars. The manufacturer was thoroughly confident about his own ability to take care of himself.

"You might talk all day," he declared, "but you couldn't scare me into signing an application. My profits in the next five years will make me independent."

"Well, if you won't buy, perhaps you'll sell," said the insurance man. "I'll give you ten thousand dollars for your profits this year."

"What!" shouted the manufacturer. "Why, I'll make more than that during the next six months."

"All right, then," said the insurance man, "are you willing to let such earning power go absolutely unprotected? You certainly wouldn't take the risk if it was a question of fire. Yet a fire may never happen, while death is a certain contingency. Life insurance will protect your earning power not merely for the next five years, but as long as you live."

Before he left the manufacturer signed an application for a fifty-thousand-dollar policy.

The early uses of life insurance were chiefly for protection to one's family or dependents in case of death. Seventy-five years ago, when it was found that ratios of death among a thousand persons follow exact laws, and life insurance was being turned from a gamble into a business, men spoke with the utmost enthusiasm of its wonders — how the policy for one or two thousand dollars drove the wolf from the widow's door.

But as modern business has developed, the protective phases of life insurance have been developed to meet it. The man who goes into a bank to borrow money takes along something to prove his character and ability. On top of that he demonstrates that the enterprise for which he seeks capital is sound. And on top of this he insures his life for the amount of the loan. Following the same principle, the owner of a big baseball club, after hiring a manager at twenty thousand dollars a year, will insure his life for a hundred thousand, clearly understanding that the loss of such a man would seriously cripple the club for at least one season.

In England, insurance has developed all sorts of queer risks, mostly connected with business risks. Rain is rather common in England, and sometimes interferes with a merchant's profits. He can insure against it. Rioting is a shop-keeping risk when labor and political disturbances bring disorderly crowds in the streets. It can be insured at a definite percentage of probable loss by window smashing and looting. War, strikes, elections and many other contingencies affect trade, and are all covered in special policies at a price.

In the United States, on the contrary, there has been almost no development of these queer risks and freak policies.

Perhaps this difference in insurance methods is due to difference in the business of the two countries. For England is a great international clearing house for goods of all kinds. Trade of that sort is very sensitive to politics and similar influences. Much British business is brokerage and jobbing. Large capital must be invested in goods to make slight margins of profit or slender commissions. Our business, however, runs more to manufacturing and retailing, with wider margins of profit in proportion to the capital required, and a better chance for the element of personal ability to correct bad tendencies. Chances of loss through queer risks are not so great.

So with us business insurance has kept steadily to straight life policies. Major risks of credit and personal ability are guarded more and more by insurance, but in such ways that, while the business man covers the risk, he is also creating a stable asset.

One of the latest developments in the business use of life insurance — and a

A VISION
of your car
disastrously skidding
on the slippery turn ahead

You have neglected to put on Weed Chains. *You* anxiously view the slippery turn ahead and have *a mental picture of your car skidding into the school children.*

Stop nursing anxiety and coaxing calamity. For Safety's sake —for your own peace of mind fully equip your car today with

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Safety demands that all tires be equipped with Weed Chains. It doesn't require the gift of second sight to see why this is true. *Rubber slips —never grips.* Rubber will agree to anything the road has to offer. It is the weaker element. It slides on wet pavements like a cake of soap rubbed on the moistened hands. Rubber lacks the bite-and-hang-on ability to prevent skidding.

Weed Chains are diamond hard— many times harder than their opposing element the pavement or road. Wheels equipped with Weed Chains automatically lay their own traction surface. They grip without grinding —hold without binding. *No matter how muddy or icy the road,* they hold on like a bull-dog, prevent side-skid and drive-slip.

Sold for ALL Tires by Dealers Everywhere

EVERY WEED IS GUARANTEED

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To be more than a mere scrap of paper, a guarantee must be absolute—and backed by a concern able and willing to make good.

The General's guarantee on CERTAIN-TEED Roofing is not only absolute; it is backed by the world's largest roofing and building paper mills, making one-third of all the roll roofing made in America.

The guarantee is for 5, 10 or 15 years, according to ply (1, 2 or 3). This guarantee is possible because the roofing is thoroughly saturated with the General's own blend of soft asphalts, and then coated with a harder blend which keeps the inner saturation soft, and prevents drying-out.

CERTAIN-TEED is made in rolls; also in slate-covered shingles. There is a type of CERTAIN-TEED for every kind of building, with flat or pitched roof, from the largest sky-scraper to the smallest out-building. CERTAIN-TEED is sold by responsible dealers all over the world, at reasonable prices.

General Roofing Manufacturing Company
World's Largest Manufacturers of Roofing and Building Papers

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NO matter in what part of the world you live you can deposit your savings with this bank—established 48 years ago—where your money is absolutely safe and earns 4% compound interest.
Write for free booklet "D" explaining our convenient system of banking BY MAIL.

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CLEVELAND, OHIO. ASSETS OVER 55 MILLION DOLLARS. CAPITAL & SURPLUS $2,000,000.00

Sunburned
Faces
are quickly relieved by the cooling, soothing influence of this refreshing cream. Do not rub the tender, inflamed skin but moisten a soft handkerchief with
Hinds
HONEY AND ALMOND
Cream
and cover the injured surface. Keep it moist for an hour and repeat occasionally. The skin will soon heal. Hands and arms should have similar treatment. To prevent severe sunburn apply the cream before exposure. Use it morning and night to keep the complexion clear, fresh and attractive.
Selling everywhere or postpaid by us on receipt of price. Hinds Cream in bottles, 50c; Hinds Cold Cream in tubes, 25c.
Sample of Cream sent for 2 cent stamp to pay postage.
Do not take a substitute.
Hinds Cream will improve the skin.
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Do Wonders for Hair and Skin
The Soap for all toilet purposes, the Ointment to soothe and soften.
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With 32-p. book on the skin. Address post-card: "Cuticura, Dept. 9B, Boston." Sold everywhere.

mighty good one, too — is that of buying protection for all the employees of a large concern through a single policy in a big life insurance company.

A Chicago mercantile concern took out two policies about a year ago, one covering the lives of twenty-eight hundred employees and the other providing them with health and accident insurance. The life policy was for four million dollars, and employees have insurance amounting to about two years' salary or wages, according to individual earning capacity. The premium of forty-two thousand dollars annually is equivalent to fifteen dollars a year per employee, and is paid by the company.

In New England, several large machine-building concerns have taken out blanket policies on the same basis, insuring each employee for one year's wages or salary up to two thousand dollars, the employers paying the premiums for the sake of the greater stability brought to their organizations. Under these blanket policies life insurance is not only bought at wholesale prices, so to speak, but protection is extended to thousands of working people who might not take out policies if left to themselves. Moreover, the workman whose physical condition prevents insurance on an individual policy can be included in the blanket policy bought by his company, because if one hundred persons are insured, the rate can be adjusted a bit and the law of averages will take care of the rest. With such a policy comes more care for the health of employees and more attention to the prevention of accidents. The premium amounts to about one and one-half per cent. of the yearly pay-roll.

NEXT MONTH: "Dictated but Not Read," by Edward Mott Woolley; "Accounts Payable," by Holworthy Hall; "Outside the Law," as told to Anna Steese Richardson; "Mary and Marie," by Porter Emerson Browne; "The Parkinson Affair," by Sophie Kerr; and "How to Live Long and Love Long," by Cleveland Moffett. Don't forget that you can begin "The Lifted Veil," by turning to page 15.

An Appeal to the Management

[*Continued from page 33*]

"May I come in, Bob? I want to talk a little business."

"Surely — won't you sit down?" He rang a bell.

"I'm representing a little syndicate, Bob," started Mr. Emery.

"I've rather expected you." To the boy, he said: "Bring some cigars."

"Bob, I'm not going to dicker with you — I don't want to, and I doubt if you want to. We've formed an organization — call it the Kenilworth Associates — and I've come to present the only proposition we can make. We came to Soncy with the understanding that we'd have an opportunity to buy the property. We've decided that we can make it a community affair. So I'm authorized to offer you a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars ——"

Clayton raised his hand.

"Pardon me for interrupting — you'll smoke, won't you — but how did you arrive at that exact figure?"

"Why, by a series of estimates."

"Exactly. Well, I have some estimates of my own." He reached for the top of his memo sheets. "Mr. Emery, we had to borrow approximately eighty thousand dollars. On the season, as nearly as I can judge, we'll show a profit of twenty. Now, *next* year, if I don't sell the place, we won't have to spend much for permanent improvements; there ought to be a tremendous gain ——"

"Yes, provided you hav a full house."

"Of course. Well, do you think that your price is an inducement?"

"Yes, Bob, I do. The only real value in this property is the solidarity of Kenilworth behind it. You couldn't deed *that* to any other purchaser. What we propose to do is to incorporate as a club; and buy from you — *subject* to your indebtedness! You'll have a hundred and twenty-five *net*. That'll mean that the property costs us about two hundred thousand — and that's the best we can do. We'd make you a director in the corporation, and an honorary member of the club — no dues forever. And we're offering this to you on the supposition that this isn't the kind of business you want to be in, and that you're willing to take a quick profit, all cash ——"

"Never mind that, Mr. Emery. You do think Soncy is worth at least two hundred thousand dollars — now that it's refurbished, and landscaped, and all that?"

"Just about. Originally, I suppose it might have been worth fifty or sixty — you put eighty into it before you opened. The rest is velvet."

Clayton glanced at his balance sheet.

"Thank you. Well — in cash on hand we have about eleven thousand dollars. I'm going to keep that for myself. Then I'm going to ask Mr. Fredericks to draw up the deed tonight — you know the usual formula — one dollar, and other good and valuable considerations — well, in this case the consideration *will* be one dollar!"

"How's that? I don't get your meaning ——"

"Don't you? Have you any idea how we financed Soncy?"

"Yes; you borrowed money."

"Do you know where?"

"New York people, presumably."

Clayton bent forward.

"We got it from *you!* Jimmy Henderson was in it somehow — I don't know how, and he didn't tell me! *I* saw every banker in New York — they laughed at me! Then Jimmy said he could handle it — and he did! He never even told me where it came from! We simply had the credit in our bank! But that was *your* money — and you know it!"

Mr. Emery smoked calmly. "How'd you find it out?"

"That's immaterial! The point is that I won't take one cent of interest on *your* capital! I'll keep that cash item — that's mine, all right enough — but that's as far as I go! Take Soncy — and make a garage, or a club, or a pig-sty out of it for all *I* care!"

"Bob! Listen to me!"

"I suppose this sounds pretty crude to you, but — I'm sorry. You evidently came into this when it was rotten business, and — you see, I thought I was making good. It seems I haven't been; *you've* done it. It's your profit."

"Bob! My motives were ——"

"*Your* motives?" He laughed. "Why, Mr. Emery, you might have better *given* me a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars last fall — made me a present of it — and saved a lot of effort! That's what it amounts to. And if that was what you meant when you told me what you want in a son-in-law . . . success! . . . that you'd subsidize me without even *my* knowing it — if you'd told me that at the time, I'd have said exactly what I do now ——"

"Bob, would you throw money in the gutter?"

"*No!* But that's what *you've* done — for me to pick up! And — I don't care for it."

"You don't consider the possibility of my having changed my mind ——"

"Oh, what difference does it make?" asked Clayton wearily. "Take the property, and let me get out — I'm sick of it! Edith's changed *her* mind, too."

"But you're mistaken, Bob! You're wrong!"

"No, I'm not!"

Mr. Emery rose, and came swiftly to Clayton's chair, and laid his hand on the younger man's arm.

"Look here, Bob," he said. "Are you *blind?* Can't you *see?* What do you suppose would have brought me into this if I hadn't wanted to see you put it over? When I saw that you had ideas, initiative, courage — I was willing to help you. Surely I didn't want you to know — I never intended that you *should* know! The money was safe enough — I knew that! And as for Edith — don't you imagine that *she* wanted you to succeed, too? And how much chance would there have been for you to stick to business this summer if you'd been engaged? You were off post too much as it was." He tightened his grip. "Don't be a fool, Bob! We've been testing you a bit — *you've* made good!" He took the desk telephone from its hook. "I'm going to send for Edith to meet us on the veranda in three minutes . . . and it seems to me, Bob, it does seem to me that you owe us both an apology."

"Why — yes," said Clayton stupidly. "I owe *her* an apology. But I'm afraid it's too late — now."

Miss Emery started perceptibly when she saw Clayton standing with her father near the lobby door; but she said good evening to him; and that, under the circumstances, was more than he had expected. The trio moved down to the lawn, Mr. Emery leading the way, and conducting a monologue. At the marquee he halted.

"Goodness!" he said emphatically. "I've got to run back a minute. You two go ahead — I'll catch you directly." He was gone; the man and the girl waited in mutual embarrassment.

"We might as well keep on," ventured Clayton at length. She made no response, but walked with him to the rocks; tonight they chanced to be deserted. "I want to apologize to you," said Clayton bravely. "I've had it out with your father, and you were right, and I was wrong. I'm sorry."

"He — he telephoned up to my room just now, and said that you were anxious to apologize; but what I came down for was to apologize to *you*. It was horrid of me, Bob, but — Jimmy told me about it only this morning — I made him — and when I knew the facts, I couldn't *stand* hearing you talk so ——"

"I've sold Soncy to the syndicate — I thought you'd like to know, that, too. But I'm not taking what they offered — I'm not taking anything but a little cash."

"I — I don't understand?"

He smiled grimly.

"I've been thinking all summer that I was pretty clever, Edith. I thought I'd done something rather unusual, and praiseworthy — but your father and Jimmy did it for me. So the earned increment is theirs. When I make a success, I'll do it by myself."

"But — I thought you wanted money, Bob!"

"So I do — but not that way. I'm going into partnership with Jimmy in New York. My eleven thousand buys an eighth interest — just what he had here."

"You — you don't think you've succeeded, Bob?"

"Hardly!"

"Well, aren't you glad you tried? Can't you see how other people might look at it? Father thinks you've achieved something — so do I. We didn't think that way last fall. And it was your *idea*."

"And what good did it do me?"

She was momentarily silent. Suddenly, very shyly: "Bob — you remember I told you the day I came — I wasn't sure?"

He caught his breath sharply. "Yes."

"I wasn't — then! And — and I haven't been very nice to you, Bob. But *you're* been splendid! And I can forgive anything you said this afternoon, because I'm just beginning to see how independent and — sincere you are. Didn't you recall my promise to tell you if I — changed my mind?"

"Edith!"

"I was trying to tell you in the canoe. Bob, is it *true* I can have whatever I w-want — in Soncy?"

"Edith!" he said dazedly. "*Edith!*"

"I w-want to be kissed!" she sobbed against his shoulder. "I *am* sure, Bob. You *said* I could have what I w-want — even *you!*"

NEXT MONTH: "Accounts Payable," a story by Holworthy Hall that is much more frivolous and diverting than its ominous title. Pictures by Crosby.

Science and the Automobile

By Waldemar Kaempffert

A SALESMAN presented his card to the purchasing agent of an automobile manufacturer. "John Dawson, representing the Kalon Company, New York," it read. He had come to explain the virtues of "Kalon."

"What's Kalon?" asked the purchasing agent.

Kalon proved to be a special secret chemical which had the marvelous property of "drawing" or tempering the spring plates made from high-alloy steel. Price five dollars a pound.

"Give me a sample," said the purchasing agent. "You'll hear from me in a week."

And John Dawson did.

"Dear Sir," read the purchasing agent's letter: "Your sample of 'Kalon,' left with me a few days ago, is a mixture of sodium nitrate and potassium nitrate. Chemically pure grades of such nitrate can be bought in the market for ten or twelve cents a pound, and the ordinary commercial grades at five or six cents a pound. It seems to me that your price of $5.00 a pound is more than this company ought to pay."

He was no extraordinary skeptic, this purchasing agent—simply a type to be found in every well-conducted automobile factory. When he bought, his eyes were wide open. Who opened them? The men in a chemical and physical laboratory — the men who give strength and real character to your automobile.

Not one of the hundreds of materials which are hammered, cut, rolled, squeezed and shaped to make an automobile, not a wheel-spoke or a tuft of upholstery hair, not a piece of metal or a layer of varnish, but has been rigorously tested by all the standards of modern science. Few universities have laboratories so admirably equipped as those which are now as indispensable a part of an automobile factory as a paint shop. Without the aid of the physicist, the chemist and the metallurgist, motor-cars would still be the untrustworthy "horseless carriages" of 1900.

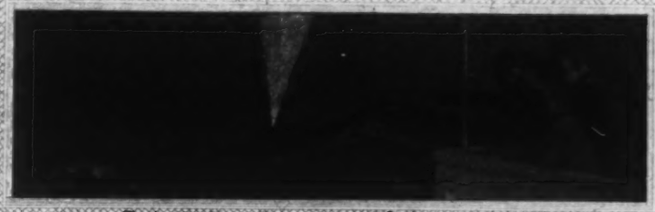
Mr. Kaempffert

When a writer of historical fiction describes in tense, vivid phrases, a duel between two agile guardsmen, he invariably dwells upon the wonderful metal of their blades. The swords of novels are forged of Damascus or Toledo steel. Literary tradition demands it. But the sword makers of Damascus or Toledo were mere children compared with the metallurgists of an automobile factory. Have you not read of old blades that can be bent into complete circles without breaking? Any automobile metallurgist can eclipse the armorer of old. Were anything to be gained by the feat, he would produce a bar of arm-thick steel, which can be tied into a knot without breaking.

The men in the laboratory do not make steel. They simply specify what kinds of steel must be supplied — specify them after much tedious research. Hence the steel maker must in turn have a laboratory which supervises the work done in his mill and sees to it that the right kind of automobile steel is produced. Nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of a thousand, his steel now meets the requirements of the automobile manufacturer. But not one ounce of it is bought by the purchasing agent until it has been tested by the metallurgists in the automobile factory itself.

That process of testing is as marvelous as an automobile itself. If you want to break a piece of copper wire, you bend it and twist it until at last it severs in your hands. The number of times you bend and twist is a crude measure of the wire's toughness. One way of testing a metal is to destroy it. And so we find in the automobile laboratory, machines which are diabolically ingenious instruments of destruction. In a sense, they are astounding substitutes for human muscles — substitutes of titanic strength. They grip a driving shaft and twist and twist until at last it breaks; they seize a rod and pull it remorselessly until it snaps; they grasp the ends of a plate and bend it back and forth, back and forth, back and forth hundreds of times, until it breaks like the copper wire in your hand. Gages and dials indicate the endurance of the specimen under examination. Their readings, embodied in laboratory reports, govern the purchasing agent. It is astounding how resistant is the steel of which your motor-car is composed. An axle-shaft can be twisted through six complete turns before it parts; a valve-stem can be stretched out one-half its original length like a piece of rubber, before it breaks; an entire front axle can be bent double and straightened out without injury.

Even whole automobile members are thus mercilessly tested. The spring suspension of your car is such a part. As you ride along on a country road and the wheel strikes a half-hidden rock, the tonneau and its load are tossed up, to drop down again with a thud. The spring must absorb the shock. To make sure that the spring is strong enough, a whole set of leaves, exactly as they are assembled for use in a car, is placed in a deflecting machine. That machine is the mechanical equivalent of the road obstructions that fling an automobile body about. It holds the spring suspension in the middle and bends the ends back and forth. And it does this not once, twice, or a dozen times, but until it breaks. Now this bending is not the slight vibratory motion which is to be expected while



The light that says "There it is!"

Twenty-one men, two battered boats, an angry sea

And then night fell. Adrift in open boats, the crew of the steamer, "Kanawha"—abandoned ninety-five miles southeast of Cape Hatteras on March 16th, 1916—had practically given up all hope.

But by a twist of fate one of the crew, on leaving the sinking steamer, had taken with him an EVEREADY Flashlight. Water-soaked though it was, this little light did not fail. Miles away the steamer "Santa Marta" sighted its bright flashes and, recognizing them as a signal of distress, came at full speed to the rescue of the imperiled crew.

Thus were the lives of twenty-one men saved by this "light of preparedness," EVEREADY — the same light that may some day serve you with equal faithfulness in one of the emergencies of this uncertain world.

EVEREADY lights with Tungsten Batteries are obtainable in many styles, priced from 75c up, at dealers everywhere. Get yours today.

EVEREADY SAFETY LIGHTS

American Ever Ready Wks.
of National Carbon Company
Long Island City New York

Every Debutante Can Now Say

I SHALL NEVER HAVE A CORN

Nowadays anyone can keep entirely free from corns. No young girl need ever know the ache of a kill-joy corn. Millions of people know that. Corns are needless—are absurd—since Blue-jay was invented.

At the first sign of a corn apply a Blue-jay plaster. It can't pain after that. In two days the corn disappears. New corns or old corns can be ended this way. But some old corns —about nine per cent—require the second application.

If you pare corns or use harsh old-time treatments, quit them. If you do not, don't begin. Blue-jay has eliminated 70 million corns. It has done it in an easy, gentle way. With all corns always this is the thing to do. The quicker you do it the better. For your own sake, prove this fact tonight.

Blue-jay Ends Corns

15 and 25 cents—at Druggists
Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters
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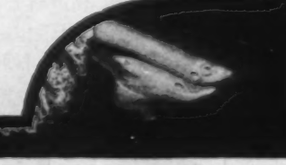
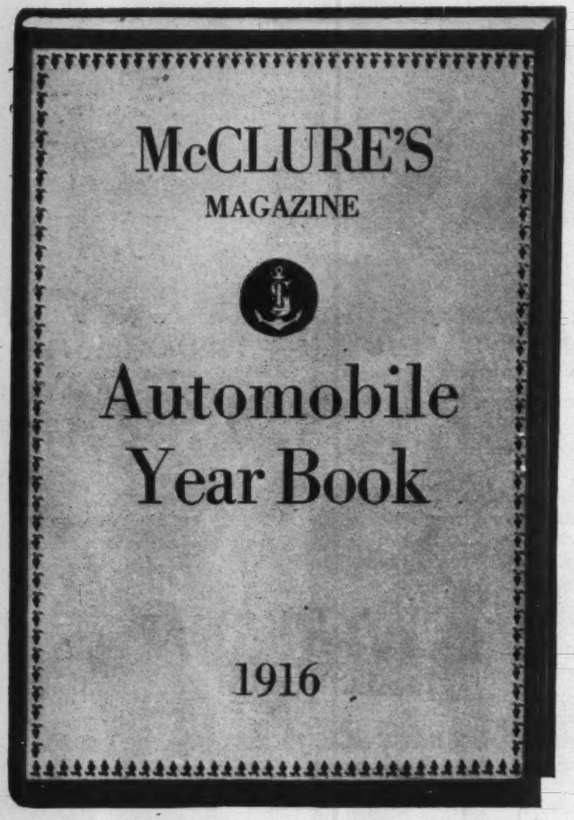


The Prophylactic Tooth Brush — Ask your druggist for "the brush in the yellow box"—he knows



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THE McClure Automobile Year Book, published by the Automobile Department of McClure's Magazine, is a book which should be in the hands of every one interested in either pleasure or commercial motor-cars. It is different from any automobile book ever published. This book is bound in stiff board covers — size 5½″ x 7⅞″ over all, and contains 268 pages. It is sold for fifty cents and may be obtained only through the McClure Automobile Department. It will be mailed prepaid to any one sending fifty cents in stamps, check, or post-office money order. Address all communications to McCLURE AUTOMOBILE DEPARTMENT, McCLURE BUILDING, NEW YORK.

riding over the cobblestones of a city street, but the deep, full bending that occurs when the automobile body has sunk as far down as it can and rises again. The best spring made will withstand this full backward and forward flexion two hundred thousand times before it breaks. The road equivalent of that test would be the driving of a car through two hundred thousand ditches. Even the worst roads of Canada and the West are unable to outdo that deflecting machine.

And so it is with brake rods, too. They are tested by revolving them under a load. It takes more than two weeks of constant running before they yield. As a result, you can work a brake pedal a hundred thousand times without straining the steel in the little brake rod beneath.

One of the most difficult tasks of the automobile designer is to plan a motor-car strong enough for any emergency, yet light enough to be easily maintained. Heavy automobiles may endure, but they consume much gasoline (and gasoline now costs as much as some cheap California wines) and wear out tires very fast. Without the aid of a laboratory it would be impossible to save weight and not sacrifice strength. So we find the designing engineers searching for a certain kind of steel to withstand a certain strain. They may want a gear wheel with teeth as hard on the outside as tool steel and with a tough core — a wheel which will not weigh more than a given number of ounces. It is the task of the laboratory to determine the exact chemical composition of that steel. Without research, the engineers would be helpless.

An automobile is built not of steel but of steels. There are as many kinds of steel as there are kinds of wood. The difference between a beam of oak and a beam of pine is no greater than the difference to be found between almost any two kinds of steels required in the making of an automobile. It would be impracticable, probably impossible, to build an automobile of one kind of steel. And so the men in the laboratory experiment and experiment and experiment to discover what variety is best for a particular purpose. Long ago it was discovered that the properties of steel could be subtly changed by the addition of very small quantities of such elements as chromium, carbon, manganese, nickel, tungsten, or vanadium. Chromium makes the steel hard and tough. Nickel not only does the same but increases the resistance of the metal to fatigue. The right kind of steel must be used in the right place, and to determine which is the right kind, the laboratory must be consulted. An axle must never break. Accordingly, steel is selected, which, rolled into a shaft less than one and a quarter inches in diameter, can suspend an eighty-ton locomotive. A cam shaft must be glass-hard on its surface and yet it must not be brittle. So, carbon steel is selected and an elaborate heat-treating process specified. The surface cannot be filed; yet the core is ductile and tough. A gear wheel made of such steel will run for ten thousand miles, but only the microscope will reveal the wear to which it has been subjected.

Before the automobile came only the cannon maker, the tool forger and the armor-plate manufacturer knew much about steel. It is significant that the ten-thousand-dollar automobiles of fifteen years ago (the only automobile with axles and shafts that would not break) were made of gun, battleship, or tool steel. The laboratory had made such steel possible, and the laboratory therefore became part of the automobile industry. Now the cheapest roadster is made of steel better than that utilized in the building of a millionaire's car when autoing was young.

NOTE: McClure readers who own a car, or who expect to own a car, will be interested in the McClure Automobile Year Book just published by McClure's Magazine. The price of the book is fifty cents. Quite a complete description of it appeared on page six of the May issue of McClure's Magazine. The book will be sent prepaid to anyone sending fifty cents in stamps to McClure's Magazine. Address all communications to the McClure Automobile Department, McClure Building, New York.

What Happened in Foregoing Chapters of
The Straight Road

FINDING life with her husband unbearable, California Baird decides to leave her home, taking with her their four-year-old boy. Callie, as she is called, had married Oliver Baird, who was a good deal older and lacked any of the finer qualities, at the instigation of her mother when she was only seventeen, and then only because of the shipwreck of a boy-and-girl love affair between her and Philip Stanley. Hoping that some of her childhood friends, Mr. and Mrs. Watkins, now living in San Vicente, will befriend her until she can find work, she makes her plans to go there. At the station she meets Alva Pendleton, Jr., a young fellow of unsavory reputation, who it turns out is also going to San Vicente. Callie starts back to the ticket office as she hears the whistle of the coming train, but finding she has not time to buy her ticket rushes to the train, only to find it has already started.

In sheer desperation Callie flags an express train which passes through. The brakeman, Joe Tipton, a good-natured young fellow, takes an interest in her and gives her a note to his mother, who keeps a very select boarding-house, called The Poinsettia, in San Vicente, asking her to give Callie his room while he is away. Soon after reaching San Vicente Callie calls at Harvey Watkins's office, and he not only promises to give her a position, but gives her a free scholarship to a business college and loans her money for expenses. He is strongly attracted to Callie's little boy and insists on the child's going out to the home of the woman who is taking care of his house while his wife is away.

In spite of the fact that Callie works hard at the business college and spends a large part of her spare time working for Mr. Dale, an author, she sees a good deal of Harvey Watkins, until he tries to make love to her. Then she breaks off their meetings as far as possible. Later on Delia Watkins returns and she and Callie renew their old friendship. Delia advises Callie to try to get a position on The Clarion, a local paper, and Callie makes an appointment with the editor to talk the matter over. This does not meet with the approval of Harvey Watkins, and leads to a stormy discussion. When Callie is leaving their home after dinner they go to the car with her and Delia insists on Harvey's kissing her good-night.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT NEW YORK, N. Y., FOR APRIL 1, 1916.

State of New York
County of New York

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Arthur S. Moore, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Secretary of The McClure Publications, Inc., publishers of McClure's Magazine, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912.

1. Names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, The McClure Publications, Inc., McClure Building, New York;
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Managing Editor, Charles Hanson Towne, McClure Building, New York;
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ARTHUR S. MOORE, Secretary.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of March, 1916.

[SEAL] Edwin Brown, Notary Public, Bronx Co., No. 31. Bronx Register's No. 710. Certificate filed New York County, No. 21. New York Register's No. 7052.

My commission expires March 30, 1917.

The Lifted Veil—*Continued from page 18*

he glanced at the tall Canadian, who stood erect and soldierlike, waiting without impatience. Minutes had passed before Bainbridge could take upon himself his duties as a host, and say: "Won't you sit down?"

They seated themselves on either side of the smouldering fire which the chill in the wind of the May day rendered acceptable. The clergyman sank absently into the long low armchair he was in the habit of using. The visitor, whose gloved left hand rested on his hip, while his ungloved right held his hat and stick, took the round-backed office chair at the other end of the hearthrug. Bainbridge gave the lines a fourth reading, in order to think out as rapidly and as clearly as possible what he should have to say.

"First," he observed, when the length of the silence had made it necessary for him to break it, "I ought to inform you that I don't know the name of the writer of these words, nor do I think I ought to know it."

"So she gave me to understand. From what I gathered that will not affect what you have to tell me."

Bainbridge felt that the way had been pointed for his next move.

"What *have* you gathered?"

"Nothing — certainly."

"Well, then — uncertainly?"

There was the slightest hesitation. "Still — nothing."

"Still — nothing?"

"Still — nothing."

The last word had the ring of decision and finality. After scanning the lines once more, Bainbridge tore the paper into tiny shreds. Leaning forward, he threw the fragments into the fire. "Then I'm afraid I can't add anything to what you already know," he said, quietly, as he watched them burn.

The tall figure seemed to stiffen in surprise. "Does that mean that you don't trust me?"

"Not exactly. I do trust you. Only you must see that this is a situation in which I'm unable to act."

"I'm afraid I don't see that, sir."

Bainbridge endeavored to explain. "A lady did come to me — about a year and a half ago — a lady I didn't know — closely veiled. But I've no positive assurance that this letter is from her." As the Canadian was about to protest the clergyman went on quickly: "Even if I had, it wouldn't make any difference, for the reason that the communication made to me then was, so to speak, under the seal of the confessional."

"But when she herself gives you permission ——"

"If the permission were better guaranteed than it is I still couldn't avail myself of it. Whatever there is to be made known must die between you and her."

"I've asked her to marry me," the stranger said, abruptly.

"I inferred that it was something like that."

"I asked her once before — years ago — but she refused me." The incoherent story Bainbridge had heard from her own lips began to come back to him. "After she refused me I married someone else; but my wife died when her baby was born the next year. The child died, too." For the space of a minute the somewhat expressionless, handsome face grew grave, but the cloud passed and the eyes glinted when he began to speak again. "Now that she's free — and I'm free — I've come back to her — with the result that she's given me this letter to you."

"And no other answer?"

"No other answer as yet."

"Then when you see her again will you tell her that I'm sorry, but that I've nothing to say?"

"You *have* something to say, if you'll only say it."

There was a tension in the minute which made it possible for the glances of the two to meet in a searching regard, without self-consciousness on either side. What Bainbridge saw was a man accustomed to be obeyed, startled, if not angered, by opposition. He answered carefully, therefore: "You'll do me a great favor, sir, if you consider me as having given my reply."

The response was disconcerting. "Which leaves a woman who may be innocent under suspicion. Have you thought of that?"

Once more the clergyman was obliged to choose his words. "Suspicion is chiefly in the mind of the person who suspects. It's something we can control, even when we can't altogether get away from it."

"Do you want me to understand that I *can't* altogether get away from it?"

"I want you to understand nothing whatever — from me. Your source of information is elsewhere, if you must have information."

"It's not a question of what I must have, but of what she wants me to know."

"Then she's at liberty to tell you. As it is, one of two things strikes me as wise. It would be better either for you not to press the matter further, or for her to take on herself the responsibility of making her own confidence."

The Canadian responded with some exasperation. "*I* don't want to press the matter further, the Lord only knows; and yet now that the question has been raised . . . You see," he went on, in another tone, "it might not be right for me in my situation to go it blind. If I tell you the circumstances you'll understand how the matter stands with me."

BAINBRIDGE expressed his willingness to listen to anything his visitor chose to impart.

"My father," the latter stated, "was a well-known Canadian banker. The banking profession is a more important national institution in our country than it is in this, for reasons that I shan't attempt to go into. I was the elder of the two sons, and succeeded my father in the business. He was already in a big way of doing things when the expansion of Canada, which began in the middle nineties, gave him further openings. He was a philanthropic, public-spirited man, not unknown in the United States ——"

"I recognized your name, without having anything exact to connect with it."

"That is, you recognized my father's name. He was created first a K. C. B. and afterwards a baronet by Queen Victoria, not long before she died. That's how it happens that I've a handle to my name, when I've done nothing to deserve it. But it's not wholly to the point. What I want you to see is that I can give my wife a good position, one in which she'd have, within reason, brilliant opportunities."

"I can quite understand that."

"And," he pursued, not wholly with ease, "just as I like to feel that the position is good enough for her, so I want to be sure that — you mustn't think me fatuous or an ass!— I'm not a very young man any longer and my situation as head of the family obliges me to think of it!— so I want to be sure — to be awfully crude and put it into very plain language!— that she's good enough for the position. Do you see?"

He had reddened as he continued to speak, though Bainbridge was too deeply interested to notice it. "Wouldn't that depend to some extent on what you mean by good?— and good enough?" he asked.

"What does anyone mean? I suppose I'm thinking of the usual thing."

"The usual thing," Bainbridge repeated, slowly, "doesn't take us very far, does it?"

"If it's as far as I need to go, why isn't it enough?"

"If it's as far as you need to go — then, sir, I'm afraid that I can't make any other suggestion."

The sympathetic carnal face looked blank. "What other suggestion could you make?"

"Only one that might help you to another idea of goodness."

The puzzled, uncomprehending look persisted. "What is it?— the other idea of goodness?"

"Merely this, that goodness isn't wholly in doing or not doing certain things; it's in a point of view."

"And yet where there has to be a point of view there must be something to consider."

"Isn't there always something to consider?"

"Not always something mysterious and grave; and where a woman is in question we can only refer the mysterious and grave to one particular," the Canadian argued.

"Whether the person in question is a woman or a man our standard of right action has to be the same."

"Our standard of right action? I don't think I know what you mean."

"I mean nothing abstruse or far-fetched — nor more than the ancient law we call the golden rule."

"Oh!" The Canadian pondered on this. "That is, if — if what — what I'm afraid of should prove true I ought to stand by her as, in the same set of circumstances, I should want her to stand by me. Is that it?"

"I'm not applying the law; I'm only pointing it out. All I say is that it's there, and that life becomes very much simplified when we obey it. Whether you obey it or not must be for you to decide."

As the banker rose slowly to his feet he said, drily: "If I marry her — and she marries me — I think I can say it will not be for any such reason as that."

Bainbridge leaned back in his chair, his head against the cushion, gazing up at this splendid sample of physical manhood. That so lovable a giant should love any woman in vain seemed scarcely credible. Vaguely it came back to him that his veiled visitor had confessed that this man had impressed her, that if he had only insisted. . . . But aloud he said, quietly: "Then unless you change your mental basis I think it very likely that you won't marry her — and that if you do marry her, you will both come to grief."

To the clergyman's amazement the stranger pressed the back of his gloved left hand against his eyes, as if to exclude some agonizing vision, while the lips were sharply contracted as in the effort not to cry out in pain. It was all over within the space of ten seconds, but the glimpse of a restrained man's suffering was one which a looker-on would not soon forget. As Bainbridge got himself to his feet he would have given a hand to be able to say that there was no need for this emotion; but before he could speak the banker had control of himself again.

That is, he was able to turn fiercely on his host, as though accusing him of some wanton form of crime, and say: "If it wasn't true you'd tell me so."

Bainbridge answered as coldly and calmly as his own sympathy would allow. "I should tell you nothing whatever. From anything I've said you've no right to draw an inference. The confidence made to me is as sacred in the case of innocence as in that of guilt." His face, in which there was always a glow, became radiant as he added: "But I'll go so far as to say this, that a man's love can do anything for a woman, if it's of the right sort — if it's big enough and strong enough and true enough. If you yourself can supply that ——"

"But if I can't? If my love is just — just of the ordinary kind?"

"Then you'll have to make it of the extraordinary kind — or pay the penalty."

The Canadian glared at the speaker of these words as a big dog in a rage glares at a little one who dares to withstand him. There was rejection of counsel in the manner in which he turned away and strode toward the hall.

Bainbridge, who had followed his guest to the front door, stood with his hand on the knob. "Unfortunately I can say no more than I've said already," he observed then. "You're in a place in which a man must act entirely for himself. I would only beg you not to forget the redeeming quality that belongs to the higher kind of love ——"

The other man had by this time resumed the manner of conventional intercourse. "I'm afraid I can't go in for the fine points," he said, with a wistful smile. "If I'm in love, it's in the way that other men are. All the same, I'll try to think of what you've said." He held out his hand. "Good-by — and thank you. If we ever meet again, and you should find me married, I should trust to your discretion."

"You forget," the clergyman corrected, in opening the door, "that if I should find you married I shouldn't know whether it was to this particular lady or to someone else."

"Quite so," the banker assented, as he descended the steps. "I *had* forgotten that."

[*To be continued*]

Next month's instalment, including the second meeting between the clergyman and his mysterious visitor, answers many of the questions raised in the first chapters. Moreover, Bainbridge finds himself at dinner under the most unusual circumstances, and sitting between the two beautiful women who are to rule his life.

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"Millions in Real Estate"

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

Editor of McClure's Monthly Financial Department, "Your Money and How to Make it Earn"

The New Edition of McClure Financial Booklet
Ten Cents per Copy

Requests for this booklet during the past year have assumed such proportions that the Financial Department is obliged to charge a nominal sum to partially cover the cost of printing and mailing this booklet. Some new material has been added by Mr. Atwood, but the purpose of this Financial Booklet remains the same. It is intended for McClure readers who wish general information about financial, insurance and investment subjects. Many readers have written that this booklet is invaluable to them. A library edition bound in leather may be had at a dollar per copy.

Special Service of Inquiry Department

The Financial and Insurance Department is prepared to give general advice on the subject of investments and insurance, also information on standard investment securities. A nominal charge of two dollars per inquiry is made because of the great number of inquiries received. Mr. Atwood cannot undertake to give any stock market prophecies, nor to suggest speculative opportunities.

Address all letters and orders for booklet to McClure Financial and Insurance Department, McClure Building, New York.

IT is not the purpose of this article, as the title might indicate, to discuss the whole subject of real estate as an investment, absorbing as that might be, but to point out a few principles as regards the purchase of securities based on New York City real estate. Perhaps these same principles apply to other sections and cities. By the words "real estate" I mean buildings and improvements as well as land. As distinguished from railroads, factories and utilities, real estate is a form of investment the general nature of which people seem to understand instinctively and naturally. But as to its safety and desirability there is no end of misapprehension.

Land and buildings are something an investor can see. Land at least is permanent. It will exist when other forms of wealth have disappeared. There is an obvious reality, tangibility and simplicity about a house and lot which the average man understands. To many investors I think the simplicity appeals even more than the tangibility. To own a share in a railroad covering a half dozen states and with a bewilderingly complicated system of finance means only the ownership of a piece of paper. Then, too, land and buildings are individual and separate. Each one differs a little at least from all others. But every first mortgage bond or share of common stock in a railroad is the same as thousands of others.

Added to these qualities which pertain to all land and buildings, New York real estate has a romance all its own. Vast fortunes have been built upon it. Our greatest American landed aristocracy exists upon it. There seems to be no limit to the appreciation in Manhattan land values. Consequently thousands of ignorant persons living at great distances from New York have lost ill spared savings by a foolish and pitiful effort to share the fortunes of the Astors, Goelets and Rhinelanders. Apparently they had never heard of the losses in New York realty.

Now it is a fact that buying and selling, dealing in, operating and investing in New York City real estate is one of the world's largest industries. It is done on an enormous scale. Often the profits are large. Often the losses are exceedingly great. One only has to walk through West Twenty-third Street to realize this last fact. A few years ago here was a busy, prosperous thoroughfare. Now it is like a city of the dead. Millions of dollars have been sunk in one district because it ceased to be popular.

New York real estate is a game for giants. The operation of buildings is, on the average, according to the most reliable information, far from profitable. On the average, office buildings and similar structures pay a low rate of interest. To be sure of keeping up large earnings on such structures, they must be kept in popular, which often means, new, and in a coming rather than a departing neighborhood. It is absolutely necessary to have them in population centers, and in permanent centers, such as financial, retail, amusement or local. It is necessary, above all else, to be near the lines of transit. Now to guess all these factors right one must be an expert, skilled in the highest degree. It is a game for giants, I reassert, against fear of contradiction.

No doubt the next few years will bring about the offering of numerous securities "based" upon New York land and buildings. The country wide prosperity has caused an enormous demand for hotel accommodation in New York City, and many new hotels are being constructed. Heretofore the hotel business has been confined to private enterprise, except that bonds secured by mortgage on hotel property have on occasion been sold to the public. But a great, new hotel venture in New York is now offering stock to the public at $100 a share. At this writing the company has not even announced the purchase of a site. In many respects the proposition is an attractive one. Stockholders will receive special rates at the hotel, and as an effort will be made to secure 150,000 stockholders, patronage will be assured of if the stock selling plan succeeds. Moreover, the project is backed by highly responsible and competent people.

But the hotel business is one which has heretofore been conducted privately, and prejudice against the shifting of any industry from an individual to a widely owned corporation basis will not down. "No one can conceive that capital, into the millions, would be invested in such enterprises by hard-headed business men unless the investment were safe and the returns attractive: capital is always conservative." Such is the statement made in the prospectus, but it is a statement that will not bear scrutiny.

Capital far from being conservative rushes headlong into countless ill-conceived ventures. Look at the annual statistics of failures in this country. Consider the two billion dollars of railroad securities in receivership. How about West Twenty-third Street? But the fact that needs to be emphasized in all these articles is that the willingness of wealthy capitalists, professional hotel managers, and apartment house and office building operators to make big New York real estate ventures is no reason why the small investor, who cannot afford to lose, should follow suit. Of course the big operators make big profits in some of their schemes. But likewise they make big losses, and can afford them.

For some reason no one seems willing to paint the true situation in New York City. It is this. New York is filled not only with descendants of old Knickerbocker families who have made real estate a science for generations, but with the surplus, floating population of millionaires from every part of the country. The retired millionaire steel maker from a middle western city who comes to New York to spend his money, buys an apartment house or an office building just as he buys a yacht or a country estate or fine pictures. It is the thing for a rich man to do. It makes him one of the landed gentry. Above all it gives him a feeling of stability and permanence. It makes him part of New York. Then, too, he can afford to take four per cent. return on his money provided there is the chance, even if it is only a bare possibility, of some day making a big "killing," hundreds of thousands of dollars perhaps, by the growth of realty values. He can afford to wait for it. That is the advantage of being rich. But the hundred dollar or

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thousand dollar investor cannot afford to wait for returns. Added to all the non-working millionaires there is a horde of high-salaried workers. I have before me a circular describing bonds issued against a building owned by a well-known executive who admits in a letter to the bankers who are selling the bonds that his salary is $82,000 a year.

Right here I want to make the chief point of this article. My purpose is not to "steer" readers away into other entirely different forms of investment, but to point out that the safe side of real estate is the first mortgage lien upon it. Leave the operation of real estate, the equity trading, the speculation, to those who can afford it, who understand it, who are trained to it as a profession. Take a leaf from the successful generations of the largest and surest investors in this country, the savings banks and insurance companies. They never touch even the best of real estate. But they own billions of dollars of first mortgages upon it.

First and last a large number of real estate companies owning, speculating in, operating and developing New York City property have sold their securities to the public. One by one they have fallen by the wayside, and the largest and most important of them has recently gone into receivership. These companies sold what were called "bonds," but which were really stock. The properties purchased were always mortgaged ahead of the so-called "bonds" which the public bought. Balance sheets showed an ample equity to protect the bonds, but these equities were based not on the assessed value, but upon independently appraised values, which might mean anything at all. When hard times came there was nothing to do but go into receivership, because fixed charges cannot be reduced the way dividends can.

Curiously enough the great output of real estate company "bonds," which seems for the time being to be at an end, went not to New York but to people living far from the metropolis. Somehow the man or woman in Maine or Ohio or even California found magic in the phrase "based on New York City real estate." One of the most obvious, common sense rules to follow in making an investment is not to buy land or buildings which you have not seen. First-hand knowledge of real estate is an absolute essential for the simple reason that every piece of it differs from every other. The very quality which makes it so tangible and attractive also makes it utterly unsuitable for casual, long distance investment. Except for experts, it is a fairly safe rule not to buy into real estate at all unless it is intended for one's own personal or business use or unless one has absolute first-hand knowledge of the conditions.

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Husband Stuff— *Continued from page 22*

even under a flippant disguise, of her emotional state. And it was not true that he never praised her; no girl ever had more praise. And as for sympathy, she always got that — when it was good for her. Even if he hadn't sympathized with her before dinner (for very good reasons), she shouldn't have mentioned it, in the presence of a third person, in that outrageously candid way. It was part of Benson's social creed that husband and wife should always, in public, at any cost maintain the convention of conjugal accord. What did Judge Slocum think?

Centering on that feature of the contretemps, Andy, excusingly, said:

"Don't mind Corinna, Judge. She's not such a cynic as she'd make out. It's just spring weather — she's been 'low' all week."

Corinna did not trouble to deny him; on the contrary, she flashed him a smile — a brilliantly cold smile that passed clean through him and landed somewhere the opposite side of the room. But inwardly she was furious, outraged. Andy at once knew that she was furious; but he did not know she was outraged. Poor wretch! Why can't men learn that the inexcusable blunder, in a woman's view, is to make public excuses for her behavior?

After that *faux pas* Corinna took little interest in her dinner, less in her husband, and divided her attention between the gallant, perseveringly tactful Judge and the dining-room at large. She affected a lively interest in her fellow diners and in the Judge's gossipy descriptions of them.

At a table beyond, a thin blond man, who sat in a habitually slouched, nonchalant attitude, evidently reciprocated her interest. Each time she looked at him, she found his sleepy blue eyes upon her.

"Who is that handsome blond man behind Andy?" she asked the Judge.

Immediately Andy twisted his neck, and himself answered:

"Oh, you mean that jackass, Seymour?"

"Oh, is he a jackass?" queried Corinna sweetly.

"What'll you bet he doesn't use Mary Garden perfume?" Andy went on caustically. "And when he isn't dancing —— "

"He looks as though he'd dance well," interrupted Corinna dreamily.

Her husband impatiently shifted his pose. "Well, he ought to," he said brusquely. "It seems to be his mission in life — when he's not making love to married women."

"Oh, Andy!" Corinna gave a little laugh, filled with hard, brilliant notes. "You men! — and you call *women* cats!"

Benson flushed darkly, while the Judge made a great fuss over lighting his cigar. And, such is the way humans are organized, only Corinna looked calm and poised as, radiant, she led the two out of the dining-room.

Andy proposed sauntering over to the dim-lit palm-room, remote from the music, where the men could smoke and they could talk in peace. But Corinna shrugged away that suggestion. She preferred the music, which blatantly called to the dance-room.

"But," objected Andy, "won't it be bad for your head?"

For answer Corinna stared at him. Her luminous eyes said: "Ah, my head! You choose to think of it now, do you?" Aloud she said nothing — there was no need. Gracefully she led the way toward the music. Her husband, perforce, followed, and the Judge, not knowing whether to accompany them or to flee away, found himself being towed along.

Andy did not want to dance. Few men do who have been all day in the open air and who have just finished dining heartily. What Andy desired tremendously was a deep-cushioned chair, shaded lights, and a cigar. All this, of course, was second to his real concern about Corinna's headache.

But Corinna, as she looked now, made the suggestion of headache seem preposterous. So calm, so lovely, cheeks softly aglow — he had forgotten that rouge! — dark-blue eyes a-shimmer like moon-shot pools in a dark forest — the eyes he had first fallen in love with. Charming, radiant, poised, he noted how she magnetized everyone. Why, he wondered half-resentfully, could she be so radiant for others and begrudge him alone?

Men whom he knew and men whom he scarcely knew, drifted up to them. Introductions were made; the group increased; Corinna was invited to dance, and accepted gaily.

"You and the Judge run off and smoke," she bade him. "Don't worry about me. I'll look you up later." Then she glided off.

Andy did not enjoy his deep-cushioned chair and shaded lights and cigar as much as he had anticipated. The Judge talked of war, and Andy discovered that, just then, he was not interested in war — of the international variety. He could not help seeing, through the haze of cigar smoke, a slender, graceful vision gliding off into a dance, and, over a slender shoulder, a happy face smiling back at him.

He knew — in the way that only husbands can know — that the smile was not genuine, that it covered up heaven only knew what sinister depths. Sinister toward himself alone! And that, too, when he had honestly tried to do the right thing! Good Lord — women! No matter *what* you do, a woman can contrive to twist it to your disadvantage. By ignoring her depression, he had striven to lift her spirits; the result, her spirits lifted wilfully to a point of making *him* depressed.

Andy proved to be poor company for the Judge, and the latter allowed himself to be absorbed by a nearby group that was wordily fighting world battles. Andy smoked two more cigars. Frequently he looked at his watch. She had told him to "run off," had said she'd "look him up later." An unwonted streak of stubbornness in him disposed him toward holding her to this word; but, as it grew later, with no Corinna, he experienced greater difficulty in keeping himself in his easy-chair.

Finally he rose, and, with a fine assumption of negligence, sauntered out of the palm-room, down the corridor, toward the brilliantly lighted dance-room. Inside the door he loitered, glancing idly about.

No need to have assumed that careful pose! Corinna was unconscious of his presence, oblivious of his comings or his goings. Over in a corner, aside from the maze of dancers, she was engrossed in being taught dance steps — by Seymour.

With abrupt determination Andy made his way round the room. He greeted and dismissed Seymour with one brusque nod. "Come, Corinna," he said. "You should have been out of this long ago. This air is ghastly."

Corinna turned on him a smile sweetly remote, as though scarcely aware of anything beyond those dance steps.

"Is it bad?" she asked vaguely. "I hadn't noticed."

"Because you've been dancing." He strove to make his tone light and inconsequential. "But you'd better —— "

"After the next, Andy. Mr. Seymour's teaching me a lovely new step. Meet you at the desk."

It was dismissal. Then, in an innocent, touching way, she laid her slim hand in the detestable Seymour's, lifted her starry eyes to his, and abandoned herself to his guidance.

Back round the room to the door and out went Andy. He tried not to feel furious; he told himself that he was only annoyed, and annoyed with Seymour rather than with Corinna. He reminded himself that he must overlook the immense injustice of Corinna's actions, her lack of logic, her unreasonableness, her childish perversity. He must remember that she really wasn't feeling well; that she was tired, nervous, overstrung.

He said to himself: "I must be gentle with her; controlled, and, above all, casual."

TEN minutes later, in their room, his first words to her were: "Corinna, how under heaven could you bring yourself to flirt with that bounder?"

For answer Corinna opened her eyes wide at him. "Flirt?"

"Yes — flirt."

She lifted her shoulders ever so slightly, and turned her head away. When she turned it to view again, he could see she was smiling. It was amazing, preposterous, monstrous, that she should smile in that way. Then she yawned, put up her hand, stretched a little.

Benson stood, ill at ease, helplessly wondering how the tables had, in some mysterious manner, been turned upon himself. He had started out to take Corinna gently but firmly in hand, and now. . . . Well, he'd keep himself in hand, anyway; play it out. No telling what surprise this perplexing little creature, who stood there looking so deceitfully soft and helpless, might spring on him any moment. Before this he had seen hysterics flash, as it were, out of a clear sky.

She started to unhook her dress. From force of habit he moved to her assistance.

"Let me," he said.

"Thanks," she murmured.

He fumbled at the hooks in silence. She yawned again, stretched out her arms, then said: "Isn't it jolly?"

"What's jolly?" asked Benson cautiously.

"Why, your unhooking me — and pinching me like that. Being together again."

"I had *thought* it would be jolly," emphasized Benson rather gruffly.

She twisted her head to stare back at him over her shoulder.

"What *is* the matter with you, Andy?"

"What's the matter with *you?*" he countered.

"With *me?*"

"Yes, with you."

"Why, what seems to be the matter with me?"

Andy made a helpless gesture. Corinna gave another yawn. "I'm sleepy," she remarked; "too sleepy to quarrel any more."

This did not aid her husband to cheer. He wasn't aware they had been quarreling — not *he*, at any rate. For his part, he wouldn't quarrel with her, no matter how provocative she was. That was the rub: when he, straining to be extra considerate, that she should *try* to pick a quarrel with him! Well, she would have to go disappointed this time; he would *not* quarrel with her. She was so wrought up, poor darling. Really not blamable at all — just a sick, naughty child. He must remember this, and keep himself in hand — that he might keep her in hand.

So, yawning after her pattern, he agreed: "You're dead right. I'm too sleepy to quarrel, too."

Quickly Corinna peered up at him, a moment off guard. A subtle shade passed over her face; but surely her husband's sudden return to complacent cheer had not displeased her.

She moved slowly away from him.

"Must be up early in the morning," he went on. "Going over the links with me, aren't you?"

"No, I don't believe so, thanks."

"Why," said her husband, surprised, "I thought that was understood. Didn't you bring your togs?"

"Oh, yes," indifferently.

"Why not, then?" he persisted.

"Oh, I don't believe I feel up to it. My head aches, has been aching for days — and in the sun —— "

Her voice trailed off lackadaisically. Inwardly, Benson groaned. All this talk about headache! That headache! — why did it so miraculously fade away before others, reserving itself for him alone? He was beginning to doubt that headache. Yet instinct, reason, and experience combined to shout at him that he must not betray this doubt. He could not say to her: "See here, now! You're shamming. You know you haven't got a headache any more than I have!"

The results on Corinna of such a procedure — even if his suspicions were true — he could not foretell and dared not imagine. And if, by chance, she really did have a headache, he would appear and be an unmitigated brute. But why, in heaven's name, couldn't she have flashed it before that pup, Seymour?

Thus Benson's thoughts. But through it all he held to his resolve to be gentle and firm and calm; so aloud he said:

"I don't believe it would hurt you, dear. The sun and air ought to do you good. I've been counting on it a lot."

"I'm sorry."

"Perhaps you'll change your mind in the morning," he suggested hopefully.

Corinna shook down her hair. Andy felt an impulse to cross over and lay his face in the soft, dusky clouds.

"I'm afraid not," she was saying. "Besides, I've promised to stroll round the lake with Mr. Seymour."

Andy lost his impulse to caress her hair. It was on his tongue to inquire caustically, "In the sunshine?" But all he said was, "Oh!"

Corinna finished her preparations quickly and climbed into her bed, still not speaking to him. Yet the air between them was clamorous. Under that inaudible clamor Benson dawdled. He felt that he was waiting for something, and he didn't know what.

"Would my table-lamp disturb you?" he presently asked, instinctively lowering his voice. "I feel like a game of solitaire."

Corinna murmured that the lamp would make no difference to her.

So Benson climbed up into his bed, propped a board against his knees, and dealt out his cards.

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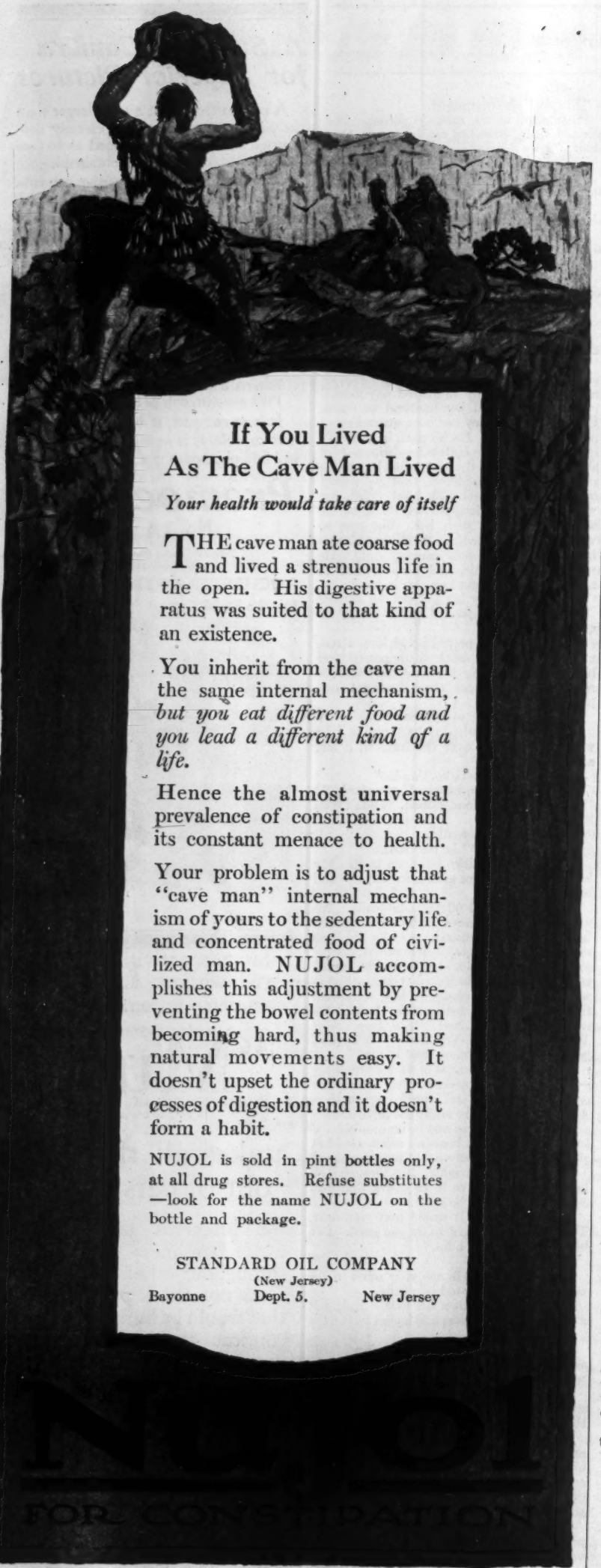

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Through her lowered eyelashes Corinna regarded him. His absorption annoyed her. She knew that he liked the game, especially before retiring, but that fact did not excuse him now. His selfishness was egregious. Keeping that light going! — not caring even to ask whether her head was splitting! The immensity of his heartlessness grew upon her minute by minute. Her grudge grew into anger, a strange, zestful kind of anger which, even while it racked her, filled her with a fierce joy. Let him play cards! Let him ignore her! She would say nothing, she would go on feeling worse and worse, suffering silently, and then, when she was dead . . .

Andy gathered up the cards, straightened the pack, shuffled it, dealt again.

"Seen anything of the Mitchells lately?" he inquired amiably.

No answer but a deep-drawn breath. Andy threw her a quick, keen glance. Was she really sleeping? Mechanically he went on, playing out his cards. But his thoughts played themselves much livelier. Women! Unreasonable, unscrupulous, untruthful, play-acting creatures! So deceitfully soft above their cruelty. And that frightful hysteria lurking just under the surface, ready, any moment, to gush forth like devastating lava. Did men ever come to understand them, ever learn how to control those unbridled emotions, how to guide them, manage them? Marriage . . . Women . . .

And yet how dear she was! Would he, even if he could, have her changed in the slightest degree? He turned his head to look at her, detected a bright, unguarded glimmer of blue eye, quickly sheathed again. He smilingly turned back to his cards.

That blue eye, meanwhile, burned hotter and hotter under the scorching lid pressed against it. Her eyes, her head, her heart, her entire body, felt as though she were, in some slow inferno, smouldering horribly away. If she could only scream — that would relieve the agony somewhat. If she could only cry, even. But no, that heartless creature, hard and inhuman, the man she had thought she loved, was over there, just a few feet away — thousands of miles, it seemed! — and she could not possibly weep in his presence. He didn't want her to cry — how clearly he had shown that when, tired and sick and craving understanding, she had come to him for the solace of tears in his arms.

Yet how short a time ago — and what an eternity it seemed! — he would have flown to comfort her most trivial grief. He was, then, always tender and anxious for her. She was his first thought. But now he was mysteriously, subtly changed. He was another man — not her adoring Andy, at all. And, in the face of all this, she had had to act that hateful part, pretending not to care, not to be broken-hearted, feigning to have a good time with that hideous Seymour creature!

What had brought about the transformation in him? Could it be that he had ceased loving her so soon?

A thousand hideous, nightmarish thoughts, fears, surmises, pressed upon her. One thing stood out dominant: whatever the reason, he acted as if he were tired of her. Only ten months! Such a short time — and they had been so happy. The catastrophe was shocking, unbelievable, unthinkable! Yet she had heard of cases like that. Of devoted husbands who had met another woman!

Another woman! Something in her that must have been her heart turned violently, sickeningly over. At the pain of it, Corinna rasped out an uncontrollable sound; she couldn't have held it back to save her life. Then another — and another — and then ——

"Corinna! Sweetheart! What is it?"

Andy's arms were round her, and Andy's dear shoulder, as he knelt beside her, was divinely there for her to rest against.

She clutched it. "Don't — go — away —" she gasped in hard, sharp, cutting sobs.

"I won't, dear. I won't. Never."

And his arms came round her tighter.

On they came — on and on and out and out — those heavy, poisonous, torturesome weights that had been dragging her down these endless hours. Her husband held her closer, whispering to her, soothing, caressing.

She finally opened her eyes, swimming wet, to his. "Andy ——"

"Yes, sweetheart."

"I feel — you know — light as a feather. And I *was* — a ton of bricks."

"Oh, my poor darling!"

"Andy ——"

"Yes, darling."

"Do you really love me?"

"Oh, Corinna!" he whispered.

"Much as ever?"

"Hush!"

"Well, then — I'll tell you something."

"What, dear?"

"Whenever I'm cross, or bad, or sick, or naughty ——"

She paused, trying to smile through her tears. Her husband tried to smile back.

"When I'm — that way, don't *say* anything to me — anything at all. Just take me in your arms like this — and hold me and kiss me and then everything will come out all right. Just that, Andy."

"I'm sorry."

"Sorry? For what?"

"Everything. Everything's my fault."

"You silly boy!"

Corinna smiled almost brilliantly. That sweeping admission of his appealed to all of the woman in her. It humbled her and exalted her at once. It restored her to the status for which she longed. She knew that it was not true, but that made no difference.

For a long minute she was silent from pure content. Then she said, "Andy."

"Yes, darling."

"May I go over the links with you in the morning?"

"You foolish child!" He could not resist adding: "But what about Seymour?"

She rapidly thought: "What shall I tell him? The truth? He's now in an indulgent mood. I think that the truth will amuse him." She said: "Oh, that dancing creature. I never promised, really, that I'd walk with him. He's insufferable." (She didn't add her continued thought: "I just made all that up because I thought it would annoy you.")

But Andy divined the truth.

"I ought to beat you," he said.

"Please do," she begged ingratiatingly.

But Andy, even as she had foreknown, kissed her instead. He kissed her a second time and Corinna, wise, ever-alert woman, wondered whether she couldn't now work her will in a certain matter dear to her heart. She had introduced the subject before this, but with little success. She wanted a motor — not an expensive big limousine, just a dear little runabout, something that she could drive herself. She pictured herself, courteously greeted by the traffic policemen, flashing smartly down to bring Andy home from the office.

"Corinna!" said Andy, breaking into her meditations.

"Yes, dear."

"You know that runabout you've been eternally talking about ——"

"Yes —" in a startled voice.

"Well, we'll look one up the first thing when I get back to town. You've been cooped up so long, and I think we'll both enjoy it a lot, now summer's coming on — don't you?"

Corinna made a queer noise, threw both arms round his neck, and kissed him with startling violence. In that moment she knew that there was not, in the whole world, another man equal to her husband. He loved her magnificently — she knew that. And she adored him. He was everything that was big, tender, and magnanimous. He yielded to her caprice — no, more, he foresaw it and saved her from it. His was a great, an impenetrable soul. She despised herself for not appreciating it more.

And, even as she was engaged in despising herself, a little smile of satisfaction curled up her lips adorably.

Meanwhile Andy was thinking:

"How in blazes have I got in this fix? I don't *want* a motor car — they're infernal nuisances. And Corinna won't really want one as soon as she's found out the bother they are. But I suppose I can't back out now. She'd never understand; she'd think I was a brute."

At this juncture in his cogitations, Corinna spoke. "Andy," she said in a solemn, tremulous tone, "how was I ever lucky enough to marry a big, splendid man like you? Do you know, I wonder, how splendid you really are?"

That speech, its illogicalness compared with what had gone before — compared with what his reason told him would happen often again — completely bemused him.

"Poor darling!" he thought. "She's just a woman, after all — just a tender, trusting little creature, easily hurt. And she's put her hope for happiness in my hands — I must always remember that."

And both of them were happy.

COMING: More stories by Dana Gatlin; and next month, a powerful story of politics and women by another McClure woman writer, Sophie Kerr, the creator of the fascinating "Julietta."

Piry of the Philippines

[*Continued from page 42*]

"Who'll they pay?" questioned Piry.

"The men."

"But the men they would want — couldn't be bought. Good God, that's just the way it is with the soldiers and the pay-day women."

She laughed quietly. "I wanted you to say that," she said.

She filled his coffee-cup again, and her own.

Piry felt kinder toward all the women he had known; he felt brave and tender and capacious — but lonely from the past and the future.

"It's a good thing for a man like — like we are out here in the service — to talk to a real woman. I remember once standing in the palm-trees on the Luneta drive and watching the white women going by in the carriages with the officers and civilians. All I could go to — all I could turn to — were those tired, sick little magpies who follow the army for a living. That's all any of us soldiers could do."

"Tired, sick little magpies," she repeated. "They do their best — poor little things!"

"And men run their business, Piry?"

"Yes."

"I want to hear. You see, it's hard for us even to *hear* these things. Men think it isn't the thing for women ——"

Piry was inwardly excited. He had been dreaming. Had he actually thought, he would not have spoken of these things to Pearl Peters; and yet, she had never been so interested. He watched her raptly, learning much, and alive very deeply.

"Are they still there?" she asked.

"Oh, yes — they'll be where the soldiers are. There was a whole flock of red lights settled up San Sebastian way, I remember. Then there's the Japanese in every tenderloin."

"Tired, sick little magpies," she repeated. "And look at *men* here in El Tortu, and *men* now in Pemarong, and the Japanese men and the Europeans feeding the red lights; and look at the sea and the night, Piry, and the stars — and God still reigns and lives! Oh, it is deep, deep, this life — a-swing between heaven and hell. Piry, tell me — are the soldiers good to the little girls?"

"Well, you know, it's all a part of the drinking and gambling of pay-day. A soldier is a random cuss on a tear. He knows it's his money that goes — and no love business. The girls aren't allowed much play time. Their masters have learned that love is expensive."

She was intent upon the things he had told her, eyes burning, lips tight, her own thoughts kneading his facts. He had made her sit up; and yet, he had taken her farther away. She was more than ever lost to him — far, far from this little board in the monks' root-cellar, and cold as the lees of coffee in their cups. Piry tried to think it out again — all over again.

"It must get you something," he thought, "this thinking about others. It must get you somewhere." He reviewed his possessions, still without words. "Talking is rotten business; imitating is rotten business. If I only had something to do. If I could only get busy somehow. That's what she wants, too. She wants something to do for others. I want something to do that will take my mind off Piry and what Piry wants. That seems to be what I want to help for. . . . I've got a suspicion that I'm a rough-neck, right. . . . He didn't make any mistake when he put that one over on me, when we were unshipping that horse. It hurt because it was true."

Finally he spoke: "I wonder what they're doing with the boy?"

"I have thought of that many times tonight."

She helped him put the dishes back in the hamper.

"I'll come back and bring you some drinking water," he said. "Is there anything else I can do?"

"No, Piry. Just the drink."

He was glad that he could come back with that.

The town had never seemed so great as its ruins. The bare-headed old Governor walked drunkenly, before he came to the end. The new day was red and smoky like the Fourths of his boyhood, when the steeple-high pile of tar-barrels was burning low in the daybreak. He was peculiarly detached from everything — from Bright and the pavilion, from his task, from Pearl.

"If they'll let me," he muttered, "I'll do the right thing."

He felt very weak and old; seemed so effaced and impotent, that he smiled at Manila for trusting him to an Island and all these affairs. . . . It was cooler. He stood upon a ridge that ended the town, and looked down the valley road to the interior. He did not know where — but somewhere on that road was Labulamo and the Moros, also the Manila men who wanted the Island.

"They won't get the Island," he muttered. "Old Labulamo and I will see to that." Then he thought of the facts — the old Moro and his people in a state of war to the knife, their ancient occupation.

There was a lifting of sound ahead. Distance softened it. The old man had heard it around a bee-tree fifty years ago. A string of long-ago Michigan pictures leisurely and dimly passed through his mind. The noise now sharpened into voices. Natives were running toward him. For the first time since he left the pavilion, he thought of what he had come for — the boy.

PETERS halted and raised his hands.

"Good morning," he called in their tongue.

They did not kill him, but led him forward — pushing him from behind, drawing at his hands, talking intensely. Always when two or three talked together, Peters gave up all interest in trying to understand. They appeared to him to reach a mound of meaning by tossing in its parts from all directions — the result, a grouped conclusion. . . . They were in the jungle now, and after many moments, he saw old Labulamo ahead, his huge brown arms folded low upon his paunch. He had gone back to the jungle, indeed — all personal impediments cast aside. A straw hat, a gingham apron and a pair of natives to fan him — alone remained of all that the Americans had brought. Labulamo had a Roman nose that could sneer. It was active now. He beckoned to his shelter at the edge of a small fresh clearing, and followed the Governor in, his interpreter making the third. and deeply impressed.

"Labulamo, why did you not come to me in trouble? We have been friends for three years."

"You were taking too much — you and the Americans at Manila. We are paying you to live. Why did you come here? They might have cut your throat."

"I took the chance. I wanted to deal with you."

"You send a priest to tell me that you love me as of old — and then burn my city."

"That was not my order — a soldier — *loco* — did it. That is one reason I came. I am sorry ——"

"That does not rebuild the city ——"

"I will rebuild the city with my own money — not American money — but mine, the money that Pemarong has made for me."

"What do you get?"

"Nothing except what America pays me, but I must have the life of my envoy."

"As he talked to me, the city burned — how could he live?"

"You didn't kill him, Labulamo!"

"Is he your son?"

"No — he is a saint."

Here the interpreter had difficulty. There was much pointing to the sky.

"But why do you pay for the new city?" Labulamo repeated.

"It was one of my soldiers — *loco* — who burned it. I am willing to pay, because I am sorry. You should have come to me ——"

There were voices at the door. The interpreter broke in with talk to his chief.

"Your soldiers are coming," Labulamo informed him.

"They are coming for me. They did not know I came. I stole away. Only the orderly knew ——"

The interpreter made this known excitedly. There were many swift movements in the jungle. Now began the struggle of the old man's life and its highest tension.

"You have brought them to the trap," said Labulamo. "I can tell you, because you will not escape. It is what we have waited for. Look!" He led the Governor forth. Hundreds of natives with knives and guns were running toward the jungle edges. Distantly he heard the commands of Kossuth. He saw that the Americans would enter the jungle to their extermination; and that this was the reason of the inactivity since the uprising. Peters was cold and controlled now.

"I have told you, Labulamo. They have come for me. The Manila men must be surrendered. The young priest must be given back to me. I will prevent the coming of the soldiers and further death. I will rebuild your city with my own money. I will establish the affairs of the Island for the best concern of all, and continue in your friendship."

This was transferred in part. Labulamo's face did not change.

"Otherwise you may ambush my men; but I, who have never lied to you, promise that the word will go back to Manila *today*, for the ship will be in today. The answer to your ambush will be the thousands of idle American soldiers here. All the Islands are at peace. They will make you climb trees and drive you into the sea. It will mean the end of Moro in Pemarong."

"I will try you. Go forth and stop your men, and then come back to me here."

Labulamo added a string of orders very swiftly now. His messengers ran ahead of the Governor to the jungle parties, carrying word that the Moros hated to hear, for they had waited many hours for the Americans to fall into their trap as they were doing now.

Hurrying forward, the old man knew that he had won. It unsteadied him, as defeat could not have done. His limbs were uncertain — it was like passing through the fire again. If he fell now, it would mean the fall of his men, the loss of the life-chance and the rebuilding of Pemarong. He said to himself again and again that he must not fall — that it wasn't in the cards for him to fail — before the edge of the jungle was reached. . . . There was Kossuth and the two battalions — red, tortured faces, for they had passed through the ruins. He wondered why they cheered and broke into running; was slow to realize that it was for him. They were *pretty* to his tired eyes. He raised his hand for Kossuth to stop them.

"Halt!" yelled that lieutenant.

The Governor tried to speak once, twice, a third time, before the words came:

"Go back, Kossuth, my boy. March the men back. It is all well with me. I'll join you presently with my friend, Labulamo, and, God willing, the young priest."

He repeated in part; saw Kossuth and the men turn, before he stepped back into the jungle. It was after that he fainted, for no American saw him fall. Kossuth would never have obeyed had he seen that. . . . Labulamo's right and left natives were fanning him when he awoke. Wine was put to his lips. He asked for the boy.

Labulamo dropped a guttural to his tongue-servant who reported: "When you can walk."

"I can walk now!"

"Then come."

The chief led the way to an inner clearing where the native wounded were gathered under leafy shelter. A naked Moro was lying upon the ground, and beside him the boy knelt in prayer. To Peters it seemed as if he had seen this posture and heard the same intonation long ago. Labulamo beckoned to the interpreter to explain.

"When he came to us in the night," said that one, "he brought in one of our wounded who had lain at the edge of the town since — since the church-bell rang. When the fire began, he repeated that it was not your fault, saying some accident had happened. We did not believe him, told him he was to die. He replied that he must pray first. He did not pray for himself, however, but like this — for one of our dying men. We could not understand, so our chieftain permitted him to stay."

Peters grasped the old Moro in his arms.

"He is a saint!" he exclaimed.

Labulamo, bewildered, turned to his interpreter, who scowled and pointed wearily toward the heavens.

"He is your son?" Labulamo inquired.

"Yes — yes," answered the Governor.

The interpreter now wrung his hands.

Peters was taken back to the pavilion in a litter with convoy. A little later (the

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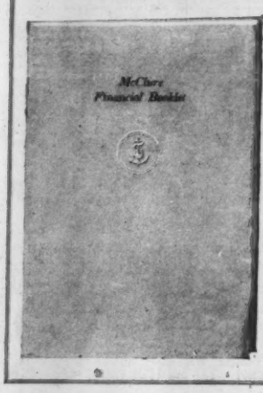

A Good Reason for possessing a copy of the McClure Financial Booklet

A MANUFACTURER out in Indiana said recently in referring to the McClure Financial Booklet—"Every man should place a copy of this booklet in his safety deposit box so that his wife may have it in case of his death." When you read this financial booklet you will understand how much there is back of that statement. At the bottom of page 60 in this issue of McClure's you will find mentioned a partial list of the table of contents. The McClure Financial Booklet is sold for ten cents per copy through the McClure Financial and Insurance Department, McClure Building, New York.

mail-ship was already sighted) the boy was similarly conducted to the pavilion. He went at once to his neglected hospital, and the faces of the soldiers on the cots turned to him like flowers to the light, and the place was silent.

Later still (the mail-ship had come and gone, not back to Manila but to El Tortu), a third native party arrived at the pavilion with five miserable and waspish Manila men, who continued their plottings under the lock until deportation.

The old man had his cot drawn out to the balcony that night. He dozed and dreamed of the new city; roused to watch for the lights southeastward, and dreamed again. At last he sunk into a deep sleep, and when he awakened it was to the full light. He thought that it was Labulamo's right and left hands that were fanning him, but it was the flap of the awning. The mail-ship was just coming to anchor in the harbor. Piry's boat had come home in tow. It was alongside presently, and Piry sailed in with the quartermaster and the woman.

To hear what had befallen his new idol, stopped Piry like a blow. In fact, he was slow to believe, and went straight to the Captain, who quietly bade him sit down, and proceeded to explain the whole trouble was the running out of oil. It appears that they had plenty of lint and wire. It was too bad, inasmuch as nothing cleans up a street or a town like fire.

Piry was pale when he emerged. Pearl observed that.

"He must go back to Manila with the mail-boat, and on to the States at once," Peters said. "I shall detail a soldier to go clear through with him. He must get away from it all, from uniforms and guns — to some grand north country. Maybe he'll come back."

Pearl observed Piry as her father spoke. Piry caught her at it, and went to the balcony to roll a cigarette. Suddenly he seemed to recall that he was an enlisted man in headquarters. He came to attention abruptly. Captain Bright had made him forget.

The Governor arose and went to him, his hand out. "That's over between us. Your discharge is here, signed. I'll get it now. . . . There, but we three don't need any papers. Sit down and smoke, man. I'm pleased and grateful to have it so."

The woman had vanished for a moment. She knew that Piry's throat pained him, for hers did, too. Her father had never been dearer. It wasn't what he had promised Labulamo, nor what he said to Piry — though these were rare and good. It was the way her father looked. Older than ever, quite white and burdened with years, but mellow and tender withal — as she had visioned him from a child when he had been long away. She returned in time to hear Piry saying:

"Don't look any further for the man to take Captain Bright home. I'd better do that. I'll see him through — that is, if you haven't someone else in mind."

It was all so hurried, the mail-boat leaving that afternoon. Those two, who had been together so much, had not a moment alone now. It might have been, had Piry sought it, but he was far from that. More than ever he was afraid, because he was free. And if she should look — as he had seen her look once or twice — oh, it was entirely unsafe.

"Come back to Pemarong, Piry. Don't feel that you must, but come back, if you want to." The Governor said this at the last.

"Thank you. Maybe I will."

She was there, but added nothing. Afterward he put himself in her place, and saw that there was nothing for her to say. Hers was the hand he took last on shore. He saw to that. She made it easy.

"I shall never forget, Piry," she said.

"I won't either."

That was all, but he re-lived the moment ten thousand times.

THEY found the springtime in the States. The two went north with it, camped and fished and talked. It was night and day for Piry, until he was haggard and very worn. He fought for Bright's life many times, and occasionally for his own. The man who had nothing else to do but to kill himself — no other thought nor passion — won at the last. Conrad Piry carried forth the body from the deep silent woods. The relatives were waiting — expectant for exactly what happened, but hoping for miracles in the strength of his guard.

"Things got coming too fast for me, night before last," was all he said, but he was thinking of the day when events came too fast for Captain Bright in Pemarong, and how much closer he was to death than he thought at the time, when Bright had said, "I ought to shoot you, Piry," but fought him, instead.

There had been letters from Governor Peters. Everything was well in Pemarong, the town rebuilt, a finer understanding with the natives, a really admirable condition of affairs. Always there was the kindly pressure to come if he chose, and a warm deep sanction for his loyalty to Bright. With Pemarong's wounded all healed, the boy had gone on to Manila, and Pearl had followed. Piry hated himself because there was a pang in that; yet he would not have gone back even now when he was free, except for a final letter from the Governor, which ended with:

"Daughter Pearl is still in Manila. She has found her work there, she says. You'd laugh to hear it, but it's all right, because she says so — a lot to do among the European importations for the red-light interests. . . . She always asks of you. I think if you would come back, Pearl would come home to Pemarong and rest."

One night at sea, Piry found a significant benefit from the months of the hard-holding of self — a bright and memorable night in which things moved clearly and in order. Such a moment always comes after a good fight. Piry saw that he was not more nor less than other men; that, of late, he had done the best he could, which is good for any man to do. He saw that he dare forget himself now and be natural — that a man can only be natural when the self is forgotten; that the self can only be forgotten when it is in hand; that it comes to hand only after a fight. The fight accordingly is the thing.

He saw that he had a fighting chance for Pearl Peters and the top of manhood. It was time for him to loose the strain. A man under a pull is no more natural than when running wild. Between, all beauty lies.

Piry was alone on deck. He breathed deeply, and felt himself sane. If she loved another man — good. That was quite all right. If there were no other man — her man might be Conrad Piry, who thought straight and lived straight and loved her.

THREE times in three days, he saw Pearl Peters, before he let her know that he was in Manila. The fourth time, she answered his knock at the door of her house. She seemed suddenly to lift before him.

"Why, Piry, come in! Why, Piry ——"

She was changed, or was it that he had not been able to see so well before? To her there was a depth of gladness in his coming. She had not known that she was very tired. Her eyes were not the eyes he had held in memory, and this was a new look, a new laugh, a new voice. "Why, Piry!" she kept saying, and, "I'm so glad!"

She drew a chair for him to the window, and another for herself. Then she leaned forward, her hand upon his shoulder, and searched his face as an old mother might peer into the face of her sailor-boy after the first world-voyage.

"Piry, you are changed in eight months. I don't know what it is, but I know it is good."

"I was thinking that you had changed ——"

"You gave me much to do — that night as we sat at the door in El Tortu."

"Your father wrote me."

"And I have learned something about men."

"There's a lot to learn."

"Yes."

"And what of the boy?"

Though the question touched the pith of the conquest, you would not have known from Piry's voice.

"It is he, who has changed us, Piry. You, Father, me — every one of us he has touched. He is the genius of passing souls. He will go on and on, where agony is blackest. He will think of us and pray for us, but he needs us no longer. It was enough that we set him free."

"That was the typhoon ——"

"It was you and I — and I am proud that it was so. . . . But tell me, what can I do that you would like?"

Piry smiled. "I would like to drive up Gout and Dropsy with a hamper, and have you make two out of one, and pour coffee ——"

"Here, by this window, I can — make two out of one and pour coffee — and afterward?"

"You know I've never driven on the *Luneta* with a woman ——"

"You'll ride with one tonight, if I'll do."

It was during that ride that he said: "The mail-boat sails at midnight for Pemarong. Will you go?"

"Yes. It is time to go, Piry. And the harbor is behaving."

"It will be still as a rink out at sea. It's the night to go. You always were the best pal I ever had — always ready ——"

"Not to leave Pemarong that time ——"

"That wasn't easy for us — that day. God, how it tore you!"

He meant what she had seen in the street, and she knew. . . .

It was like a festival to the father. Indeed, he was slow to speak, but followed the gleam of her again through the pavilion, and through the new town.

The Governor and Pearl were walking together the tnird day, when they came upon Piry down by the shore. He was overhauling the little craft.

"Just petting her up," he said. "She was always good to us. I like her. She's game, and she answers."

At sundown, with Piry, she led the way to this very spot on the shore. He halted, of course.

"I thought of her a lot — up in the woods," he said.

"Piry."

"Yes?"

"Let's go now."

He straightened and turned to her. "You don't meant that?"

"Yes, I do — *now*."

"Would you go with me now?"

"Yes."

"The wind is running southeast."

"I know it."

"I'll go and tell your father," he said softly.

"He knows."

"God love you!" Piry whispered.

He turned swiftly to the ropes and rigging.

"Piry."

"Yes?"

"What makes the water so high on the shore? It was so much lower today ——"

"It's the flood of the tide."

He came to her. She was looking at him, half-frightened, her body bent a little to the side, her hands lifted.

"Are you ready?"

"Yes."

He lifted her.

"Oh, Piry," she said, with a shiver of ecstasy in his arms. "It's the flood of the tide!"

[*The End*]

Readers of "Piry" will enjoy "The Lifted Veil," which is an even more engrossing story. You can begin it on page 15, of this number.

Scars and Stripes!

[*Continued from page 39*]

"And is it satisfactory? Why not? We got what we asked for, didn't we? We demanded the punishment and execution of the offenders. Well, there they are. Two dead bodies, lying in the public square; lying there while the populace stands around admiring them; while photographers take pictures, full face, profile, what not; while little children play around. . . .

"And this within a mile of American soil! This in the name of humanity and the higher laws of mankind!

"And does it end there? Hardly. Again we are but borrowing big troubles to pay little ones. Villa is still free. Villa is still sore. Villa still has men, and guns, and munitions; *munitions that we gave him!*

"And with these men, and guns, and the munitions that we gave him, he crosses the border one night and slaughters the men and women of Columbus, New Mexico; American men, American women, and on American soil! Yes, he kills on American soil American men and American women; and he kills them with American guns and American powder and American bullets given him by the American government! If you can find a cuter little idea than this anywhere in history, I'd like to hear it.

"And what do we do then? Again do we take immediate and drastic action? Of a surety. Don't you know us by this time?

"We write Carranza a nice, chatty note. We tell him that we are afraid he isn't able to cope with the situation and ask his consent to send troops into Mexico.

"It takes him a week or so to find out, or not find out, that he will, or won't, or something. Meanwhile, of course, we wait. You see, far be it from us to offend anybody!

"But coincidentally popular anger is rising. Hence, with a fine show of indignation, we announce to the waiting newspaper correspondents that we have decided to follow our usual firm and drastic course in upholding the nobler laws of mankind and the higher duties of humanity and demand Villa's body, dead or alive; or, if they can't find the body, the head will do.

"Which, when it comes to humanity, is also rather a unique idea, don't you think? Although at that, it's by way of being what is technically known as old stuff. Old man Herodius's daughter, What's-Her-Name, pulled it with a lad named John the Baptist.

"Then, still in a fine frenzy of righteous indignation, we call in the Secretary of War and ask him where the army is. He says he doesn't know exactly; but the last time he saw it, it was sitting in the parade ground at Fort Ethan Allen smoking a pipe. But he says he'll write it a letter, and if it gets it all right, it will probably show up in a week or ten days.

"Thanking the efficient secretary, we leave orders to have the field wireless dusted off, and to see that the eight flyless aeroplanes are in their accustomed state of creeping paralysis. Then we look up in the geography and find out where Mexico is. Then we get out a time-table and find that the 7:20 train leaves at 7:20. Then we buy some automobile trucks from Detroit, and take the hospital mules from a fort in California, and tell Carranza that we are going into Mexico anyway. Just like that!

"'Carranza says is that so?

"'That is, if you don't mind,' we say, smiling engagingly. For, it occurs to us that Carranza, being a rude soul, may not appreciate a fine frenzy, being more accustomed himself to the rough, common- or garden-frenzy, such as is commonly found in, and indigenous to, his native habitat. 'You don't mind, do you?' we ask.

"'No,' he says. 'I mean yes.'

"'Then you don't!' we cry, hopefully.

"'Yes,' he says. 'I mean no.'

"'Quite so, quite so,' we return, gently, remembering that a soft answer turneth away wrath, and at the same time wishing that Carranza didn't look quite so much like a Rocky Mountain goat hiding in a cozy corner. We think a minute.

"'But, you see, old man,' we say (thus diplomatically spreading on the apple butter), 'we've got to go. The people are demanding the punishment of Villa; and if we don't at least show a little speed, they're going to snow us under so deep in November that compared to us a submarine will look like an aeroplane; I don't mean one of ours,' you hasten to correct, 'I mean a regular one that will fly. It's going to be terrible,' we insist. 'We'll be buried so far down they'll have to deliver our mail with an oyster rake. We won't be able to write notes or anything. You've simply got to let us go in. That's all.'

"'Well,' says Carranza, while we listen with eager hands clasped as the syllables sift through his whiskers, 'you can go into Mexico on four conditions.'

"'Yes?' we cry, breathlessly.

"'The first,' says Carranza, 'is that you don't ride on any of my railroads.'

"'Oh, we'll walk,' we assure him. 'We just love to walk! We've got new shoes, and everything!'

"'The second,' says Carranza, 'is that you don't go anywhere where anything is liable to happen.'

"'Certainly not!' we expostulate.

"'The third,' says Carranza, 'is that you behave yourself nice and don't act rough. My countrymen don't like you in the first place. They think you're a poor piece of cheese; and I've got trouble enough fooling 'em about myself without having to bunco 'em about you, as well. . . . Well?' he says.

"'We agree to that, of course,' we assure him.

"'You don't mean you accept those conditions?' says Carranza.

"'Why, of course we do,' we answer, gratefully. 'Thank you. Thank you so much.'

"Carranza looks at us, helplessly.

"'And the fourth condition?' we ask.

"Carranza shakes his head.

"'If you accept the other three,' he says, 'the fourth don't matter. I've forgot it. And anyway, them three's the worst I could think of all by myself.'

"He looks at us and waggles his whiskers, weakly.

"'One thing,' he says, eyeing us, thoughtfully, 'I'll bet eleven million pesos, which is seven dollars in regular money, that his nurse sure dropped him on his head when he was a baby.' And, still waggling his whiskers, he goes off to his presidential bomb-proof to offer up his usual evening prayer that the next time Obregon crosses a river on horseback, there'll be a quicksand in the bottom.

"And thus we send our troops into Mexico; send them on foot, on horseback, transporting their supplies by wagon and automobile; send them into a waste of barren, blazing sand, hot during the day as a furnace bed, cold at night as a murderer's heart; send them in, as fine a body of men as ever put shoe on foot, or threw saddle on horse, to suffer of thirst and hunger, and the blindness of the desert glare; send them in with aeroplanes that will not fly and wireless that will not work, with lines of communication that are a farce, and against conditions that are a tragedy; send them in, twelve thousand men, to catch one! And that one in a friendly country, a country that he knows as well as the palms of his hands, a country where horse and man and food are found ever at his will.

"It would be tragic if it weren't so funny. As well send a steam roller into the Dismal Swamp to catch a typhoid-fever microbe!

"These men at Washington! What can they say in their own defense, these men at Washington that sent our troops into Mexico to a foredoomed fiasco? What excuse have they to offer, these men who planned and forced to execution probably the most asinine and inept military movement ever conceived outside of a nursery jingle? Condemned, and absolutely, they stand between two alternatives. For either they did not know the kind of country and conditions with which the troops would be forced to contend; in which case are they condemned of their ignorance; or they sent them in for the purely political purpose of satisfying public sentiment; in which case are they condemned of their ambition. Could either be more ineluctably damning? For men of so vast an ignorance are unfit for high position. Even as men of an ambition so overweening as to sacrifice for its political gratification the lives of their fellows, are unfit to be known as men.

"And then what? Doomed to certain failure, as of course was the expedition from the first, our troops, inadequate in number, helpless in communication, could but penetrate so far into a country that we ourselves have taught to hate, and despise and belittle us. And so, failing ignominiously in our avowed purpose, to the accompaniment of a lot of windy explanations that mean nothing, do we start taking our troops out again! Talk about military strategy! Compared to us, that well-known king of France who marched his twenty thousand men up a hill and then marched them down again was a nascent Napoleon.

"And why do we start taking our troops out again?

"Because Carranza says that we must!

"And who is Carranza?

"A vain and purblind old gentleman that we ourselves helped put in power and to whom we have furnished arms and ammunition *that again have been used to kill us with!* A pompous and bombastic old party with whom we fuss and fiddle and write letters and make protocols even while the sand foundation of his political fortunes slip and slide beneath his feet; just as we fussed and fiddled and wrote letters with Villa; just as we fussed and fiddled and wrote letters with Huerta; just as, apparently, it is our intention to fuss and fiddle and write letters with Obregon when Carranza is gone, and with Cabrera when Obregon is gone, and with Somebody Else when Cabrera is gone, and with Someone Else when Somebody Else is gone, and so on, *ad infinitum* and *ad nauseam*.

"For Mexico is but a bleeding and prostrate wreck of a nation, around and over which ride murderer and marauder and bandit. She cannot help herself; too near to death she is. Ravished and ravaged she lies, at the mercy of her matricides, the matricides that we have stood aloof to watch pursue their bloody work unchecked.

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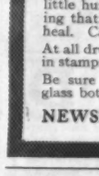

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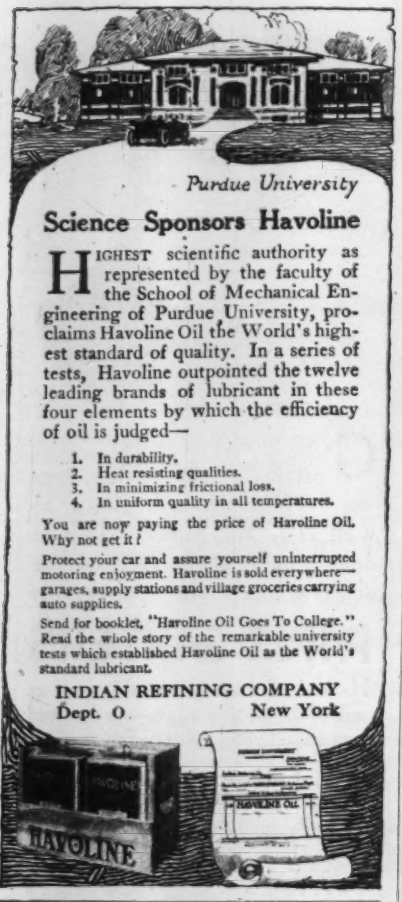

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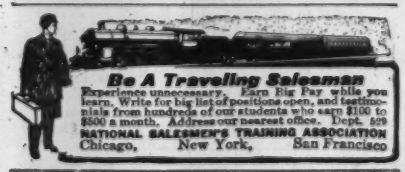

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other is but to court that one's downfall; for the rest will fall upon him and trample him beneath their feet. The might of blood in Mexico carries its own punishment.

"So it is that to write letters to a president of Mexico is like writing letters on the water with a rod of glass.

"But letter-writing, while sufficiently absurd, yet in a way is harmless. What hurts is the sending in of a handful of our soldiers to face the thousands of blood-hungry, life-despising descendants of Aztec Indians and Spanish buccaneers; sending them in against certain failure, only to take them out against a failure more certain still. The Mexicans all along have known us to be cowards. Now they know us to be fools as well.

"And so confident are they now in this oft-proven belief that this time they don't even wait for us to get our soldiers out before they make another raid across the border and use their American arms and American ammunition to kill more Americans on American soil!

"And why should they not? Haven't Americans been raided and murdered along the border for the past three years or more, to the military glory and financial aggrandisement of the raider and murderer? Haven't American soldiers been fired on with impunity; because, forsooth, they were under orders from Washington not to return the fire? What wonder, then, that they consider an American citizen successful prey; and an American soldier but a moving target?

"No wonder the game laws are off! No wonder it's an open season for Americans along the Mexican border! Haven't they shot them sitting, or on the wing? Haven't they shot them in the breeding season, and even on the nest? And all with little said and less done!

"We provide game wardens for our deer, our duck and our partridge. For our citizens we provide nothing.

"And the laws are going to stay off; the open season will remain open; more Americans will be killed, American men, American women, American children, and on American soil; and no twelve thousand men are going to stop it, no matter how brave; nor are they going to stop it in twelve months, no matter how efficient; and no amount of purblind palaver with provisional presidents is going to put an end to it, for a Mexican president is as evanescent as inspiration, and as transitory as style. Nor is the matter to be corrected by any amount of nice, typewritten notes, no matter how full of resounding phraseology anent the nobler duties of mankind and the higher laws of humanity. The one conception of humanity of the average Mexican is that it's something to be raped, robbed and ravished. The only thing they understand is physical force, and plenty of it. And, until we prepare ourselves both physically and mentally to administer that force, we can make up our minds, and make 'em up now, that just so long will American men, American women and American children be slaughtered, and on American soil. Pray God it won't be done any longer with American guns and American ammunition. That much, at least, we can prevent.

"So much for Mexico. For Germany what?

"THEY have answered our latest note: Number 67,706, or whatever it is. They have taken their own good time to answer it; and they have answered it in the tone and spirit that best suited them. But the note is meant only in the slightest degree for us; for the Germans feel toward us a good deal as the Mexicans do. To the Germans we are something to which to write notes for the rest of the world to read; and when Germany feels that it is not to her interest to bother with us any further, then she'll ignore us, as we deserve. Just at present Germany feels like using us for a sounding-board to talk peace under, and as a means of embarrassing England. If, later, she decides to use us for something else, she'll use us; if not, she won't. If, later, she finds out it's to her advantage to refrain from the further murder of American citizens, she'll refrain; if not, she'll continue. But whatever she does, or does not do, we can be sure, and very sure, of one thing: that the course she will pursue will be taken only because it is to her interest to take it, and not from any respect or fear of us.

"For under our present leaders and in our now state of helplessness, Germany does not fear us any more than she respects us; nor does she respect us any more than she fears us. And why should she? Haven't we been a playground for her propaganda ever since the war began? Don't her spies and secret agents know more about our country than do we ourselves? We have answered her insults with notes; we have met her abuses with more notes, and we have greeted the murder of our citizens with wind backed up by nothing but more wind. Why should she respect us? Why should she fear us? As well respect a typewriter and fear a fountain-pen!

"And of one other thing can we be sure: That when this war is over, and the nations of Europe all get together to rearrange international affairs, we'll enter into things about as vividly as a one-legged man at a dance. While they are sitting around dividing up all the plums of shipping and trade and finance, we'll be pestering around on the outside trying to plead past acquaintance as an excuse to get in to the festivities.

"'Who's the old guy with the chin piece that's trying to horn in?' says England.

"'You mean the stringy old lad with the striped pants and the plug hat?' says Russia. 'Seems to me I've seen him somewhere.'

"'Oh,' says Italy, 'that's only old Uncle Sam. Don't pay no attention to him.'

"'Used to be quite a lad, didn't he?' says Russia.

"'Yes,' says France, 'but he don't amount to anything now.'

"'No?' says little Sylvester J. Serbia, shoving Bulgaria into his pants' pocket. 'I thought he was quite some pumpkins.'

"'He was once,' says France. 'I helped him out one time when he was a young feller. I thought then he'd turn out to be a regular man.'

"'Didn't he?' says little Albert Belgium, interestedly.

"The other nations all look at each other and have a good laugh.

"'Why,' says one, 'that poor old lady ain't got as much manhood as a setting hen. He stayed home and hid under a feather-bed while the trouble was going on. Now it's over, he wants to be in.'

"'He's making so much noise I can hardly think,' says another. 'Set the dog on him!'

"'I would,' says a third, 'only I don't want to insult the dog. I'll set a mouse instead.'

"So they chase the poor old man off home, and he swims across the ocean, having a terrible battle with a jellyfish on the way over, and then he buys himself five hundred sheets of writing-paper, and a box of carbons, and a new typewriter ribbon, and sits down to play the only kind of a game he knows how; and thereafter, when it comes to a conference on international affairs, they don't even ask him what he thinks he thinks about it. And at state dinners, where in other days he used to be right up among the face-cards, he now finds himself sitting just to the left of China, between Patagonia and Iceland.

"And that's what these men at Washington have done to your Uncle Sam, to my Uncle Sam, to the Uncle Sam of a hundred million more of us; to the Uncle Sam that through all these years of blood and iron, of peace and happiness, of toil and moil and joy and sorrow we've worked for, and struggled for, and loved and honored and respected; to the Uncle Sam of our fathers and our fathers' fathers before them; to the Uncle Sam with the face and heart of a Lincoln, the mind and strength of a Jefferson, the soul and faith of a Washington! So low as this they've dragged him. . . . Poor, poor Uncle Sam!

"And for all their misrepresentation, for all their emasculation, for the white robes of cowardice in which they have wound him, for all the meaningless, bombastic phraseology they have placed between his fine, firm lips, do these men at Washington have but one excuse to offer: that they keep us out of war!

"Certainly we keep out of war. So does a steer in a slaughter-house.

"There are lots of things that keep out of war, keep out consistently, persistently, congenitally. Woolly lambs keep out of war. So do angle-worms. So do jellyfish. So do sunflowers, and Stilton cheeses and hard-boiled eggs. To boast that you have kept out of war is like boasting that you have never had scarlet fever. It means either that you have never been exposed to its influence, or that, exposed, you were sufficiently strong to throw it off. But for a man to stand around and boast that he's never had scarlet fever when his wife and children are dying with it, that is certainly a whole lot too many for me!

"It's on a par with the conversation of these people who talk against preparedness.

"Preparedness, and I mean military and naval preparedness, has always been as much a part of the lives of Americans as the air they breathed, or the food they ate.

"When the Colonists landed in Virginia, they carried gun and powder, bullet and sword. When the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock, they were armed; yet they too were godly men, and good. The fact that they carried arms did not make them kill Indians. It was the fact that they carried guns that prevented the Indians from killing them.

"Preparedness, to our ancestors, was the very germ of life. Without it they would never have lived long enough to give birth to descendants who in turn gave birth to us.

"At Concord and Lexington, it was the same, and throughout the war that wrung us full-born from the womb of England to become a people great and free to enjoy the liberty that is now ours to use, and to abuse. . . .

"And in the Civil War. Suppose, when this country had that to face, that the people of the North, instead of preparing (belatedly, to be sure, as they did, and suffering from that belatedness as they needs must) had sat back fatly and complacently and written notes about it? Why, had the North acted as these pacifists want us to act now, all that the South would have had to do would have been to put an advertisement in the New York papers warning all Northerners that the South was in a state of war, and that if they didn't want to get killed, they'd better stay at home. That would have settled the whole thing right there. Of course the country would have been busted wide open in the middle. But what's a little thing like that to a pacifist?

"Why, preparedness has been the one thing that conceived this country, that carried it, and that gave it birth. To preparedness we owe everything we have and everything we are. To the armed protection that our ancestors gave us do we owe the peace that has given us the opportunity to grow and expand and develop. To it we owe our freedom of speech and religion. To it we owe our national wealth and prosperity. All that we have come to be, all that we have come to own, we owe to military preparedness and naval; to the fact that we were too strong physically to be attacked with impunity. Preparedness and this country's history have always been as inseparable as a man and his heart's blood. And yet at this time, when more than ever in our country's history is it needed, there are people who talk about cutting it off as though it were a vermiform appendix or a couple of adenoids.

"I tell you, it's got me going. It's unbelievable. It's so unbelievable as to be incomprehensible!

"It's like knowing a lot of folks well all your life, finding them reasonable and sane on every topic, and then suddenly having them start a loud and noisy argument with you on the contention that the human race is better off without food.

"To be sure, they've always eaten food. Their ancestors ate it before them. There's always been food for them ever since they were born. Food has been as much a part of their lives as air, or water. Nevertheless, all of a sudden, they begin this outcry against it.

"You're sitting down to a modest meal of scrambled eggs and lima beans, topped off with a hunk of huckleberry pie, when in hop your friends.

"On seeing you thus draped against the festive board, they stand aghast.

"'What!' they cry, in accents horrified. 'You aren't eating!'

"'A modicum,' you reply. 'Won't you sit down and ——'

"But they all have thrown up their hands in helpless anguish.

"'What's the matter?' you ask.

"For a minute, they can't speak.

"'Don't you know,' they gasp at length, 'that eating is the Most Terrible Thing in the World?'

"'Is it?' you ask, dropping your fork. 'In what way?'

"'In the first place,' they answer, 'it costs money.'

"'Well,' you answer brightly, 'I can afford it. And since it makes for the protection of my health and strength, as well as putting me in shape to perform my arduous duties in the potato patch ——'

"'But look at them people across the pond,' they interrupt, excitedly, 'that Hohenzollern family!'

"'What about 'em?' you ask.

"'Why, haven't you heard?' they cry. 'They've got indigestion and cirrhosis of the liver and everything, and they're having the rottenest time! And it's all from over-eating!

"'That isn't the fault of the food,' you argue. 'It's the fault of the individual. You can't blame the food for making them sick any more than when a man cuts himself with a razor you can blame the razor.'

"But will they listen to you? Hardly! They leave you flat as being too hopelessly feeble-minded to argue with, and go out on

the street, telling how Food is a Terrible Thing because it costs money, and the fact that you've got a barrel of molasses in the house makes you try to gulp it all up at once instead of saving it up to put on flapjacks, and how poor Mr. So-and-So like to killed himself the other night because his son brought home eight cabbages and a wagon load of pumpkins, and about old Mrs. What's-Her-Name that foundered herself because it rained and filled up the cistern and she hadn't the moral courage to resist seeing that much water around without trying to drink it.

"The question of preparedness has always seemed so clear and simple to me that I can't understand everybody not seeing it. What is life anyway but preparedness? What is preparedness but life? Why, without preparedness, you and I and everybody else would be dead in a week.

"Look at your own daily life. What do you do the first thing when you get up in the morning? You put on your clothes. And if that isn't preparedness, what is it?

"And suppose you should decide on being unprepared and go out without them? You'd catch pneumonia, get arrested and die in a police station, though if you didn't believe in preparedness, there wouldn't be any police station; for what is a police station but preparedness? So you'd die in the street. . . . No. Wrong again. There wouldn't be any street; for streets are preparedness, too; preparedness to make travel easy; so you'd die in a field somewhere. No, there wouldn't be any fields; for fields are preparedness against raising crops; and so— Wait a minute. If you didn't believe in preparedness, you wouldn't have had any clothes in the first place; neither would your ancestors; and you wouldn't have had any schools, for schools are preparedness against ignorance; nor churches, for churches are preparedness for moral and religious betterment; so you wouldn't have had any religion or morals. So you see, if you really begin to chase the idea of unpreparedness back to its origin, you'd be covered with hair, and living in a cave and eating raw meat and mangel-wurzels.

"And if, even in those days, you were still consistent and refused firmly and irreligiously to equip yourself with a stone hatchet, or a club with knobs on the end, along would come a dinosaur, or an ichthyosaurus, or similar faunal monstrosity, and you wouldn't have been at all in the first place. And there you are!

"But admitting, which I don't, that you reached your present state in spite of preparedness, what then?

"We'll suppose that, on arising, it's your custom to take a bath. Why? Preparedness. Preparedness against disease. You dress. Preparedness against taking cold, or outraging the sensibilities of the community. You eat breakfast. Preparedness against hunger and for efficiency. Then you ask your wife for a nickel. Preparedness against having to walk downtown. Then you go to work. Preparedness against not having money to pay your bills and buy yourself the food and clothes that prepare your body against privation. Then you eat lunch. Preparedness against more hunger. Then you work some more. Preparedness against losing your job. Then you eat dinner. Preparedness so that you can enjoy your evening's rest or pleasure. Then you go to the theatre, or play cards, or dance. Preparedness against all work and no play making Jack a dull boy. Then you go home and go to bed. Preparedness so that you'll be strong enough to go to work the next day, or fishing if it happens to be Sunday. You exercise to prepare your body for its duties. You rest for the same reason. You read and go to school for the purpose of preparing your brain to cope with other brains.

"You have a house to prepare against exposure. You buy an umbrella to prepare against rain. You pay taxes to pay for the police force, which is preparedness against crime, and the fire department, which is preparedness against fire. And you have doctors who are preparedness against death, and undertakers who are preparedness for it.

"And then the main argument of the pacifists is that having arms makes you want to fight! Does having clothes make you never want to undress? Does having a bath-tub make you never want to get out of it? Does having a job make you want to work all the time? Does having an umbrella make you pray for rain?

"You might as well say that having doctors makes you want to be sick, and having undertakers makes you want to die!

"And it is primarily in this question of preparedness that we are so wrong, so horribly, so pitifully, so dangerously wrong.

"We are unprepared. And how unprepared, God only knows. For not only are we unprepared in an army and a navy; we are unprepared as well physically, mentally, morally. That is why we have shirked and dodged and sidestepped our responsibilities. That is why we have shifted and turned and twisted every new obligation that has come to meet us. That is why we have borrowed big troubles to pay little ones. Anything to avoid doing our duty! Anything to avoid fulfilling our obligations! Anything, no matter how shameful, to avoid facing our responsibilities!

"We, with all our talk of the higher rights of humanity, and the nobler duties of mankind! Who in heaven's name are we? Let God look after the higher rights of humanity. Let God take care of the nobler duties of mankind. If we can only help Him by helping ourselves, we'll be doing a whole lot more in the future than we have in the past. For the sum total of all that we have accomplished under our present leaders (God save the mark!) in two long years is to borrow big troubles to pay off little ones! Not one solitary thing have we settled. Not one issue that does not remain to be faced, and not one of these issues that has not grown an hundredfold in menace, in danger and in potential ruin. For the little fire becomes a holocaust. The lion cub becomes full grown. Murder, unchecked, becomes massacre. And the cancer of the body politic, no less than of the body physical, if let alone will rot the vitals that carry it. . . .

"'But what course is open to them,' you ask, 'these men at Washington? What should they do?'

"What should any man do whose employer fails to give him the tools with which to work? He should go to his employer and ask him for those tools. He should say, 'I have a task to do, but I have nothing with which to do it. Give me tools, and I will work; else will it be your fault if the task remains undone; for botch it I will not.'

"And then, if the work be not done, it is clear who is to blame.

"But these men at Washington, is that what they do? Not exactly. Instead, they fill the air with vain and futile words! They rush in with a nut-pick when they need a crowbar, and then come out to get a nail-file! They hop in here, only to hop out there! They belch forth words one minute only to eat them the next! They talk about protecting humanity when they can't protect even the smallest of their own villages; and they talk about the nobler duties of mankind when they haven't performed even the smallest and meanest of their own. And the heavens ring with their resounding rhetoric when you could write a complete list of their achievements on a gnat's eyelid.

"What should these men at Washington do? They should put up, or shut up. Inelegant it may be; but it is the truth.

"And meanwhile, fat, flamboyant and futile we sit here while our dead call to us from unmarked graves; while suffering and torture and horrors unnameable lie upon every side. With Mexico we have intruded and then evaded until she lies a bleeding pulp. With Germany we have quibbled and squabbled while our men, our women and our little babies have been flung into the blood-red maw of her god of war. From right, from wrong, from truth, from falsehood, from justice, from injustice, from humanity, from inhumanity, have we stood alike aloof. And, after two long years, still have we no means of any kind to fight for the one, or against the other; still have we no means to protect our women from rape or our children from murder. Still have these men at Washington left us so supine, so abject, so pitiful, that a Mexican bandit can come on American soil, murder American men, American women, American children, and going Scot-free, turn to laugh at us in our pitiable helplessness.

"Is there any answer to that, save one? Truly I cannot see it. The people of Columbus were law-abiding, and had set a high moral example. It did not prevent them from being killed. Also some of them were armed. But it had not made them aggressive. But they were inadequately armed. Hence were they dragged from their beds and slain, murdered in cold blood, while a nation of one hundred million people stood powerless to save them; as it now stands powerless to prevent others like them from being murdered even as were these. Even as that nation has stood helpless to see Germany murder its citizens at sea, and still stands helpless against other murders that yet may well be.

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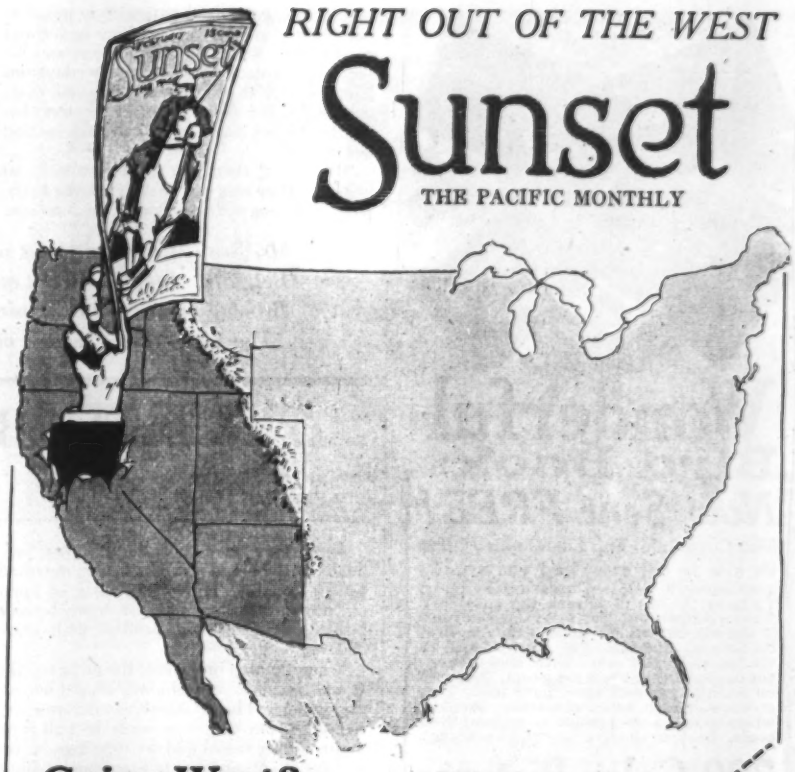

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and I; loving the word as much; as proud of our country and as jealous of her honor and good name; willing to fight for her, and die for her, to protect and guard the freedom and liberty for which our fathers fought and died; glorying in her patience and her power, her gentleness and her dignity, her kindness and her strength.

"How long, then, can we endure to be so helpless? How long can we endure to be so abject? How long can we endure to be so supine?

"God knows we do not want war. War is something to be dreaded as disease is dreaded, to be feared as wild beasts are feared. All we want is to be strong, and to be brave; strong enough to help the weak that need us, brave enough to defy the tyrannical that would outrage us. That is what we want, and all. Just that, and no more.

"This country that is ours was left us by our fathers, watered of their blood, freshened of their hearts, flowered of their souls. They left this trust for men to use, not for cowards to abuse. And if we are deserving of the name American, if we stand for what they stood, if we love what they loved, honor what they honored and are true to what they were true, if life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness mean but half as much to us as they did to them, then is it now for us to bow our heads to God and ask His help to be the men they would wish us to be. He knows it is in us to do if we but will!"

Mr. Browne's article next month is called "Mary and Marie," a study of Fifth Avenue and Belgium. Incidentally, it may not be too early to mention that a new serial by Porter Emerson Browne begins in the November number; in the meantime, there is Basil King's powerful novel, "The Lifted Veil," which may be begun this month by turning to page 15.

The Business of Being a Lady

[*Continued from page 25*]

American women began to urge their husbands into political activity. They reverted to the despised housewifely arts of their ancestors. Motherhood once more became fashionable. One was painted with one's children.

When the war broke out, the critics of the ex-ambassador's wife not only sought her advice and urged her to accept committee chairmanships, but they were ready to pull wires across dinner tables and at meetings in the interest of national and international welfare.

The business of being a lady demands wide knowledge of international, as well as national, conditions. It is not enough to give money or to dance for relief work, or to donate once-worn frocks to charity sales. An efficient lady must be able to conduct a meeting, explain the nature of the relief work involved, organize county and local branches, give an exhibit of first-aid nursing, bandage-making and winding, and answer the running fire of questions hurled at her by those less informed on the subject.

The modern "lady" must be an efficient mother. Indifference to maternal responsibilities is bad form.

A few weeks ago a matron whose name is honored at home and abroad, was making a hurried trip from New York to Washington, with co-workers on a certain War Relief Committee as her companions. As the train neared Philadelphia, she called for a telegraph blank. Her friends assumed that the message bore on work at headquarters, but as she signed the wire, she shook her head.

"Really, I'm becoming absent-minded. I almost forgot this."

She handed the message to the woman on her right, who read:

"Don't forget appointment with dentist at two this afternoon. "MOTHER."

It was directed to her youngest son, a promising lawyer.

She added apologetically:

"Of course he should have told his secretary to make a note of it, but probably he didn't. The boys have always depended upon me for that sort of thing."

Then she picked up the discussion of relief work.

Another matron whose name is linked socially with that of the Vanderbilts, Millses and Reids, leased a delightful place in Maine for the present season. A few days after the papers were signed, her only son, a student at Harvard, notified her that he had enrolled for training in the Plattsburgh Military Camp. In renting the place, his mother, a widow, had anticipated a summer of companionship with her son and his friends. But she ordered her lawyer to sublet the camp, and she pocketed the loss without a murmur.

"Isn't it perfectly splendid that he wants to train? Of course, I shall stop in town during July to be near him, and in August we'll have a motor trip together."

July in New York, for her boy — and humanity! For she has worked practically without relief since the war began.

Another qualification of an efficient lady is good health, which insures quiet, firm nerves.

Not long since, a prominent society woman who has been especially successful in organizing out-of-town relief committees, had an appointment in a suburb within easy commuting distance of New York. At the New York ferry house, she dismissed her car, because her hostess for the day had agreed to have an automobile waiting on the other side of the river. The New Yorker arrived by the boat agreed upon, and waited forty minutes for the promised machine, then boarded a forlorn looking trolley, made two changes in a section of the country of which she knew nothing and arrived at the meeting half an hour late. Without waiting for explanations on either side, she made a convincing speech, organized the branch committee, drank a cup of tea and returned as she had come, by trolley and ferry. The Widow Flanagan herself could have had no more trying trip, yet this "lady" came out of it unflushed and unhysterical.

During the International Flower Show at the Grand Central Palace last Spring, the New York County Chapter of the American Red Cross managed the tea-room. The profits, amounting to more than ten thousand dollars, were literally earned by the rich and influential matrons who supervised the kitchen and pantries, and the débutantes who acted as waitresses. Every day from three to six hours these ladies and their daughters actually worked on foot with no opportunity to sit down and rest.

On one of the busiest days, the daughter of a millionaire who has her own maid, her own machine, her own bank account, was hurrying toward the pantry, tray in hand, when she was hailed by a beaming, enthusiastic young man of her own set.

"Come along and see Maurice and Walton. They're doing some new steps."

For a few palpitating seconds, the girl hesitated. Then she shook her head firmly.

"No; I'm serving two crotchety old ladies who say they've been waiting a shocking time. You can teach me the new steps tonight, if I'm still on my feet."

A grim little laugh, but no complaint of pain or exhaustion, though she was working as hard as if training for a job at Childs's.

How do they stand it, the hard work which more than balances the recreation?

By systematic living, outdoor exercise — and temperance in all things.

The business of being a lady requires an efficiency equaled only by the organization of an office or industrial plant. Each servant, and especially the personal maid and secretary, must be carefully chosen.

Appointments are made as in a business office, so that they will not over-lap, and they are kept punctiliously. There are no waste motions, and no lost energy. There are no breathless arrivals, accompanied by futile explanations. Even the ride or walk from one engagement to another is utilized for rest in the machine, or exercise in the open, taken in leisurely fashion.

When a woman of position and wealth realizes that she is beginning to feel a bit fagged, she does not dose herself. She may not even consult a physician. She goes fishing in Canada, riding in Aiken, or she plays golf in Florida. Express trains, high-power cars and private yachts transport her to the new scenes, and the life in the open, which are the best tonics for tired nerves. To be delicate is no longer interesting or fashionable. Hysterics have gone out of style. Fainting died with Jane Austen. They interfere with the business of being a lady.

"Efficiency through temperance," which has become a slogan among successful men, has been adopted by women. In good homes, the only drink offered at a luncheon is a light wine, and five women out of six refuse it. Cocktails are served only before small and intimate dinners, and then women rarely accept them. The rich dishes once served at luncheons and receptions, like patties with cream sauce, croquettes, lobster or chicken salad with mayonnaise, and pastries of all sorts have given place to simple refreshments, while the so-called eat-and-grow-thin diet has been so generally adopted by smart society that a hostess feels quite safe in following it when planning a dinner menu.

A group of extremely smart women were seen recently at Sherry's lunching on scrambled eggs and rosy-cheeked Oregon apples. The explanation offered was that they were all booked for afternoon meetings which demanded mental effort. They were not clogging body and brain with heavy, indigestible food.

A great deal of work, a little each of sleep, food, exercise and fun — thus does the "lady" balance her days. And to work, she is gradually adding a sense of responsibility for those less fortunate than herself. As one charming social leader expressed it, there is so much intimate, personal charity that can be turned over to no organization or efficient secretary. This may be represented by an ex-dancing master or music teacher, incapacitated by rheumatism, yet too proud to ask for help. Or a once-dependable cook, who made an unfortunate marriage and must be rescued from a brutal husband. Or an inefficient relative married to a visionary or thriftless husband, who must be helped just a little and not reduced to dependence.

All these duties, and more, are involved in the business of being a lady. It requires special training, which starts in the nursery under competent governesses and tutors, and is carried forward by parents themselves. And the prospective lady in her 'teens receives her practical training today, working side by side with her mother and her friends' mothers for those who are victims of war. A most interesting feature of this mutual educational interest between mothers and daughters is the increasing study of languages and history, that women may talk intelligently of those countries which once represented to them only summer playgrounds.

So it is that of all lines of endeavor toward which women look with longing eyes, the business of being a lady represents the longest hours, the gravest responsibilities and the greatest personal sacrifice. There may have been a time when being a lady in these United States spelled leisure, luxury and self-indulgence. To quote the worthy Widow Flanagan, "being a lady" was a "cinch." But that was in the early days of newly and easily acquired fortunes, when men asked of their wives nothing save the ability to spend royally, recklessly, impressively.

Today, the business of being a lady spells energy, effort and self-sacrifice. It demands an amount of preparation, efficiency and personality that may well appal and stun the Widow Flanagans whose imagination kindles at a flutter of silvery-rose brocade and lace of cobweb texture.

Mrs. Richardson's article next month is a human experience told to her by the woman who lived it — "Outside the Law," the story of ten years' defiance of conventions by a man and woman who really loved. This is a kind of story that has, so far as we know, never been told in the pages of a magazine.

Questions Concerning Foods and Drugs

Discussed by Lewis B. Allyn

Professor Lewis B. Allyn, of Westfield, Massachusetts, the creator of the Westfield Standard, is Food Editor of the McClure Publications, and will answer, without charge, any question from a McClure reader of foods, beverages, or toilet preparations. Please enclose a stamped envelope for reply, as all questions are answered personally, and not (unless of general interest) through the magazine. Address Professor Allyn, care of The McClure Publications, McClure Building, New York.

Liquid Smoke

I RECENTLY *purchased some pork sausage which I was told had been smoked with liquid smoke. What is "liquid smoke"? Is the use of it permitted by the Pure Food Law? Can sausage or meat be simply labeled as smoked without stating "with liquid smoke"? Your reply to these questions will be greatly appreciated by a subscriber of McClure's Magazine and an admirer of your work.* L. B., *Louisiana.*

"Liquid smoke," "extract of smoke," or crude pyroligneous acid is a product obtained by the dry distillation of wood. It is of complex composition, containing creosote, formaldehyde and various tarry bases. You will note that dangerous and poisonous products are present. The regulations of the Secretary of Agriculture governing meat inspection do not permit the use of liquid smoke or crude pyroligneous acid in the preparation of meats at establishments where federal inspection is maintained. Such inspection must be conducted in all slaughtering, packing, meat canning, salting, rendering or similar establishments whose meat or meat food products in whole or in part enter into interstate or foreign commerce, unless exempted from inspection by the Secretary of Agriculture (Reg. 1). If the sausage you mention was treated by liquid smoke and entered into interstate commerce, doubtless there was a violation of the law.

Reading a Label

FINDING *Campbell Soups on your approved list, I have felt very secure in using them. Recently I found the enclosed starred label on a can which I do not understand, as it admits of two interpretations. Many packers seem to seek safety in ambiguity.* J. H. S., *Delaware.*

Your inference is wrong. The packer who today takes refuge in fraud or subterfuge is the exception and not the rule. In reference to the starred label from one of the Campbell soup cans, the statement which troubles you is as follows:

"Not amenable to the provisions of the Meat Inspection Act of June 30th, 1906."

The starred soups have a base of either chicken, clams, or butter, and do not contain meat as defined by the Bureau of Animal Industry, Department of Agriculture. These starred soups come under the Food and Drugs Act of 1906, and not under the Meat Inspection Act of the same date. As the label in the case you refer to bears the Meat Inspection legend, the star and phrase you refer to are added to prevent one from being deceived into thinking that the soups so starred contained Government inspected meat. As you probably know, at the present time the Federal Government does not inspect poultry, clams, or butter. It is farthest from the intention of the Campbell Company to practise deception either on their labels or in their excellent products.

Concerning Condensed Milk

WE *are about to begin the study of condensed milk in our continuation school classes. We are wondering whether you have any data on the following:*

Food value as compared with whole dairy milk. Cost with reference to the keeping qualities. Process of manufacture.

Any information you may be able to give us will be greatly appreciated.
L. E. H., *Wisconsin.*

By condensed milk is usually meant, here in the United States, the sweetened evaporated variety. Such milk contains fully as much added cane sugar as it does milk solids. To draw a fair comparison between this milk and whole dairy milk, it is, of course, assumed that the condensed variety has been diluted with water to the same relative consistency. This being the case, condensed milk is deficient in fat, though higher in sugar. The caloric value lies in favor of the whole milk. Some dietitians hold that condensed milk is more easily digested than fresh milk, since the curd formed by the action of the acids in the stomach is looser, and does not form the harder, cheesy mass characteristic of untreated milk.

The relative cost varies. In a dairying community, generally speaking, whole milk is cheaper. In remote sections, condensed milk is cheaper.

As for keeping qualities, any variety of canned milk keeps perfectly in any climate, provided the product has been thoroughly sterilized. Sterilization is more perfect in the evaporated than in the condensed variety. This latter depends upon the sugar for the partial antiseptic action. The process of manufacture is relatively simple. Briefly, the milk is boiled in vacuum kettles under reduced pressure which lowers the boiling point very considerably. Sufficient water is thus driven off until the proper degree of concentration is reached. The Borden Condensed Milk Co., New York, can supply you with instructive literature concerning the canning of milk.

Should They Drink Drinket?

WHAT *is this new beverage "Drinket," manufactured by the Kellogg Co., of Battle Creek, Mich.? Have been told that there is such a thing as instant coffee and have been wondering if some of it was combined to give it that coffee flavor. Am letting my children drink it and would like so much to know if it is safe for them.* A. A., *New York.*

Drinket is manufactured by the Kellogg Toasted Corn Flake Co., of Battle Creek, Mich., and is another of their excellent products. The compound is made after this manner: Wheat bran is steam cooked until it gelatinizes. It is then dried and toasted, mixed with roasted rye and wheat, and the whole finally ground. The mixture is placed in large tubs or percolators and treated with hot water until the soluble matter has been removed. The extract is run into vacuum dryers and practically all the water removed. The resulting brittle, dark mass is then finally pulverized and placed in suitable cans. Nothing else enters into its manufacture. We regard it as safe and satisfying.

Sugar-Free Glycerine

I AM *a diabetic patient and have had trouble lately in getting glycerine that does not contain rock candy. Will you please tell me where I can get pure glycerine?*
E. G., *Pennsylvania.*

The purchase of pure glycerine is, at present, a very serious matter. It is quite probable, however, that you can secure small quantities of glycerine from Merck & Co. (wholesale druggists), New York, N. Y.

If you wish a sample tested, send the article to be tested in an original, unopened package to Prof. Lewis B. Allyn, McClure Laboratories, Westfield, Mass. Where the article itself is not sent, the trade name, the manufacturer's name, and that of the dealer from whom the article was purchased, should be given. For bulk goods, a sufficient quantity should be sent, as well as the name of the dealer from whom purchased, and date of purchase. All applicants for this service should state whether they are readers of or subscribers to McClure's.

ADVERTISE HONESTLY

SAYS THE

ASSOCIATION OF NATIONAL ADVERTISERS

The following declaration of Principles was unanimously adopted by this Association, at Dayton, Ohio, May 5th, 1916:

RESOLVED that we, members of the ASSOCIATION OF NATIONAL ADVERTISERS, are opposed to advertising of the following kinds:

All advertising that is fraudulent or questionable, whether financial, medical or any other; all advertising that is indecent, vulgar or suggestive either in theme or treatment; that is "blind" or ambiguous in wording and calculated to mislead; that makes false, unwarranted or exaggerated claims; that makes uncalled-for reflections on competitors or competitive goods; that makes misleading free offers; all advertising to laymen of products containing habit-forming or dangerous drugs; all advertising that makes remedial, relief or curative claims, either directly or by inference, that are not justified by the facts or common experience; and any other advertising that may cause money loss to the reader or injury in health or morals or loss of confidence in reputable advertising and honorable business.

RESOLVED that we recognize our own obligation as advertisers to conform to these principles.

RESOLVED that we urge upon all publishers and upon all sellers of advertising space or service, a strict adherence to these principles and that in so far as the exigencies of our individual business will permit, we direct our advertising to those mediums which make the observance of these principles their rule and practice.

The Association of National Advertisers represents the leading advertisers of America. They stand as one man behind these resolutions. They are determined to do everything in their power to

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You Ought to Be Proud to Wear That Button!

IT identifies you as a member of the great humanitarian arm of the United States Government — the AMERICAN RED CROSS.

Think what that means! Think of *YOUR* organization going to the immediate relief of the men and women of *YOUR* nation, made helpless and destitute by the disaster of war and the inevitable calamities of peace — flood, fire, famine!

What a deep satisfaction to know that *YOUR* support has made this relief possible! That *YOU*, in common with thousands of other worthy citizens, are making American preparedness — come what may — something tangible, something glorious in the eyes of the civilized world!

Send the coupon *TODAY*. Enclose at least $1. That will make you a member and bring you a button and 12 issues of the American Red Cross Magazine. More — it will help maintain the greatest humane organization the world has ever known!

American Red Cross
Washington, D. C.

McC 9-16

Enroll me as a member of the Red Cross in the class checked below opposite my name. I enclose $..... (check class desired and be sure to write name legibly).

( ) Annual Member...$1
( ) Sustaining member, annually.....10
( ) Life Member.....25
( ) Patron (life) Member...100

Name.....
Address.....